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• • •

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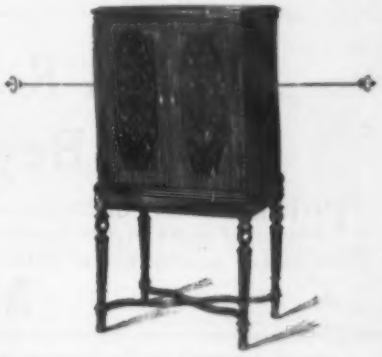

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Victor-Radio with Electrola

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MARY LAWTON

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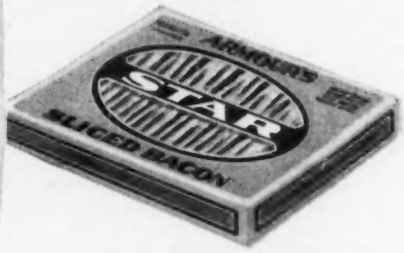

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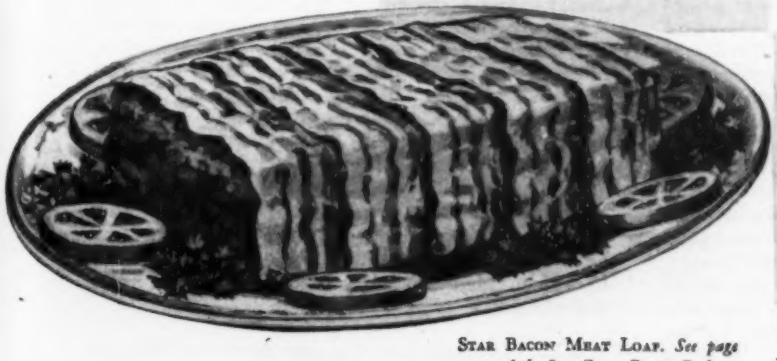

STAR BACON MEAT LOAF. *See page 12 of the Star Bacon Recipe Book.*

TOMATO SOUP
STAR BACON MEAT LOAF
MUSHROOM SAUCE
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"STAR" HAM ★ "CLOVERBLOOM" EGGS AND BUTTER ★ "STAR" LARD

In using advertisements see page 6

A New Year's Gift

SEVERAL years ago we asked a number of prominent people, both here and abroad, what present each would make to the world if he or she were Santa Claus. We did not publish the replies, for only two of those who responded—one man and one woman—made suggestions that were good enough to pass on to our readers. We were disappointed at the time, not so much because what had seemed a good idea for a magazine feature had proved to be no good, as because of the fact that our "big" men and women seemed not to be thinking largely. But we don't feel quite the same about it now, for we realize that it was a rather large order that we asked those folks to fill. Just a bit Godlike one would have to be in order to pick out for all mankind an acceptable present.

BUT one can think of things that one would wish to have the power to bestow upon all one's friends and even upon one's country. Happiness, for instance, in the millions of different guises it would have to assume. Or perhaps a good home for everybody, whether it had two rooms or ten or half a hundred. Or it might be wealth—hundreds or millions as the recipient's interpretation of it required. And surely good health—of that there could be no doubt—for the baby and its mother, for harum-scarum boy and quiet girl, for all alive beneath the shining sun, that they might go up life's hill in joy and down its farther slope in peace.

HEALTH for all! There's an ambitious program for you. But how shall we go about getting it? There we may have to call on God; perhaps He could somehow help us to overcome the apathy and indifference that we so often find when somebody else's health—and life—is concerned. And now we are going to come right out and tell you what we have been leading up to, the present we would give at the beginning of this new year, to the women and babies of America—if we had the power: an extension of the Federal Maternity Act, so that we as a nation might begin to crawl out of our present next-to-the-cellar position among the civilized nations of the world. What we mean is that of the nations reporting maternal mortality statistics only Chile ranks below the United States. And our infant death-rate—65 per 1000 live births in 1927, 73 in 1926—is nearly double New Zealand's 39. There is no reason why it should be, for we have the resources and the knowledge to make a successful fight against both maternal and infant mortality—if we would only apply them.

ANOTHER attempt to make this possible is now being made. Identical bills extending federal aid to states that will cooperate have been introduced in Congress, and only await favorable action to receive the signature of the President. The League of Women Voters is behind these bills—as every woman should be—and is urging their passage. It asks this pertinent question, "Shall a Congress which for the fiscal year ending in June, 1929, appropriated more than eight million dollars for Animal Industry, more than three million dollars for Plant Industry, fail to make available to the states *one* million for the salvage of maternity and early infant life?" The League then goes on to say:

"THE latest report of the Children's Bureau, which since the passage of the original Sheppard-Towner Act has been the federal administrative agency, shows how the work has been handled. Here are pictures of old midwives, long a menace to mothers in childbirth, and of the new-type midwife developed through instruction, supervision, and regulation; Indian girls being trained for nursing among their own peoples; hundreds of physicians in the more isolated states registering for special demonstration child health conferences, eager to promote a movement of such promise; pamphlets on Prenatal Care, Infant Care, Child Care, Child Management, in the hands of hundreds of thousands of groping mothers—the work penetrating always deeper and deeper into forgotten regions. Throughout, there is evidence of a broad and flexible policy as to state programs, of friendly and efficient cooperation between federal and state officials, and of an attitude toward administrative problems so scientific and so sound as to justify the respect in which the administrative agency is held by all who have watched the work develop.

"ALL this *was*. Federal funds stopped, and the great educational enterprise that had been undertaken was left incomplete. Some prosperous states have been able to appropriate a sum sufficient to carry on the work unimpaired. The majority, not so able, are going on as best they can, hoping that Federal funds will come again to make possible a joint achievement that the states can not attempt alone. From all sections of the country comes the plea that the United States Government shall not abandon the encouragement, the guidance, and the financial aid that it has given toward promoting the welfare of mothers and babies. These, too, have an 'inalienable right to life' so far as that can be safeguarded by the protection of a civilized government.

"ALL Senators and Congressmen are glad to know of the interest of the people they represent in pending legislation. Will you write to yours to say that you wish the great undertaking provided for in S. 255 and H. R. 1195 to be carried on at once? These are identical bills; they provide a federal appropriation of $1,000,000 to be matched by the States and administered by the Children's Bureau.

"'Let the good work go on!'"

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

Watch Night

By Violet Alleyn Storey

Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer

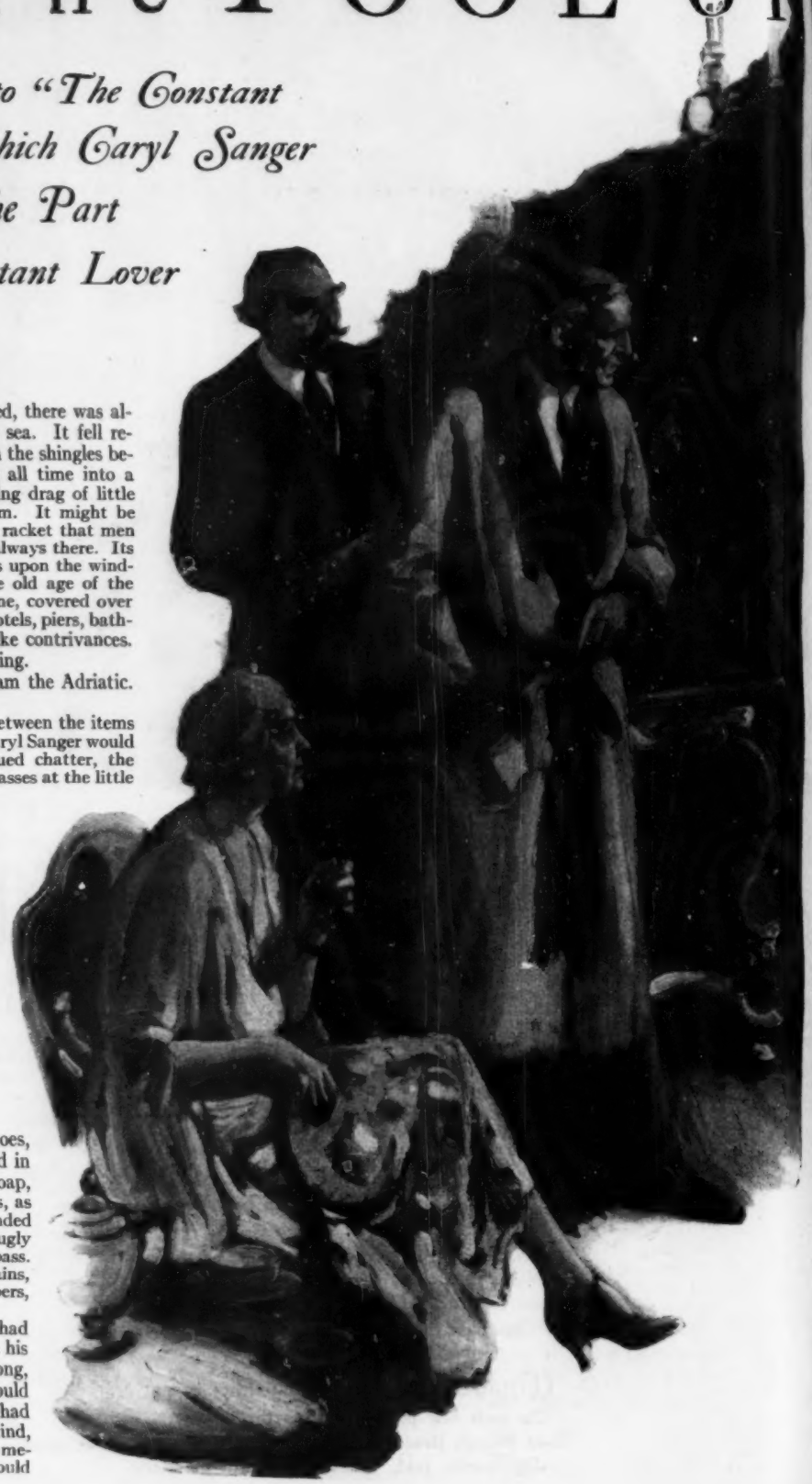
"MIDNIGHT! Hark! Last year's final bell! God's Hand
Has turned another page," my mother said.
"I promised I should wake you, sleepy-face!"
I sat up, startled, in my little bed,

AND looked, between the curtains, at the night
Above the trees, beyond the window bars.
"Just like the old page that God turned," I cried,
"This new one, too, is all alight with stars!"

"WHATEVER God's Hand touches is, my dear!
On each new page He turns to, anywhere,
Even though dense clouds may hide them from your eyes,"
My mother said, "stars always will be there!"

The FOOL of

A Sequel to "The Constant Nymph," in which Caryl Sanger Plays the Part Of the Constant Lover



CHAPTER I

WHEN the music stopped, there was always the sound of the sea. It fell remotely, eternally, upon the shingles below the pier, dividing all time into a gentle boom, a pause, a shrieking drag of little stones, and another gentle boom. It might be drowned for a time by the silly racket that men make, but in the silence it was always there. Its unhurried pulse had beaten thus upon the wind-swept dunes of the Lido in the old age of the world. Now the dunes were gone, covered over with a litter of human rubbish, hotels, piers, bathing huts, tram-lines, and such-like contrivances. But the sea still said the same thing.

"Hush," it said. "Wait. I am the Adriatic. Hush! Wait!"

It filled up the little pauses between the items in the Pier Cinema program. Caryl Sanger would listen for it through the subdued chatter, the scraping of chairs, the clink of glasses at the little tables by the door, and the tentative tuning of the violinist by his side. It depressed him, but he liked it, because he could not help liking all beautiful sounds. Beauty and permanence were consoling things to think of amid the godless hullabaloo which he and his companion were obliged to make. Listening, he was able to remember that though the Lido Pier Cinema might be hell, at least that hell was not eternal. Both pier and cinema would vanish some day, but the sea would still be there. It would be there in spite of the hole in his new shoes, which worried him so much, and in spite of the appalling cost of soap, and in spite of his own tiredness, as he crouched beside his well-pounded piano. All these things were ugly and small, but they would pass. Beauty does not pass. It remains, and to those who listen it whispers,

"Hush . . . Wait!"

But as soon as the screen had blazed into life again, as soon as his pounding had drowned the sea-song, all these small and ugly things would rush in on him like enemies. He had no refuge from them. His mind, which had no concern with the mechanical antics of his fingers, would

the FAMILY

By MARGARET KENNEDY

Illustrated
By W. G. Ratterman

There was no way of escape at the windows, only a clear drop into the Canal. She turned and faced them all, a tearful, desperate little fury. "If you touch me," she said in rapid Italian, "I shall jump into the water"

twist and turn in a hopeless, jigging rhythm of little sums which he was always adding up in the hope that somehow they might come out differently.

". . . Tum, tum, tumt-ta-ta-tum-tum . . . 500 *lire* . . . out of 500 *lire* a week how much ought I to save? How much can I save? If I could manage to live on 100 a week, how much could I save in a year? But I can't live on 100 a week, and dress decently, with steamer fares. That's just it . . . Schadow's flat again, curse him! . . . How did I spend 250 last week? Might have made a mistake . . . add it up again . . . let me see . . . that laundry bill . . . couldn't I eat less? . . . What are they doing up there? Kissing? . . . Curse them . . . d-r-r-rag it out! Ta-tum, ta-tum, ta-TUM . . . Lost five on the steamer, though, must have dropped it . . . Got a good mind to do without lunch altogether . . . have a solid supper . . . quite enough . . . In a year I'd save 20,000 *lire* . . . couldn't give a concert in Milan for that . . . Better save up a bit more and try London . . . Hall rents are high in London, and one concert's no good; must give three or four together to get known . . . Wish I wasn't so hungry. When the show's over, I'll have a good . . . No, I won't. Had my allowance already today . . . Advertising costs a lot, too . . . How on earth did I lose that five on the steamer? . . . Lot of people coming in. I wonder if it's raining . . . Besides, I'm not saving 400 a week, nothing like . . . We're far too slow . . . What the devil's that noise? Can't be the sea . . . thunder . . . Lord! what a flash!"

He sat sideways to the screen, and beyond the head of Schadow, his colleague, he could see

through a window into the void blackness of the night, and the sea beyond the pier. For an instant this window turned to a blazing violet, and the screen picture above him vanished. He saw immense distances, a waste of tossing waves under a livid sky, the horizons of the Adriatic. The searing vision hung upon his eyeballs, in the blackness which came after, while the crash of thunder drowned the music.

"The sea . . ." he thought, with a sudden, strange exaltation.

Something constricted and oppressed gave way within him. His heart expanded; it leaped at something wonderful and unachieved, something he wanted to say, to tell, something that was always near to him and yet as far away as God. The power of it flowed through him, into his hands, into his tired fingers, into the keys upon which he earned his bread.

He struck a chord which Schadow did not recognize. Assuredly it had nothing to do with the next item on their list, which happened to be a tune called *"Chiri-biri-bi."* It was a challenge, a trumpet-call, stridently repeated, and a little phrase like a question came after it. The same question echoed an octave lower, and then, like an irresistible torrent, Caryl's music swept the hall away.

The jigging shadows on the screen grew faint, as though the lightning had played on them again. They were pathetically non-existent. They could not be looked at. And the dismayed violinist, dropping his bow, craned a long neck over his fiddle to peer at Caryl, as though his eyes might contradict the testimony of his ears.

"Um Gotteswillen! Sanger? Are you then mad?" he expostulated. "But what are you doing?"

"Playing," said Caryl serenely, as the great breakers of sound swept past him.

"But it is '*Chiri-biri-bi*'."

"No, it isn't."

Schadow let out his breath in a long, helpless sigh and resigned himself to the inevitable. He could not begin to play *"Chiri-biri-bi"* while Caryl was playing the *Appassionata*. And it was not his fault. He would not have to account for this to the manager. Only, after this, he thought there would probably be a new pianist.

He put down his fiddle and stretched his tired legs, waiting in a sardonic calm to see what would happen. The thunder-storm was still going on, and when he turned to the hall he got a picture of his own, painted by another flash. He saw people in rows, all with pale-green faces, and all sitting bolt upright in attitudes of stiff surprise.

CHAPTER II

"BUT what is it? What is it?" whispered Fenella McClean, as she dodged round the heads of the people in front in order to see better just what was happening.

"It is a young man who plays," said her companion placidly; and a moment later he added under his breath, "But playing."

"I know. But who is it? Surely not the same person who was playing before?"

"Pardon, *gnädiges Fräulein*. Before, it was not playing."

"Can it be the same man?"

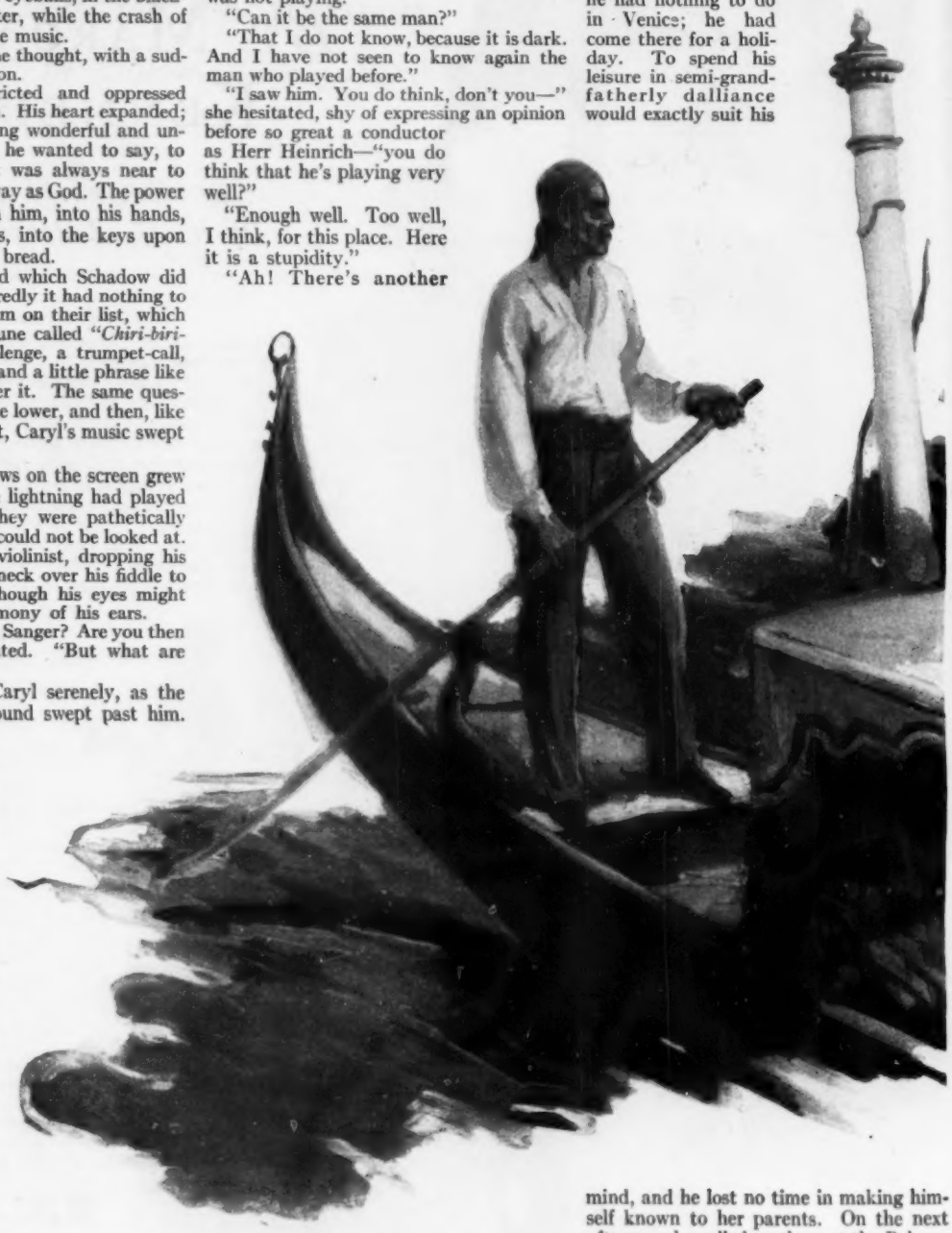
"That I do not know, because it is dark. And I have not seen to know again the man who played before."

"I saw him. You do think, don't you—" she hesitated, shy of expressing an opinion before so great a conductor as Herr Heinrich—"you do think that he's playing very well?"

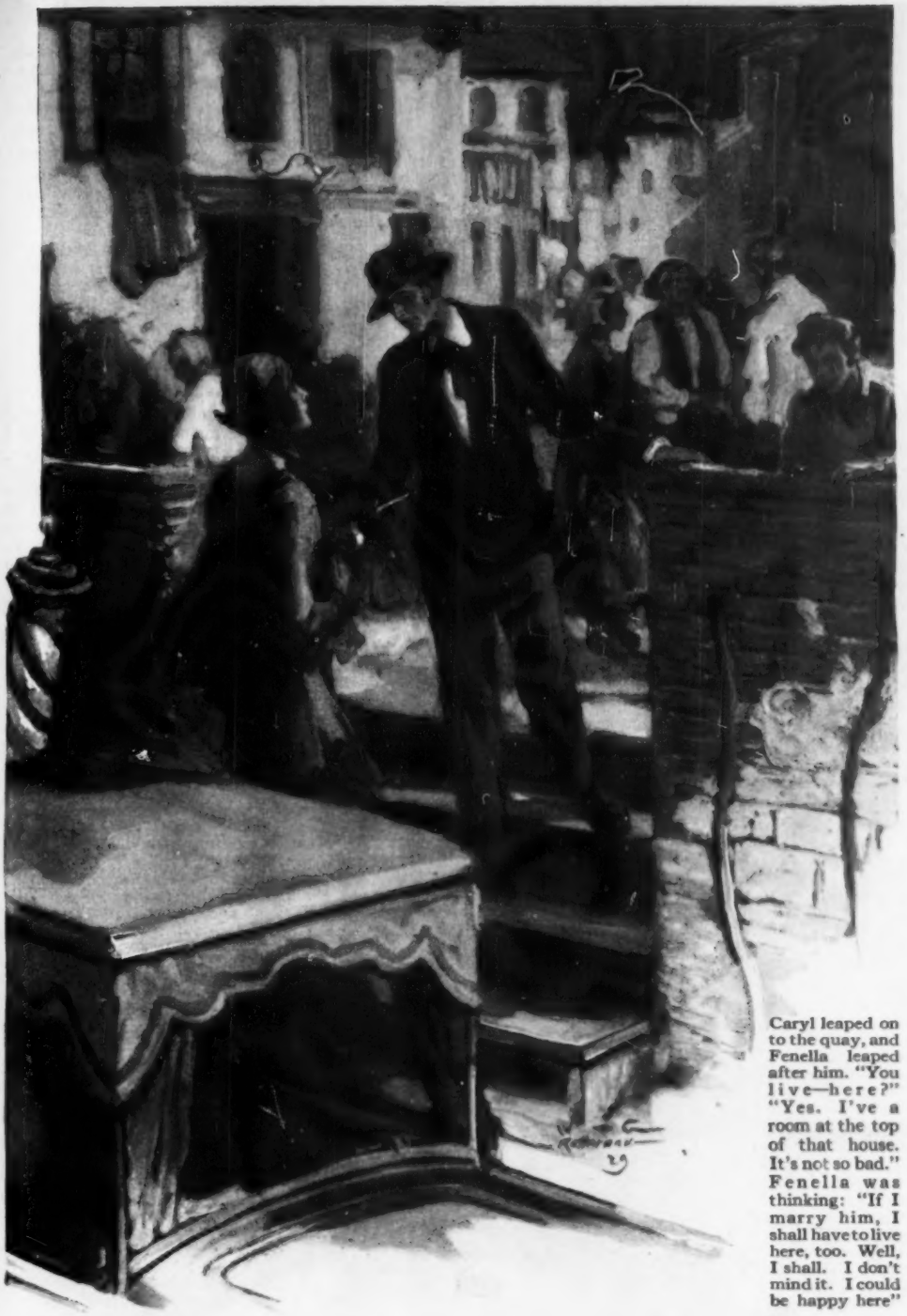
"Enough well. Too well, I think, for this place. Here it is a stupidity."

"Ah! There's another flash! It *is* the same man. I noticed his profile before. He's very good-looking."

Otto Heinrich smiled into his beard. This last remark had pleased him, and his opinion of Fenella McClean went up. For he had begun to fear that she might be a little bit of a prig, and it was a pity that anything so young and so charming should be that. When he first met her, some days before, at a friend's party, he had hoped for better things. She had seemed to be everything which he considered a young girl ought to be: well-mannered, pretty, engagingly in awe of himself, and full of a divine eagerness for life, a desire to see and to hear and to do everything at once. He had promised himself much pleasure from the acquaintance. And he had nothing to do in Venice; he had come there for a holiday. To spend his leisure in semi-grandfatherly dalliance would exactly suit his mind, and he lost no time in making himself known to her parents. On the next afternoon he called on them at the Palazzo Neroni, which they had taken for three months, subdued the mother with a few well-chosen compliments, and established himself as Fenella's trusted escort.



But the young lady had slightly disappointed him, when he got to know her better. She had turned out to be just a trifle too serious, too much bent upon profit rather than pleasure. Her determination to know everything, to get at the root of every matter, made her a tiring



Caryl leaped on to the quay, and Fenella leaped after him. "You live—here?" "Yes. I've a room at the top of that house. It's not so bad." Fenella was thinking: "If I marry him, I shall have to live here, too. Well, I shall. I don't mind it. I could be happy here"

companion. Still, he took her everywhere and showed her everything; and when she yearned to see the moon rise over the Adriatic, he even ate his dinner an hour earlier than usual in order to convey her to the Lido.

But there was no moon, and it rained. They fled for shelter into the Pier Cinema, and there her cultured disdain of the performance put him out of patience. Evidently she thought that nothing in such a place could ever be worth her notice. And it was an axiom with him that there is always, in every place, something to see if one will only look. Odd things may happen to any one, at any time—except to those people who sit with their noses in the air.

He had forgotten that defensive superiority which the young are often forced to assume as a cloak for their inexperience. Now he remembered it. Those cultured comments, that priggishness, had all been part of a pathetic little disguise, put on so that he should not find her out. Really she was tingling with excitement and expectation. And her nose was not so high that she failed to observe a young man's profile by a flash of lightning. He warmed to her all over again.

"If there comes another flash," he said, "I will look at him myself."

Fenella bounced up and down on her chair excitedly. All the people round them, having recovered from the first shock of surprise, were stirring and whispering. An enraged proprietor rushed up the hall. The faint, ridiculous picture jigged on unnoticed above their heads.

Another flash threw into silhouette a dramatic group. The proprietor and the violinist were arguing with Caryl. They were waving their arms about. But he was immovable. His music went on until a terrific peal of thunder drowned it. Fenella in the darkness heaved an enormous sigh. She sympathized in every nerve with his rebellion. She thought he was wonderful.

The whispering all about them swelled into a mutter. But when the last reverberation of thunder died away, the mutter died with it. For something had happened. The dreadful, indiscreet torrent of music had been checked. There was a moment of silence and a gentle boom from the sea. Then, with a few premonitory squeaks, the piano and the violin broke into the first bars of "*Chiri-biri-bi*." Immediately the audience became once more aware of the film which was going on.

"How very odd!" exclaimed Fenella. "You're quite right. Odd things do happen everywhere. Did you see him?"

Otto Heinrich was laughing. His massive frame quivered with laughter as if it was all he could do not to break into a roar. "Yes, *liebes Kind*, I have seen him," he spluttered. "And I must tell you that I know this young man. But very well. I think that I am deaf, not to know without seeing."

He grew graver. "There are some things Fräulein, which (*Continued on page 115*)

Frances Parkinson Keyes Is Seeing The *Real South America*

And Telling you, Month by Month, the Most Interesting Things She Sees. Go with Her Now from Brazil to Uruguay

DEAR LELIA:

In my recent letter I had neither time nor space to tell you all I wished about Rio de Janeiro—"The River of January"—which owes its musical name to the mistake of those early explorers who, when they first entered its incomparable harbor, during the first month of the year, believed themselves to be at the mouth of a mighty stream instead of in a bay. So now that I have left the River of January behind me and entered the River of Silver—the Rio de la Plata; now that I have traveled from the largest country in South America—Brazil—to the smallest—Uruguay; now that I have torn myself away from the exotic gorgeousness of Rio and settled down in the harmonious order and comfort of Montevideo; now that Elizabeth has started home again, and John, his graduation from college safely behind him, has joined me, with his friend "Russ," for the rest of this "All-America" trip of mine, I am seizing the first opportunity of writing you again, to tell you more about the River of January and everything I can about the River of Silver!

I have already—I hope—succeeded in making you visualize Rio as a city infinitely and uniquely beautiful; I have told you something about the interesting and delightful Brazilian women I met there, and about the magnificent intensive campaign against yellow fever. But I have said nothing about political figures or conditions, nothing about official entertaining. This was not wholly accidental. It was partly because I thought you might like—for a change—a different sort of letter from those I generally write; and partly because the political situation is uneventful at present, interest centering largely on the approaching presidential election, and the rival claims of the candidates for this office, one of whom—as usual—comes from the state of Minaes Geras, and the other—also as usual—from the state of Sao Paulo—these states holding the balance of political power. The present Chief Executive, Washington

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Lofty pillars and a sheltering roof make this old-fashioned covered sidewalk in Montevideo a pleasant place on summer days

Visitors from neighboring countries throng the lovely beach of Pocitos, to bask in the golden sunlight and dare the sapphire waves

Luia, who, under the Brazilian Constitution is not eligible for re-election, has achieved and retained a tremendous hold upon the respect of his people, with whom, unlike some of his predecessors, he has mingled freely; and he has succeeded—apparently without undue effort—in getting things done which looked difficult or impossible of attainment beforehand. He received me in his office without ceremony of any kind, and I had a brief conversation with him, carrying away a pleasant impression of a tall, gray-haired, gray-bearded man, efficient, quiet and agreeable, who merited in every way the high esteem in which he is held. Somewhat more dynamic is the Vice-President of the Senate, Senhor Azeredo, out of favor with the ardent feminists because of his opposition to equal suffrage, but nevertheless possessed of a vibrant and attractive personality. His snowy hair frames a ruddy face, his bright, dark eyes are all-encompassing, his manner is hearty and cordial; and the enjoyment of our visit to the Brazilian Senate was greatly enhanced by his vigorous presence. His Honor the Mayor—who in Rio has the rank of a governor—Senhor Antonio Prado, Junior, is another outstanding official, whose personal magnetism is intensified by an unusually contagious smile and the flash of unusually beautiful white teeth. His Excellency, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senhor Mangebeira, suave, polished, inexpressibly courteous, turns a welcome into a compliment by the graciousness with which he expresses it; while among the diplomats whom I shall remember with special pleasure are the Minister from Uruguay, Senhor Ramos Montero, and his two charming daughters, who entertained us at their lovely house with what I have since discovered to be characteristic Uruguayan hospitality, and in every possible direction paved the way for our enjoyment in their native country; and the Minister of Peru, Señor Maurtua, one of the greatest international lawyers in the world, who was such an outstanding figure at the last Pan-American Conference in Washington—imperturbable, unassailable, a figure of supreme dignity and strength—and his beautiful blonde wife, a Venezuelan by birth, and a collateral descendant of the great patriot Bolivar.

Brief and inadequate as these thumbnail sketches are, I hope they will at least suggest the culture, the refinement, and the intellectuality which I encountered everywhere in Rio; and these characteristics also distinguished the entertainments which I attended there. Outstanding among these was, perhaps, the Special Session held by the Brazilian Historical and Geographical Institute to celebrate the settlement of the Tacna-Arica controversy, and to pay homage to the United States, Chile, and Peru for their respective contributions toward ending the disagreement with regard to that long-disputed boundary line. There had been, during the afternoon, a beautiful reception at the Peruvian Legation to commemorate the same event, which is certain to pass into the future as an historical landmark; and in the evening the entire diplomatic corps, together with the most prominent Brazilian officials and a few other guests, gathered in one of the assembly rooms of the Syllogeo Brasileiro, the diplomats, wearing orders and decorations, taking their positions according to (*Continued on page 217*)

© *E. M. Newman from P. P. S.*

Some of the peace and plenty of the rolling countryside has extended to the spacious Plaza de la Republic, Montevideo

Photograph by J. P. Kegas

The drooping trees and placid pools of the Parco Rodo reflect the soft gray and violet tones of agates and amethysts

The Gaucho—dashing horseman of the silver stirrups—long has personified both the romance and the progress of Uruguay

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

The row of Christmases—just as she had arranged them long ago, thinking—as she worked—that it would be sweet to come up to the attic sometime and relive them

A Story Glowing With the Warmth that Burns Brightest in All Hearts At Christmas Time

SHE sat in the blue-carpet chair with the row of Christmases before her.

She looked first at the littlest one, and then at the biggest one, and all the in-between ones. The floating essence of them—their cedar incense and candle breath, and their various voices—spoke to her, not commingling, but each a separate voice speaking to separate memories within her.

The attic ceiling curved upward, and the space beyond the rafters was lost in shadowed distance like years that have grown blurred and bearable with time; but the little Christmases stood forth in their places—not dim, not faded, each as vividly perfect as the other—and looked at her out of bright eyes.

If only she hadn't come up here! She had not been in the attic for ten years. There was so much here that she had had to forget. You can bear almost anything if you don't let yourself think about it; if you shut it away behind the stack of years and the clutter of days; lock your heart and your thoughts against it.

But after the cablegram from Dave she had had to forget *that*, and she had snatched at any straw that would help her.

Dave's cablegram had said:

"Merry Christmas regret can not be with you home in the spring love
DAVE."

Of course, she had known all the while that Dave could not get back all the way from India—at least, she should have known it. But because she could not face the day without him—without *some one*—she had clung to her hope. Christmas is so essentially a family day, when hearts turn back to those they love, and space is of no consequence. Hadn't he said last spring, "I'll be through this job in time to spend Christmas Day with you, Mother"? And she had been looking forward to it all these months. Even when he wrote later that he couldn't make it, she hadn't been able to abandon thinking he might. Once, she remembered, he had surprised her.

A fluttering sensation of impending surprise persisted against the cold facts of half a world laying down its string of miles between them! All day she had listened for a quick, glad peal of the doorbell, for the sudden commotion of greeting in the hall and Gibbs' voice in astonished exclamation; all day she had heard herself flying

The Christmas That Came ALIVE

By Norma Patterson

Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb

Sarah said once, "You chillun keep fum under my feet"

up at these expected indications of arrival; heard her feet on the stair, heard her sob of joy muffled out against Dave's shoulder. Mentally she had gone through it again and again like a fire-drill.

"He's going to surprise me! Step right in as he did once before."

(He had never left her over Christmas.)

"We'll get ready, Sarah."

She and Sarah had got ready.

Sarah, too, had listened. Her eyes, in the act of squinting into the hot oven, would suddenly focus . . . until a car that was coming in the street had passed; or her arm, arrested, would hold its gesture in mid-air above the yellow crock . . . but the hopeful moment trickled out into the grocery boy coming back with the celery he'd forgotten.

The turkey was ready to be baked first thing in the morning, and there were twenty cakes lining the pantry shelves. Mince pies, cranberry jelly, stuffed apples candied, French pastries, gingerbread cookies, snow-balls and cream puffs—all went merrily forward, one bright dish joining another upon the crowded shelves. The pleasant odors in the kitchen and the candies and the candied apples brought the old days close. She kept brushing her hand across her eyes to clear them of a vision of flying curls and darting, eager shadows. Little hands seemed to reach out from the table edge, begging a bit of raw cake dough or a raisin. And once Sarah had said,

"You chillun keep fum under my feet."

At that they both started violently (each knowing the children had been there), and then they had fallen to beating hard with their spoons.

The rooms were a wilderness of holly branches and wreaths and cedar boughs and mistletoe, and—actually—a tree! Gibbs had been a bit uncomfortable about the tree, a bit scared about it. She had heard him through the swinging doors say to Sarah,

"A *tree* for Master Dave?"

"Well, why not, now?" from Sarah. "You fetch up your end there and make it fast to the box."

Of course, she and Sarah had only been whistling to keep their courage up. But they had whistled so hard that while they hurried through a room with a branch of evergreens, or whisked another pie into the cupboard, the whistling had done very well for the immediately surrounding space. But on ahead—in the hall yonder, say—the sleeping walls were unawakened to their efforts. And glancing back over a shoulder at a room just quitted, one's heart turned sick to see how the berries were only sad red berries, and the tree a dull mistake indoors, and the mistletoe brought nothing of beauty—nothing of welcome or celebration.

She had been changing the place of the large poinsettia plant when she saw, through the window, the messenger boy ride up on his bicycle, ease the bicycle down against the bottom step, and frisk an envelope from his cap. There! That meant a cablegram. From Dave. When all day Dave's step had been so near; when all day she had made, over and over, that little wild rush into his arms. How could he fly back so quickly to India? Now—now . . . you knew. You knew it all the while.

She hurried with the poinsettia, concentrating on its position, still playing her part. "It may be from friends. It may be the wrong house. I won't look. I won't read it. If I don't read it, it won't be true."

Gibbs was handing her the message.

She took it with the most casual of glances, and stood tapping it unhurriedly against her palm, as she gave him last instructions about the great log to be burned tomorrow. (Why does one go on playing a game like this?)

Gibbs kept looking straight over her head, saying, "Yes, Ma'm."

She knew it was because he could not bear to see her face with hope gone from it. He kept nodding his head elaborately, more than ever convinced they would need the logs.

She turned then, proud and erect, and went to her chair by the fire, dismissing Gibbs. (I do not need any one to be with me when I read that he isn't coming. I can bear it.) Yet at the first word—"regret" was the first word after "Merry Christmas"—she found herself sinking downward—sinking through fold after fold of darkness . . . She must be old, indeed, to take it so hard.

At least, she wouldn't have to whistle. She spread out the cablegram upon her knee; she let it hit her full in the face; she took the blow. . . . She could settle down now and be a part of the empty, uninspired rooms. (I ought to send him a message. I ought to say *Merry Christmas.*) Merry . . . Christmas. . . .

Sarah stood in the door. Years ago they had ceased to be servant and mistress. They were friends who had seen—and stood—much together.

"He isn't coming, Sarah. This message is from him. From India." (All the while

There was a rush across the carpet, and three little, soft bodies flung themher in the quick, tight squeeze of childhood. Her daughter spoke: "Mother,

we beat the cake and stirred the pie, he wasn't on his way.)

Sarah's round face, like a balloon pricked by a pin, shrank instantly, until there was no face at all, only an expression of sorrow written in the air upon a lot of wrinkles. Her hands twisted her apron. Two old women, and a lot of mince pies, in a sad house.

She kept sitting with the message, planning to get up pretty soon and go about her duties. Duties?

Sarah was back in the door, looking at her. Sarah wanted to say something—suggest something. Once her courage reached a high peak, instantly visible on her open countenance—and receded from this peak. She went away without saying it.

Gibbs made occasion to come in—mind the fire; pretending he wasn't watching over her. An hour went by, tiptoeing, just as Gibbs was doing. He could not clump down before her sorrow. (That's one hour gone. I wonder what a person does now.) It had been fun pretending, whistling to keep their courage up. If only she were back in the happy morning of uncertainty! But no, she would have to relive that moment of seeing the messenger boy turn in at the door.

"I'll be home in the spring," Dave had said. In her disappointment she had overlooked this. Home in the spring! Well, there! Spring. Something to look forward to. Something to live for.

The telephone rang. Gibbs brought her the small desk instrument, and it was Annie Fisher wanting to know if Mrs. Courtney had an old-fashioned dress Annie might wear to the masquerade ball tonight.

"The one I ordered didn't come. And mother thought of you. Mother says you must have some beautiful things, Mrs. Courtney. I'd take the most marvelous care of it."

"Why, yes, Annie, I'm sure I've something. I'll run right up." (Oh, thank you, Annie. I'll remember this. Give you a wonderful wedding present.) "I'll run right up and see what is there, then I'll telephone you. You can come try them on."

"That's too sweet of you, Mrs. Courtney. Sure I'm not being a nuisance?"

"Nuisance? Oh, I'd love it!" Hoping she hadn't sounded hysterically eager.

Something to do! Her hands trembled as she replaced the telephone.

Annie would come over and try on the dress; some one young and alive in the house, trailing her gay plans along with her. There was a baby-blue satin and a cream brocade. Annie would slip them over her lovely shoulders; she would turn in the old, old mirror, bringing transient life to its fixed, blank stare. Perhaps Annie would let her fit the dress, instead of taking it home for the maid to do; arrange the waist a bit, catch up the lace, loop the skirt.

Annie would say in the careless, gay voice of nineteen, "How perfectly *sweet* the house is, Mrs. Courtney!"

And at her words a life, fragile and glancing, would be breathed upon the berries because youth had spoken. Her slim beauty in the mirror; *two* Annies in the

selves against her; moist, warm kisses rained on her face; little arms held darling—I've brought them home to you. We've come back—all of us!"

room; almost like a crowd—a party! It must be fun to be an old dress, to come out of your garret and go to a ball just as if you were young again! To be admired, perhaps caressed; held in love's ardent arms.

She felt her way along the narrow, third-story stairs, relieved that Gibbs and Sarah hadn't known and offered to go for her. There was no electricity in the attic, and she stood trying to accustom her eyes to the dimness. Crossing to the west window, she caught up the muslin curtain and hooked it over a nail to let in the light. A shower of dust fell from it; not easy scattering dust, but the weighted dust of years, falling in a gray, heavy sheet.

Outside, the great oak tree pressed its winter face against the pane—an old man's face of character and patience and endurance, and hope of the spring. The brocade dress could live again; the ancient oak could bring forth a lovely rebirth. It was only people who passed along and beyond; who saw themselves going, and knew, and yet could not retard the flight.

A flurry of fresh snow was coming out of the sky, falling in straight lines to the top of the church, then bending, assuming the shape of the wind. Sounds from the street below rose, through the drifted smoke of snowflakes, as thin, wafted echoes, no closer than memory. A sled whirled past with accompanying shouts and the flash of red mufflers. It was hard to differentiate actuality from reminiscence—to tell if she saw them or if they brushed through her heart, moving on the rim of the past. There had been something so heart-thumpingly familiar in the sled and the children and their blown voices.

She went back and sat down in the blue chair. Now, where would the dresses be? In the old carved chest or that leather trunk? She lifted her face as a person does, thinking back. . . . And it was then that she saw them, strung out across the room before her, the window sending a slant of gentle light to include and hold them.

The row of Christmases! Just as she had arranged them one bright day long ago, thinking—as she worked—that it would be sweet to "come up sometimes when I'm quite old and relive them." Believing that memory would be "sweet"; not knowing it became an agony.

The first little Christmas possessed but three articles: a baby's cream cashmere cloak and a hood and a rattle. The cloak had a square yoke and a wide cape collar that hid the little fat sleeves all but the cuffs. The skirt was quaint and long and heavily embroidered in silk. The cap was silk, too, with row after row of lace that went around the baby's face. The strings were chewed past all resemblance to the fine, broad bands of ribbon they had been.

The first baby's first Christmas outfit! They had come back—she and Donald—to the old house that Christmas afternoon for the first time since their marriage two years before. It was funny about that. They had intended only going for a walk in the crisp snow, with the baby dressed up in his lovely, new finery. But when they had got him into the (*Continued on page 158*)

The White House Gang

A Jolly Crowd of Boys Who Played with Quentin Roosevelt, In the Days when "Teddy" was President—And Their Patron Saint

CONCLUSION

By Earle Looker

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

BY THIS time the Gang could take care of itself, yet the corporate Gang was really Q's best protection, and at last resource he was ours. Washington streets were much safer then; a boy on a bicycle had no difficulty in outspeeding and dodging carriage and wagon traffic, and motor-cars were as yet regarded as things to which all concerned gave a wide berth. We did, however, have the disquieting impression of being followed by a man on a bicycle, and one day Q halted us to discuss the matter in the shadow of the tower of the Church of the Covenant, at the corner of Eighteenth and N Streets.

"I think," said Q, "that I just caught sight of him at the corner of M Street, hiding behind the bushes, on the other side of the triangle. Don't look back, anybody! In just about a minute we'll all ride out into the middle of the street and circle around for a while, as if we were getting ready to go somewhere, but hadn't exactly decided. That'll give him a good chance to see us and get ready to follow. Then we'll beat it up Eighteenth just as fast as we can, as if we were going to school—all except Dick. Dick'll turn into that little alley on the right, before you get to Massachusetts Avenue—where the riding-stable is—and turn in *fast*. The rest of us'll just keep on going."

Q gave Dick the most explicit directions as to the rest of the plan, and it worked famously. The mysterious rider passed the mouth of the alley, following Q and the Gang. Dick popped out and rode after him across Massachusetts Avenue, and most courageously—it was not an easy thing for a boy to dare to do with a man—ran into him from the rear, and engaged him in argument at the corner of P and Eighteenth Streets.

Meanwhile the Gang had halted two blocks away and was riding in and out of a side-street, so as just to remain in view of the man, and lead him to think Q was just around the corner.

But Quentin, riding frantically, circled four or five blocks and came up behind Dick and the stranger.

"Just as I thought!" said Q, eying the mystery-man with flushed recognition. "Why have you been hanging around?"

The man laughed. "I'm sorry, Quentin," he said, "but I'm under orders. I thought you wouldn't mind it if I kept more or less out of sight."

"Well, that was nice of you," returned Q, "but the more the better. I don't like it at all! I know it's not my father's orders and certainly not my mother's."

"You're right," the Secret Service man admitted, "neither of them ordered it."

"By buzzard!" Q said, out of patience. "You fellahs think you can boss my father and my mother, but you can't boss me. I don't need any of your attention—not with *this* bunch trailing along!"

Officially somebody saw Q's point, and so far as we were aware never again was Quentin chaperoned when out in Gang formation. But we knew little of the watchful care with which our movements—especially about the White House grounds—were followed. We knew there were electrical push-buttons in various strategic places, and signal devices by which the guard was informed where to concentrate; but the most assiduous searching and persistent questioning failed to reveal to us one single piece of evidence of the character of the mechanism by which this invisible guardianship was controlled. It was, and is, a remarkably efficient, well-considered system.

It worked well for us just once, and that was when we had been chasing Q through the far limits of the south garden. Suddenly a man who we had been aware had watched us for some minutes, started to climb over the picket fence. We stopped short, and Q shouted:

"Don't do that! Keep out of here!"

The man hesitated, and in an instant a figure darted out from beneath the south portico, calling to us, "Back this way, boys; let me attend to this," and feet were heard pounding the pavement outside the fence. Two plain-clothes men, one from the east, one from the west, were racing around the curve of the walk in the direction of the man. He saw the guard in the grounds and decided not to climb the fence. Then he saw the other officers, and a despairing glance in the direction of the Monument showed him half-a-dozen people crossing the intervening space, who certainly would intercept him on shouted orders. He was collared none too gently and forcibly walked off toward the east entrance.

"Don't hurt him," Quentin pleaded. "Please! He couldn't have meant the slightest harm at all."

"No, we won't," answered one of the plain-clothes men. "He's probably just a crank. Don't worry, Quentin."

We felt assured that the prisoner was treated as being harmless, but we never played so near the fence again.

"We don't want to serve as *crank-bait*," Q said.

This was expressed curiously, perhaps, yet it represented Q's recognition of our responsibility not to attract cranks to the White House or to TR and Mrs. Roosevelt. It was an almost imperceptible adjustment of his behavior to the commonly accepted standards of protecting people in high position. The garden, now known by us to be properly guarded, enhanced greatly in beauty. We took ample time to go definitely about it, to observe and admire the pink dogwood in bloom, the buckeyes, the lilacs, and to remark upon the way the sun dazzled against the columns of the portico.

As a relief from all this—too much physical beauty overcame us—one Saturday afternoon, our bicycle cruising took us over on the other side of the State-War-Navy Building. Here, on G Street, and near the Y. M. C. A. Building, was a house placarded as being for sale. The windows were shuttered, the place obviously untenanted. Possibly we should not have given it a second glance had we not noticed, and had not our suspicions been aroused by, the anxious black face and rolling eyes of an apprehensive little colored boy, who strove to hide himself behind the half-opened door of the vestibule.

Emulating the leader of a troop of scout cavalry, Q raised his arm. We halted to observe and await further developments. Presently a kinky head, a worried forehead, and rolling eyes cautiously appeared from behind the edge of the door, to pop back instantly on discovering that we were still investigating.

"He's not afraid just because of us," Q declared. "There's somebody hiding inside that house, by buzzard, and he's the look-out!"

We agreed.

"Lock bicycles," Q said, "so that nobody can pinch 'em while we're in there, finding out."

"Just as I thought!" said Q, eying the mystery-man with flushed recognition. "Why have you been hanging around? I don't need any of your attention—not with *this* bunch trailing along!"

Dick hauled out the length of steel chain and padlock with which we were accustomed to fasten all bicycles together, and we went in a body to the door of the house.

The little colored boy heard us coming, however, and rushed out of the vestibule in such tremendous panic that he almost bowled us over. Away he ran and was out of sight almost by the time we turned to look after him. Tiptoeing cautiously, we entered the house.

"Sh-h-h!" Q warned. "I hear something silent and mysterious!"

We listened, suspending respiration. From somewhere upstairs, and through the deserted hall, came a series of soft grunts and murmurings.

"I've always thought," Q whispered, "that Major Sylvester ought to permit us to wear badges, because we ought to be able to find out no end of things for him. Take this house," he added. "It's a bang-up place for a gorgeous murder, isn't it?"

The thought chilled the Gang's marrow, but Q showed no hesitation.

"Up we go!" he commanded, "and no sniffling, coughing or sneezing. In fact, don't *breathe;* and don't walk on the middle of the stairs, they'll squeak and give us away. Put one foot on the outside, by the banisters, and the other on the inside, by the wall."

Thus we proceeded, and by following Q's commands reached the landing without mishap. Turning (*Continued on page 177*)

Fair Weather

If Home Is No Port in a Storm, Where Can a Girl Turn?

JOHN KENDRICK looked at his daughter—at her long, slim, shining legs with their ridiculous little slippers sunk firmly in the deep nap of the rug, at the gleaming mound of her fur coat thrown carelessly on the floor, at the smoldering light in her zircon blue eyes, and the straight, stormy line of her red mouth. He'd roared at her. He'd tried his best and most cutting brand of sarcasm on her. Now he was wishing she were eight instead of eighteen, so he could turn her over to a nurse for a good spanking.

Holly Kendrick, so named because she happened into the world during the one and only holiday season when her mother allowed her social plans to be inconvenienced, looked back at her father—at his square, well-kept bulk, at his keen, sophisticated face that was, she admitted, attractive even in a temper; at the stubborn line of his mouth and the exasperated nervousness of his hands. She'd given him coolness for every roar, sarcasm for every sarcasm. She was now wishing passionately that he'd go on to his club and leave her alone. Why couldn't he? He'd been leaving her alone ever since, a year before, she'd come home for good from finishing school.

Things were getting worse and worse, thought Holly moodily. *Something must be upsetting her father. Business. Or perhaps Sandra Dubra. Holly's father would* have been amazed to know how much Holly knew about Sandra Dubra. But she never told him. Once she might have, but that had been when she'd first come from school. How silly she'd been, thinking that he'd be glad to have her back; thinking that the two of them, father and daughter, were going to have a home together! She'd never had a home, only a series of exclusive schools. What was her father saying now?

"I won't have it, I tell you. You're turning this house into a roadhouse. Day and night, you're never here unless you bring a crowd with you. One would think the place a hotel!"

"Hotel?" Holly lifted her eyebrows. Holly, at eighteen, could do it as meaningly as Sandra Dubra herself. "Well, what else is it, father? You never come here except to sleep or dress. You surely don't call it a home, do you?"

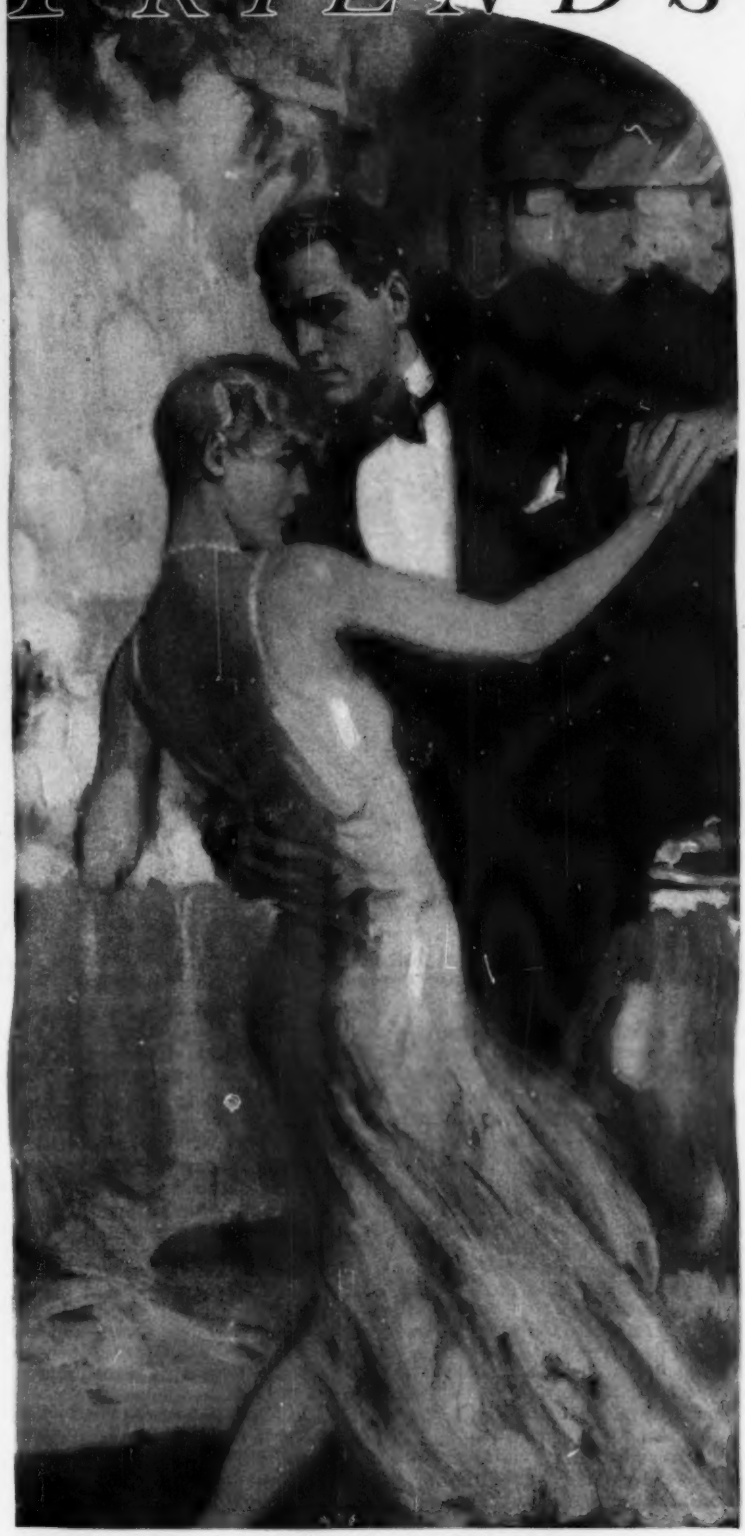
Her father moved irritably. "I haven't noticed your generation has much use for a home, my dear. But to get back to the subject of your friends, I don't like them.

She was dancing with Terry, the two of them moving with suddenly he said: "Can't stand this any longer, Holly. Got been drinking, and that was one thing Terry never did,

FRIENDS

By Vivien R. Bretherton

Illustrated By Thomas Webb



that limpid perfection that youth puts into dancing, when to clear out. Want to come?" Holly saw that he had save when something knocked the props out from under him

I consider them a very fast young set."

"Their fathers are mostly your friends," observed Holly dryly. "And I notice you approve of some of their mothers. What do you expect me to do—cultivate the Y. W. C. A.?"

"I expect you to keep free from people who are headed for the front-page scandal column," reported John Kendrick shortly, "and that is final, no matter who their parents may be. Either that or—"

Holly eyed her slippers thoughtfully. "Or what, father?"

"Or take the consequences," he snapped.

He glared at Holly. Eighteen—he ought to be able to control her. He ought to be able to enjoy life without wondering what she was going to do next. Ridiculous, not being able to lay down the law to her. Under her disconcerting indifference he shifted from explosives to arguments.

"I think my reasons for disapproving of your friends are plain enough to see," he said testily. "Last month it was young Darwell who was arrested for starting a brawl in some café."

"It was merely a whoopee," put in Holly gently, "and Pete Darwell got lit at his father's poker party before he ever tried to read a moral lesson to the police."

Her father disregarded the interruption. "The month before, it was young Woods smashing an aeroplane all over Eaton Drive. I tell you, I won't have my name dragged into the papers. As for Terry Shannon—"

Holly stiffened. At last he'd got down to the thing behind all his roaring—Terry.

"What about Terry, father? He seems down in your black-list lately."

"He is—ever since you started spending all your time with him. For one thing, he's always starting something—getting into trouble. And for another, he's got bad blood in him."

Holly's eyes flared dangerously. "If you're going to fasten bad blood to every one left over from a sensational divorce—" she began.

John Kendrick felt he was getting on dangerous ground. But after all, his divorce from Holly's mother had been a decent affair, a friendly agreement. And a thing of the past. Fifteen years past.

He went on hurriedly: "Anyway, I don't intend to have him around here. Or have you out with him. If you go—"

Holly sighed. "Why don't you finish your sentences, father? You leave the most fatal ones hanging high and dry without an ending. I feel like the dummy in a ventriloquist scene, always asking, 'Well, and if I do—what then?'"

"You think I'm no good, don't you?" Joan demanded of John Kendrick. "Well, who's off to school until she couldn't keep me there any longer." She jerked her bright head

Craig, the butler, came to the door at that moment, John Kendrick's coat and hat in hand. Kendrick flung him an "In a moment" and turned again to Holly.

"Mark my words, you'll give up these friends of yours or regret it. Friends! Fair weather friends! I know their kind—leave you the moment they've got you into a mess."

At the doorway he hesitated. A pleasant evening lay ahead of John Kendrick; and he didn't want it marred with worry about Holly. He said,

"You're staying home tonight, Holly."

She smiled at him. "Sorry, father, but I'm not. But you can go out and enjoy yourself. I'll probably be home long before you are."

John Kendrick's face flushed angrily. He said sharply: "When you find yourself in trouble one of these days, young lady, don't come to me to get you out of it. And the day you get yourself into print, I wash my hands of you."

With a slam of the door he was gone.

Holly, left alone, looked about her almost desperately. Things were getting worse and worse. Life at home was just one long bad taste in the mouth. And once—long ago, it was true—she'd been so crazy about her father. Thought he was wonderful. But that was in the old days. Gone. She shrugged her shoulders with the philosophical shrug of her generation. After all, what did it matter? What did anything matter. Life was just a puzzle, and the more you tried to piece it together, the crazier the picture looked.

She rose, walked to a mirror, and looked at her face. It was a piquant little face, made vivid by the scarlet line of her mouth. A lovely mouth, in spite of its moodiness. A mouth meant for laughter. She was still standing there, staring curiously at the girl in the mirror, when a little snicker came from the doorway.

"Break the mirror, Miss Shalot, and come out and see life!"

Holly whirled and eyed the extreme little figure in the doorway—an arresting, restless little figure that looked like some gay bird of plumage on the wing.

"If you start me in to breaking things, Joan!" she cried.

Joan, sole and solitary child of the brilliant Mrs. Summers, sniffed the air. "Do I smell the fire and smoke of battle?" she queried gravely.

"Dead bodies all over the rugs. Blood running freely. The funeral's at dawn—my funeral."

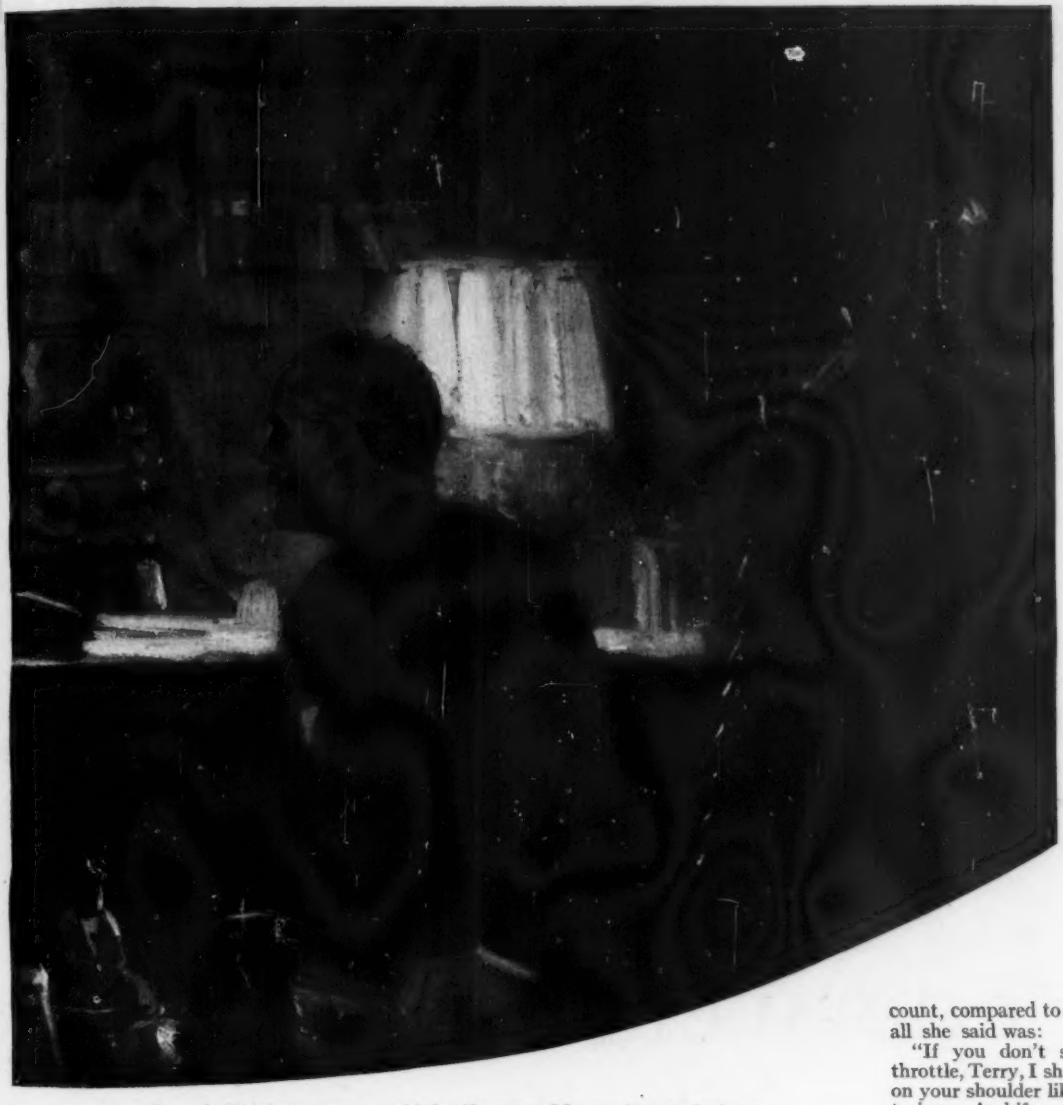
"Umm. More father business." Joan looked wise.

Holly eyed her. "Melodrama all over the place. He's going to wash his hands of me. Joan—" there was a breathlessness in Holly's voice that was almost like a sob—"what does one do with a father when he's in the storming forties!"

Joan flipped her small hands expressively. "Darling, be thankful it isn't a mother! You should hear mine. But I just let her talk. She never keeps it up long. The telephone rings, and mother turns sugar in a moment. God bless the man who invented telephones—and the men who use them to call mother at opportune moments! But what is the principal argument of the day?"

Holly couldn't be flippant the way Joan was. She wasn't made that way. Besides, Joan had no illusions about her gay, brilliant, shallow mother. She'd lived with the lady too long and too intimately for that. But Holly was different. She was still trying to solve things. She said helplessly:

"I don't know—nothing more than



ever cared what I was? My father's got a third wife now. My mother packed me in Holly's direction. "And what did *you* ever do for Holly—you and her mother?"

usual. It's just me—and us—and particularly Terry. It's—oh, what's the use of talking, Joan. I don't know the answers to the questions. Who's outside and where do we go?"

Joan grinned. "Everybody's outside, including Terry. And say, Holly—" for a moment there was a softening in Joan's bright, alert eyes—"the word's gone out—easy with Terry tonight. Cracked up, is Terry. That mother of his—married again."

Outside they found half a dozen cars; huge, luxurious affairs whose values totaled a small fortune. In the last of these, a rakish roadster, sat Terry Shannon—cracked up, as Holly Kendrick saw. She got in beside him without a word. She looked at his young, devil-may-care face—that face with its brooding, boyish beauty—and something twisted in her heart. But she only laughed lightly. That was the way one did—gave Life a laugh. She said:

"Better make the most of me, Terry. I may be snatched from your arms tomorrow and locked in the tower."

Terry didn't smile. Terry didn't throw off things so easily as the rest of them. That was because he felt things more deeply. They all knew that and in their way did what they could to help him.

"Might be better for you," said Terry grimly. "Nice outlook I am for you. Probably go smash for good, one of these days, but there's no need for you to be among those present."

Holly touched his hand—the lightest touch. "'Whither thou goest,'" she said casually, but her eyes were not so casual. "By the way, whither *do* we go tonight? Joan didn't say."

Terry caught her hand. For the first time he looked straight at her, and for a moment he wasn't Terry Shannon, cracked up, but youth—dark, passionate youth with its dreams, its white fires, its innate loneliness.

"Holly—kiss me quick. I need it."

And, when she had:

"You're one of the squarest, Holly, darling. If I couldn't count on you—"

Holly smiled. Nothing mattered—nothing but Terry. What did fathers count, compared to Terry? But all she said was:

"If you don't step on that throttle, Terry, I shall be weeping on your shoulder like a true Victorian. And if you don't get me home tonight before the head of the house turns in, your Holly branch will be a singed twig tomorrow. The weekly riot is on at the House of Kendrick."

A modern young pair were these two, Terry Shannon whose mother was just annexing a fourth husband in the courageous atmosphere of Paris, and Holly Kendrick, whose father was paying court to the all too exotic Sandra Dubra. An extraordinarily beautiful and reckless young pair.

And yet, if you had watched the lines about Terry's mouth soften as he looked at Holly, and seen the flush on Holly's soft cheeks deepen under that look, you would have sworn they were just like all boys and girls in love since the world began. To be sure, they eyed their world with eyes too disillusioned for the eyes of youth, but then they had been born and reared in an artificial atmosphere where illusions were soon lost. But of each other they were sure. They spoke the same language—a careless, casual language that meant more to them than the most impassioned phrases—and they clung to the same dream; to find together, sometime, all the things that life and two broken homes had denied them.

Not that Holly (*Continued on page 189*)

One great cause of school strain is the unproductive and disheartening home work heaped upon a child—impossible for him in his depleted condition

What Are You Going To Do With

YOUR *Underweight Child?*

Dr. Frank Howard Richardson

Here Gives You A Physician's Suggestions

Illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli

AN ANXIOUS, tired mother comes into the doctor's office, dragging by the hand a still more tired boy—a little old man of nine years, world-weary, listless, not interested in his surroundings. Mrs. Green tells a tale that is so familiar to the doctor that he could take it up and carry it on to its conclusion from any point at which she might happen to stop. She says that Charles will not eat; that he shows little interest in his play, and none at all in any home tasks that she has tried to assign him. He has fallen sadly behind in his school work, and his home work is accomplished only by dint of the combined efforts of the entire household, if at all.

He has been the round of half a dozen doctors, some of them specialists in the diseases of children, but has made no improvement under any of them. Each of them has told her that he is "run-down," or anemic, or "below par"; but as she was well aware of this in the first place—knew it before she started her fruitless quest, and took him to these various physicians because she knew it—this has not been of much help to her.

On the advice of one doctor, she had his tonsils and adenoids taken out; this did not seem to help him any, though it did keep the physicians who saw him later from laying all the blame on these much-blamed structures.

Most of these physicians had prescribed tonics, some of which were so bitter he would not swallow them, while the others were so sickish sweet that they spoiled what little appetite remained to him. They had been unanimous in telling her that there was nothing organic the matter with him; each had assured her, in response to her worried queries, that he was not threatened with tuberculosis, as she had come to fear might be the case. All had suggested cod-liver oil, in spite of the fact that the fishy smell and taste nauseated him; and those whom she had consulted during the past two years had prescribed either sun baths, or ultra-violet rays by means of the Alpine lamp. And here she was, trying still another doctor, but without much hope of obtaining any better results.

Charles himself presented anything but a cheerful picture. Listless and resigned, he sat through the recital of his experiences without showing even the dull resentment that it used to arouse. His face and his drooping posture gave evidence of marked fatigue, and yet he had done nothing that ought to tire him, his mother assured the doctor. He had had practically nothing to eat that day, in spite of the repeated urgings that had come to be the running accompaniment of every meal in their household; though he *had* consented to stop at a drugstore, on the way to the doctor's office, and drink a milk shake, insisting that the clerk put extra sweetening in it before he would even taste it.

"I felt that he *must* have *something*," she explained, "and the milk and the egg would be of some value, though it didn't seem as if he ought to take all that sugar."

His face, though tired and listless, did not look especially thin, nor would the casual observer have expected to find him especially underweight, before he undressed, in compliance with the doctor's orders, in order that he might be completely examined. This made his marked thinness surprising by contrast with his fairly round face. His chest was flat and contracted; his shoulders drooped, bringing out with startling clearness the sharp prominent shoulder-blades that stuck out behind like an angel's wings. Undressing also brought into prominence a well-developed "bay-window," sagging downward and forward like the over-prominent abdomen of a too-prosperous business man; a deeply hollowed out or "sway" back compensated for this. He was both knock-kneed and flat-footed; though how much of this was structural, and how much due to the muscular relaxation of fatigue, was not easy to determine offhand. In fact, the same remark might well have been made with regard to all the rest of his postural defects; and until efficient treatment had been instituted and faithfully carried out for a time, it might be impossible to say with exactness how much was due to temporary fatigue and how much to permanently faulty structure.

Mr. and Mrs. Green had been notified more than once by the school authorities that Charles was markedly underweight, the amount varying with the different teachers who had weighed him and then computed the desired weight for a boy of his age and height. This had irritated them considerably, as they felt that it reflected upon the care they had given him as parents. Especially had his father resented the notice that read that Charles was "undernourished," considering this a direct challenge of his ability to provide nourishing food for his son; and he had seriously considered taking him out of that school and entering him in another. In spite of all this, and the efforts that they had made, the underweight continued.

The examination that the doctor now made confirmed the results of the previous visits to doctors' offices, except that the number of pounds underweight was even greater than it had ever been before. With this exception he declared that there was absolutely nothing organically wrong with the lad, just as they had all done before.

But when Mrs. Green exclaimed in desperation: "Then you are just like all the rest of them. You tell me that my boy has nothing the matter with him, and yet you know as well as I do that he isn't as he should be! There *must* be *something* the matter with him," the doctor smiled at her and held up a disclaiming hand.

"You mistook me, Mrs. Green, when you understood me to say that there was nothing the matter with Charles. You and I both know that there *is* something the matter with him. What I did say was that he had no *organic* defect. Further than this, although I did not say this before, I am going to cure him—or, to be more accurate, I can tell *you* how to cure him. For he does not need my medicine; everything necessary for him is well within your power to give him, and his cure lies in your own hands."

"Why, I'll do anything, doctor, anything that you tell me to do, that I can; and his father will help to the limit of his ability, no matter what it costs. We simply must have him cured, if a cure is possible."

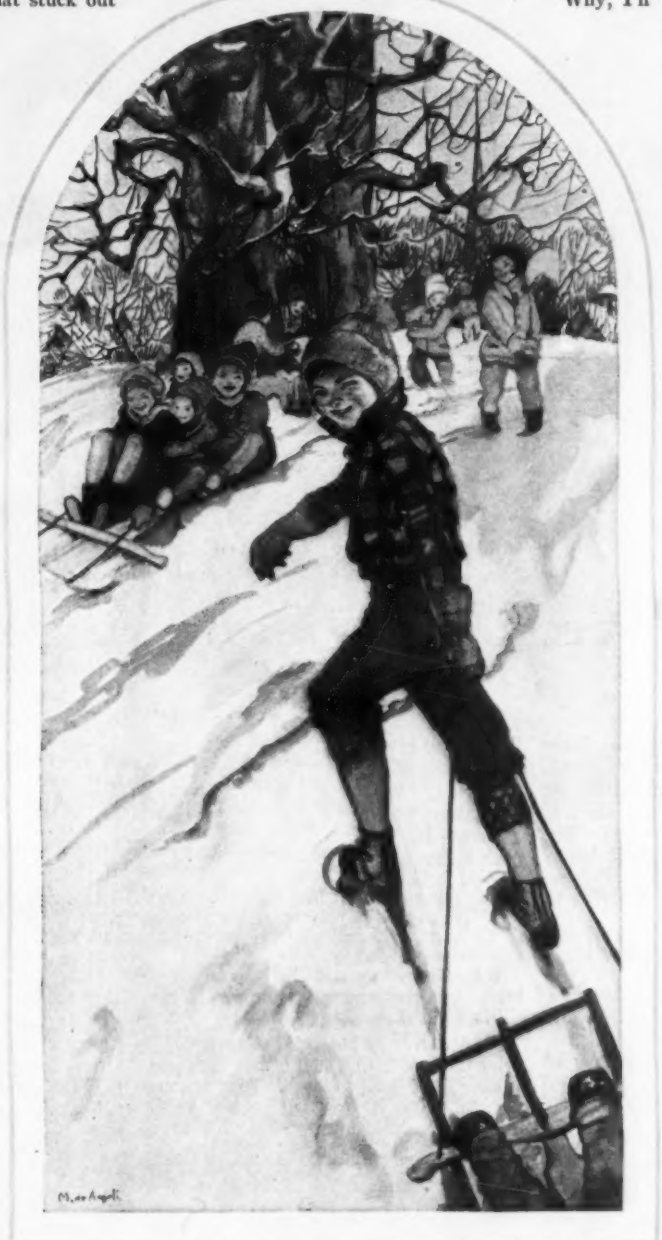
And cured he was, by a method so simple as to be almost ludicrous in comparison with the expense and trouble that his parents were ready to devote to his treatment; and in contrast to the repeated efforts expended upon the hordes of children presenting these symptoms who are not cured, but go from doctor to doctor and from clinic to clinic, swelling the ranks of the repeaters who are continually bobbing up for a cure that they are entitled to but never get.

Being simple, however, is by no means the same thing as being easy; and while the method detailed here is eminently simple, it is not always by any means easy to make the adjustments in family and other relationships that it entails. But these must be made, if the promised cure is to be effected.

An intensive study of thousands of these underweight children has brought out the fact that there are five classes of causes, some or all of which are to be found at the bottom of every case. While Charles did not happen to be suffering from all of them, it will be interesting just here to enumerate them.

1. Faulty Food Habits.
2. Faulty Health Habits.
3. School Strain.
4. Home Strain.
5. Physical Defects.

Any one of these five may be enough to bring about the condition of malnutrition from which this little fellow was suffering; but as a rule, (*Continued on page 142*)



Bed at eight; a mid-day rest hour; out-of-doors all the hours of daylight except while actually in school—that is the program for the underweight child

By

RUTH SUCKOW

Marriage Or A Mission— Which Should A Girl Choose?

The Story Began Last Month—

WHEN the boys came up, Rose knew that was why Leila had been waiting. It was why she had waited, too. Rose had known that somehow she and Leila would meet the boys to-night. But at first Rose felt ashamed and silent, knowing how she was deceiving Georgie and Annie, who thought she was studying at Leila's.

As soon as they got beyond the lighted corner, they separated into couples. Hammie had chosen her. His black hair and blue eyes were all the more fascinating, seen through the snow, with little white flakes caught in his lashes.

Rick and Leila stopped and turned around.

"Say, folks, let's decide where we're going."

"We were going to my house," Leila said vivaciously, "to study geometry." She giggled. "But it's too nice to go in anywhere."

"Let's just roam around a little while."

Rick and Leila went on ahead, and Hammie took Rose's arm.

Now it was all more dreamlike than ever. Here was Hammie beside her, his hand tucked caressingly into the warm curve of her arm—Hammie, the boy all the girls liked—and it was Rose whom he was favoring. Rose had always been a tomboy—but now with Hammie she seemed to be altogether different—soft and silent and helpless. He seemed to play upon her feelings as he liked . . . and she was quiveringly responsive and happy.

When they reached her house, Rose knew that Hammie was going to kiss her.

"Don't!" she whispered weakly.

"Why not?" he answered teasingly.

He did it so easily, as if he had the right.

Rose liked it all too well. That was the trouble. And it gave her such a guilty feeling to be deceiving the girls. But when Hammie let her go and she went into the house, the memory of his favor and of her happiness sustained her glowingly with a secret pride.

Georgie said: "Where have you been, Rose Kramer? I telephoned to Leila's and they said you hadn't been there all evening."

The floor seemed to drop away from under Rose's feet, but she stood her ground.

"We were just walking around—"

Georgie was sitting frowning. After a while she said: "I guess you know about Ella Bostwick, kid."

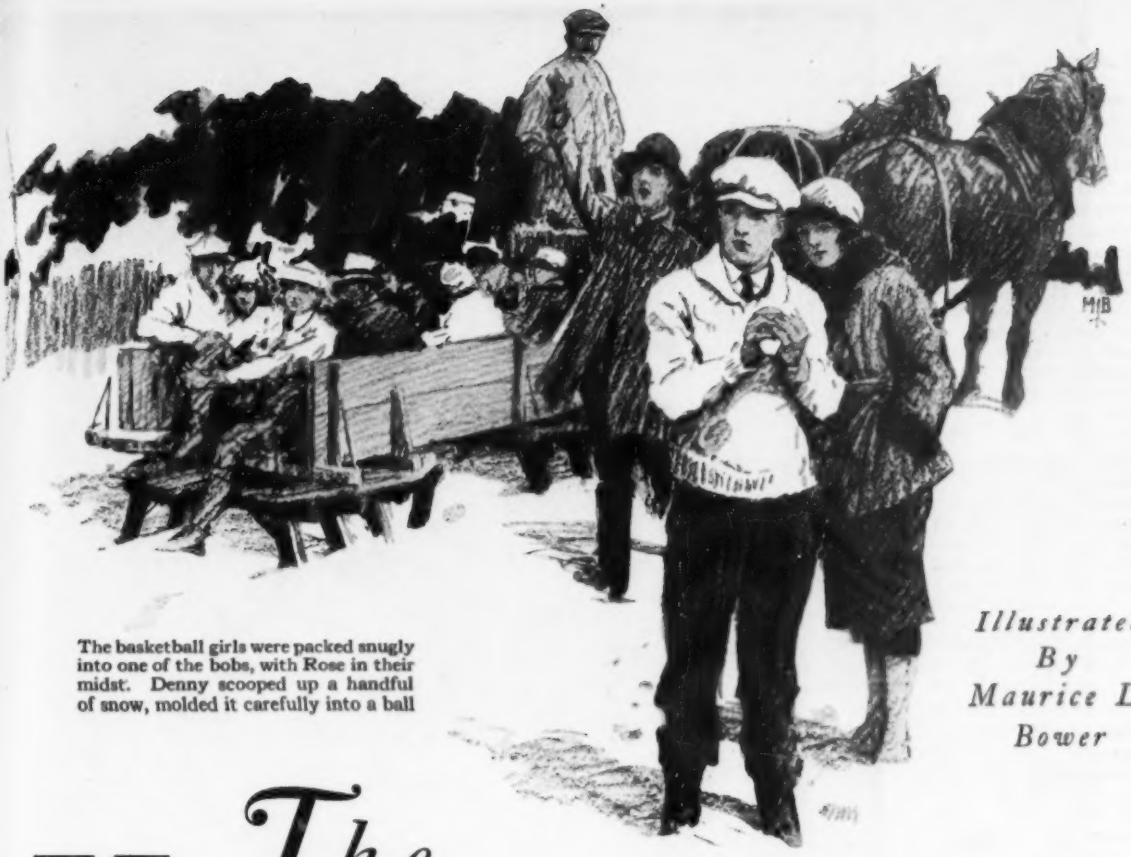
Rose gave her a startled look.

"Ella was one of the brightest girls in high school. She meant to go to college, just as you do. And now look at her. Living in a shanty—with two kids to look after—doing cleaning for folks. A husband that's no good on earth."

Rose did not speak. Georgie patted her arm.

"I don't want you to get started fooling away your time on such fellows. If you have to go with the boys—and I s'pose most girls do, sooner or later—then you be careful who you pick out. You see, kid, you're the only one in this family that's got a chance to make something of yourself. Annie and I are stuck here. But you needn't be."

Rose sat listening, wondering and ashamed. She had always simply taken it



The basketball girls were packed snugly into one of the bobs, with Rose in their midst. Denny scooped up a handful of snow, molded it carefully into a ball

Illustrated By Maurice L. Bower

The KRAMER GIRLS

for granted that the older sisters should be at home and do everything for her, and that her mother should be a helpless paralytic.

"It makes your old sisters darned proud of you when you get such good marks in school. I know this house isn't the place for a young girl. Well, you'll get out of it, kid. I don't want you to be dependent on anybody . . ."

Georgie stopped. But it was as if a promise had been given and taken.

Georgie kissed Rose and patted her.

"Go to bed now, kid. Forget this. There's no harm done."

But for a long time, after she had gone to bed tears kept seeping into Rose's brown eyes. She cried because she would have to break away from Hammie and Rick and Leila—cried because of the hurt her coldness must give them . . . . and because she could still feel in a helpless way the fascination of Hammie's blue eyes and black hair and huskily caressing voice. Only it was all spoiled now.

She turned over restlessly. It seemed that Georgie had put a great destiny upon her. She mustn't think of the boys any more. She dared not, guilty with the sense of her secret weakness.

PART II—CHAPTER I

GEORGIE had been in an outrageous state of temper all week. Mrs. Pickering, when she had run over with some refrigerator cookies, had stayed only a few minutes, instead of settling down in the green-painted chair for a good talk-fest.

"Thought the orphan—or I guess she isn't the orphan, is she?—anyway, the bereaved woman, needed a little something to console her," Mrs. Pickering began cheerily.

But Georgie was so glum that she thought:

"Whew! Guess this is no place for me!"

She went over instead to see Mrs. Katzemayer, who lived next door on the other side, and to report on Georgie and the Kramer household—although she didn't much enjoy talking with her, the old lady spoke such poor English.

"She acted as if she was ready to bite my head off for bringing her something. Well, you know it is too bad. She'd been counting on going. Both those girls, you know, think the sun rises and sets in Rose. And it's Georgie's own fault. She made Annie go. That's the way Georgie is. She insists on taking all the responsibility, and then gets sore because they let her."

There was a good deal of truth in this. Georgie herself knew it. She was always feeling the drawbacks of her own generosity. But she was ashamed that she felt them. Georgie wanted to give freely, with a big, open hand. She loved to feel that she was helping people to enjoy themselves. She couldn't withhold anything from Rose and Annie. She knew that Annie would have been willing to stay. But it disappointed her so when she found that after all her planning they couldn't both leave, that in a kind of black anger she had insisted upon being the one to suffer. What really hurt her was that Annie should always give in to her insistence. She wanted some one to override her—to care enough. But there was never any one strong enough to do it. It was her own strength, partly, that had always got in the way of her happiness.

What was the matter with her? What was she coming to? Sometimes Georgie was frightened. She had always had moods of savage rebellion. But they were only moods. She could rule them with an iron hand. But lately these moods had changed from crises of revolt into long periods of despairing darkness. Sometimes it seemed to her that she would go

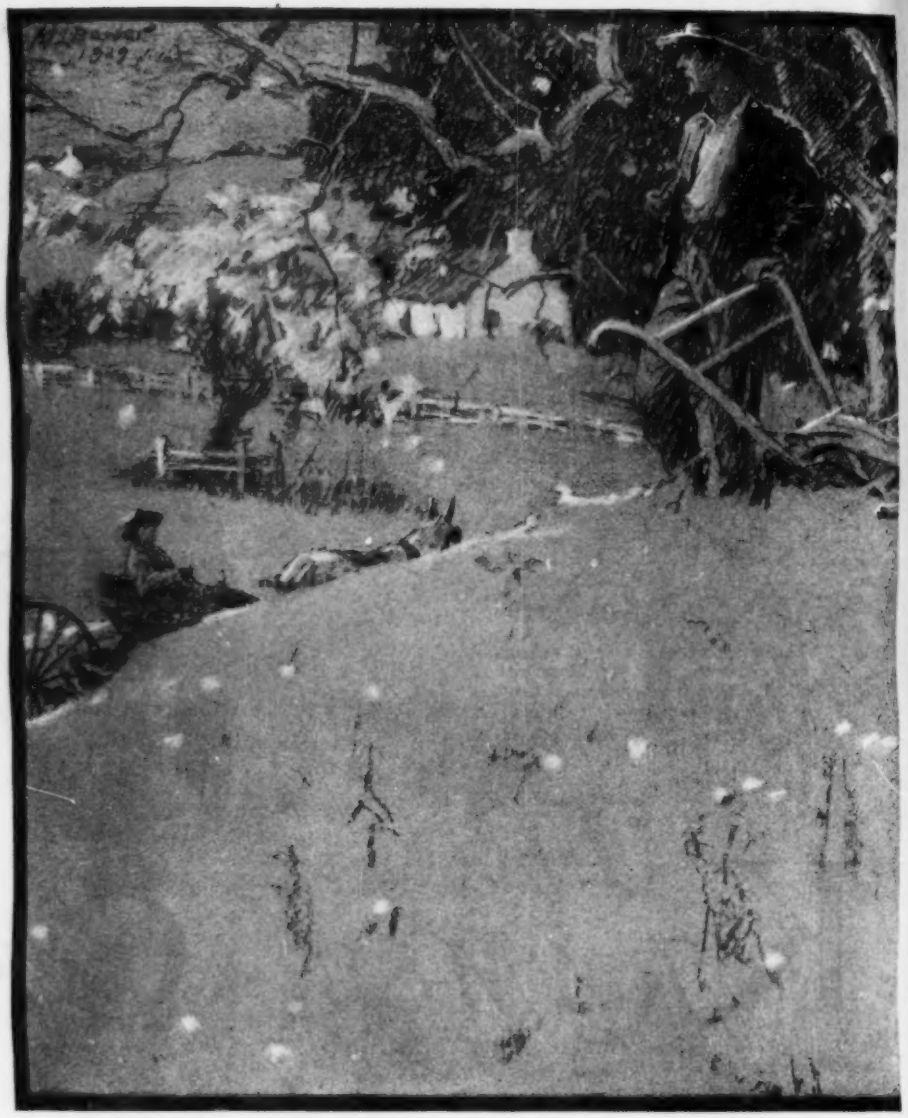
mad, caged up in this house. And where was there any way out of it?

There was just one way—and Georgie was ashamed even to think of that. The most horrifying thing was the way she was getting to feel about her mother. But it was hard to think of mama as really a human being any more. There was no use denying that mama was slowly losing even what remained of her mind. Annie seemed to grow more fond of her, to treat her like a child or a toy, but the things they had to do for her revolted Georgie. It seemed to her at times that their whole household life had been a needless tragedy. Mama would be better off somewhere with people who had nothing to do but look after her. Georgie could earn the money—she knew she could. They wouldn't have to struggle for it with papa. She found herself wanting to scold her mother for her tragic, repulsive helplessness—angry at her when she couldn't swallow the food Georgie had prepared, furious at her for her meaningless restlessness, wanting to be in bed when they had got her in her chair, back in her chair when they had got her into bed . . .

But when she reached this point, Georgie always felt a revulsion of strong, sustaining, overwhelming pity. She would never get over her revolt against life because such things could happen to innocent people. There was papa going scot-free—so it seemed to Georgie: driving around the country, talking all day with a lot of other men in town—and here was mama. Her deep, fierce tenderness, so different from Annie's softness, revived. Whether it was reasonable or unreasonable, she could never put her mother in an institution. She had to keep to that consecration of pity and devotion she had felt when the thing happened—when she had come into the room and found her mother fallen at her endless work . . .

Oh, but who could have dreamed then it would last so long—so many, many years?

By the end of the week she had worked herself into a better frame of mind. Left with her mother, she had felt again the strange, deep, tender consolation and sustainment of giving her strength to weakness. The old feeling between the two had revived. This was her mother—this helpless, bloodless, shrunken creature whose flaccid lips stumbled over the utterance of the simplest word, whose filmy eyes, in the white head motionless against the crumpled pillows, followed Georgie's movements with a dark, straining significance that she could not make out—could not be sure was there or not there. Even the pitiful wreck that remained of this woman was something to her that no other woman could ever be. Even that helpless wreck was more worth cherishing than any other body. In those filmed, terrible eyes, from which other people averted their own with a helpless distress, there was a faint lingering of that light that had been so precious to Georgie in her childhood and that could never be kindled for her in any other eyes.



There was papa going scot-free—or so it seemed And there at home was mama in her tragic

This was the day set for Annie to come home, but Georgie knew how easy it would be for Rose to persuade her to stay longer. She heard the whistle of the four-ten, but went right on with her baking. Great was her surprise, then, to hear familiar steps outside on the walk, tap-tap-tapping long before they got to the house.

"Georgie! Yoo-hoo!"

She heard the pleased excitement in Annie's voice and knew from that she had had a good time. They met at the kitchen door. They were together so much that Georgie was a little shamefaced about embracing, but Annie kissed her eagerly. The radiance of the visit was still upon Annie. Her soft cheeks were pink and cold from the outdoor air. She looked pretty.

"Didn't think you'd get here today."

Annie was surprised at that. It made Georgie ashamed of all her resentment. It excited her, too, to think of what Annie had to tell.

"Come in here, old shanks. Let's hear what happened to you."

"Is mama— Oh, just grand! *The grandest time!*"

"I don't think she heard you— Well, go in and see. Maybe she did."

Georgie waited eagerly for Annie to come back. The whole kitchen atmosphere was brightened by this dramatic return. Annie came back in a moment. Her cheeks were still pink and her eyes very bright. She sat down in the green chair like a royal visitor. Until she had taken off her wraps and got into one of her old dresses, she would not quite belong to the house again. Together they had decked her out in the best they owned—Georgie's black furs

to Georgie: driving around the country, talking all day with a lot of other men . . . helplessness. Who could have dreamed then that it would last so many, many years!

and best black gloves, and Annie's new red dress. Lollie McCoy had made her a hat. It gave her an unfamiliar look. The frostiness of her pink cheeks faded out now, but the flush remained, deepened by the heat of the kitchen and by the becoming red dress.

"Poor old Ann! Well, why shouldn't she enjoy herself once in a while?" Georgie thought rebelliously.

She couldn't say why this glowing look made her feel sorry for Annie.

"Well, come on! Let's hear about the doings. How was the kid?" Georgie had to ask that first of all.

"Oh, fine!"

"Come on. Tell us about it."

Annie opened and threw back her coat and began drawing off her gloves. "There's so much to tell, I don't know where to begin."

Georgie herself scarcely knew what to start asking. "Want a cinnamon roll? I guess they're done."

Annie accepted it with delight. The kitchen was filled with baking odors, and brilliant squares of sunshine lay on the floor. Georgie hadn't known how glad she would be to get Annie back. All she could do was to feed her. All at once existence was warm and glowing again.

"How'd the kid get through her exercises—or whatever they were?"

"Fine! It was in the chapel. Prexie and all the profs wore their robes. It was a big doings. I couldn't sit with Rose. She and the other three sat on the platform."

"On the platform, did she?" Georgie was highly pleased at that. "Well, what did she have to do? How did they give it to her?"

"Well, Prexie just called them forward and presented the keys—"

"What are these keys? What do they look like?"

"Well, they're just little kind of square gold pins. I don't know how I can describe them."

"Oh, well, never mind. I'll see it when Rose comes home. Go on and tell about the doings. What did Prexie say? Did the kid have to say anything?"

"Oh no, she just took the key. They none of them said anything. Oh yes, Prexie did. He told about all four of them and what fine grades they'd had, and told how—"

"Say anything special about the kid?"

"Well, how she'd played basketball, and worked in the Y. W.—I can't remember—Oh, yes, he said she was one of the best all-round girls in her class."

"Well, gosh all fishhooks, Annie, why didn't you tell me that before? I should think that was worth remembering."

"Well, I was so excited," Annie apologized, "I hardly knew what he was saying, myself."

"The kid wear her cap and gown?"

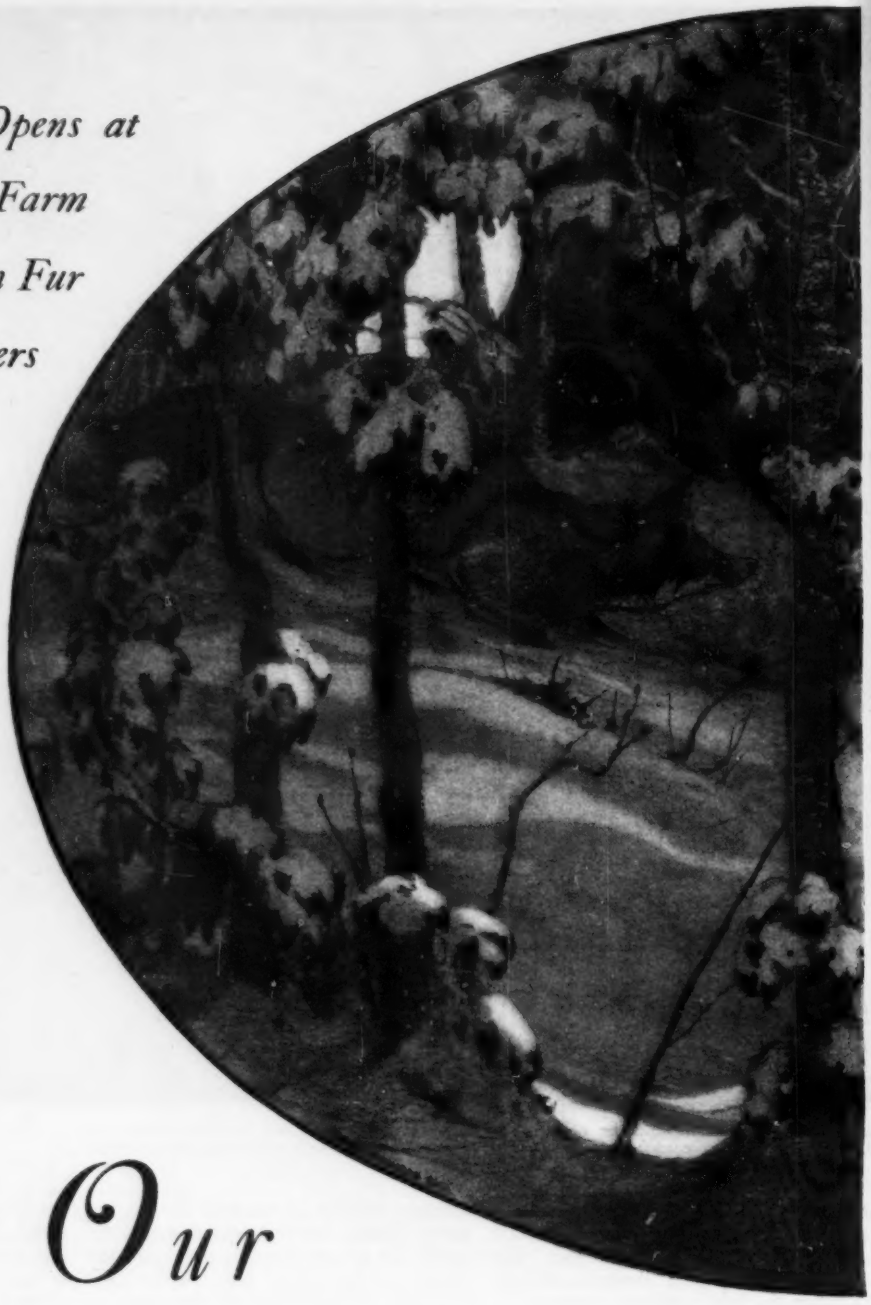
"Oh, yes, they all did. All the Seniors."

Georgie heard that with great satisfaction.

"I sat with them," Annie said proudly. "Right up in front with all the Seniors."

Dot and Muffet had taken her. Who were they? Oh, two of the girls in Rose's house. They were lovely to her—well, all the girls had been lovely, and she liked them all, but she had just fallen in love with Muffett. (*Continued on page 202*)

The Winter Season Opens at Three Brooks Farm For Visitors in Fur And Feathers



Our Unseen

THERE are snowstorms and snowstorms. The one that came that December night was not the kind we had hoped for. There was plenty of snow, certainly, but far too much wind, so that the earth was not smoothly covered. Moreover, the storm continued till after daybreak, when the night-prowlers that make up the chief company of our "unseen" guests would have returned to their burrows, leaving no revealing tracks.

There was one marauder abroad after the storm ceased, however, who threatened disaster to some of our friends of diurnal habit. Indeed, it was sheer luck that enabled us to rescue Lady Jane from his attack. Lady Jane is Felicia's favorite gray squirrel, who lives in a cavity in one of the big apple trees, thirty yards from the house.

The snow, which left the hills with half-bare, disheveled appearance, had been driven into deep drifts about our bird shelters, and our paths were impassable. We were out early, clearing them, Felicia with a broom and I with a snow shovel.

"Why, Lady Jane," Felicia called out in surprise, "I seldom see you out of bed so early."

The gray beauty came leaping toward us through the snow, and not till she was within twenty feet did I notice that a long-drawn-out white creature was following her, leap for leap.

"A weasel!" I shouted. "Help Lady Jane!"

We both sprang forward. The broom was extended, and the squirrel leaped on it and scampered to Felicia's arm and to the top of her head.

I extended the shovel. But the weasel did not leap on it. It leaped on him. He was only stunned by the blow, but a moment later he was much more than stunned. I held him up for inspection.

"A visitor clad in royal ermine," I said.

"A most unwelcome visitor," said Felicia, greatly excited. "I was anxious to know what invisible guests were with us, but I did not dream of this dreadful marauder being among them. Oh, what if we had not been here just at this minute!"

"But we *were* here. And now the weasel menace is over, for there probably isn't another one within miles. This is the first one we have seen in years, you remember."

"That is far from proving that none have been here," said Felicia, still apprehensive. "Are there not scores of animals all about us that we never see? How are we to know that there may not be half a dozen other weasels among them?"

And for that disconcerting inquiry, I had no confident answer—though of course I camouflaged my own fears by making light of the suggestion.

At the breakfast table, half an hour later, Felicia's mind was occupied with thoughts obviously inspired by the exciting episode of the earlier morning. She had brought to the table a slip of paper and

One more leap would have carried the hare to safety—careening over the hillock and down the slope beyond. But that leap was never taken

GUESTS

By Henry Smith Williams

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

a pencil. "I have been counting up, just casually," she said, "and I find that we have more animal guests than regular bird guests in winter. Species for species, I mean. That seems rather astonishing, does it not?"

I admitted that it did.

"And if the count could be made, I have no doubt the individual animal census would outnumber the bird census ten to one."

Again I agreed. Then Felicia started to read her list, in which she had amusingly checked bird guests and animal guests, one against another, according to some real or fancied resemblance of habit or temperament.

"Of course, it's just a whim to compare furred four-foots with feathered bipeds," she said. "Yet sometimes it seems as if the traits of character of a given animal are really like those of a given bird. The weasel is the furred shrike, is he not? And the red squirrel has the same touch of bad-boy about him that makes the blue jay so provokingly attractive."

I nodded approval. "And I hope you bracket the crow and the skunk together, as really pretty decent citizens who are misunderstood," I suggested.

"I hadn't, but I will. And I have matched the quaint white-breasted nut-hatch against the short-tailed shrew, because they are both so provident in storing away sunflower seeds. And junco against gray squirrel, because both are such plump, amiable, white-vested citizens. And tree sparrow and deer mouse, with their neat brown coats and alert manners, match perfectly."

I applauded and asked about the two woodpeckers.

"Little downy is as confiding and 'homey' as a cotton-tail rabbit, especially a young one. And the big hairy woodpecker is as rangy and up-stagish and swift-moving as a jack rabbit, even if they don't seem much alike otherwise. So I pair them. But I hardly know what to do with dear little Spi, our lone winter song-sparrow."

"I see no difficulty there," I said. "Since the butcher bird missed Spi by an inch and pulled out his tail, he is obviously the mate for the meadow mouse, who was made on the same pattern by Nature. And they both run about in the grass in the same way."

"Of course. And that leaves only the chickadee, last, least, and most important."

"There you have a problem, I admit. No one matches the chickadee at all. He is like himself, and has no fellow."

"True enough," said Felicia. "And yet, when I saw that adorable least shrew the other day—no bigger than my little finger, really—creeping out from the stone wall, right here by the shelter, and whisking to pounce on a sunflower seed that some one had dropped, and diving back with it, quick as a flash, he seemed as comical as chickadee himself."(*Continued on page 184*)

The High Cost of Giving

Illustrated By T. D. Skidmore

BY NO stretch of the most charitable imagination could the ground-pine wreaths in the windows of Grade 6 be mistaken for those svelte and perfect circles displayed in florists' shops. The hallmark of the amateur was on them. They sagged toward the middle in some places and bulged obesely in others, but each boasted a perky bow of scarlet ribbon from the Five and Ten. On the blackboard directly under the clock an artist of undisputed daring had sketched in violent yellows and orange three wildly pealing bells. Near the desk sprawled in grotesque abandon the empty grab-bags—the nice Golden Rule one and the funny ha-ha one—and in the corner by the door a dismantled tree raised gaunt, green arms to the ceiling.

"Aw, beans!" grumbled Peter, yanking shimmering strands of silver rain from an overlooked branch. "This was a heck of a Christmas party, *this* was—and now *we* got to clean up all the muss. Fix the room our own selves, trim the old tree, make the wreaths—and then no eats, no postcard box, no candy, *no nothing!* What she have to go and get sick on us for? Course she ain't so much at that, but *subs'toots* don't know how to run parties. Aw, beans! Well, I saved me a piece of change anyhow. We had four subs'toots this week—every one worser'n the rest—and you didn't see me giving *them* no present."

"*My* mother said she had something better to do with *her* money, 'sides buying presents for *teachers*," fat Arabel Hoyt remarked, stowing a small, golden ball carefully in its nest of tissue-paper. "Our teacher isn't pop'lar anyway. She only got ten or 'leven— Here now, Genevieve Gertrude! *I* brought that pink fairy, and you can fork her right straight over."

Genevieve Gertrude, perched on the top of the stepladder, let the highest limb of the tree snap back to the perpendicular and looked coldly down at the mottled wax object in her hand. . . . Well, say! Wouldn't you just have *knowed* a girl what would dig up somepin from the worsest ole box in the attic would think you was a-trying to snitch it? Hm'm!

"Lookit here, Miss Arabel Hoyt! If you want to know, I was a-wondering *who* could be so meany meany as to bring that smallpoxy piece of junk to put on a Christmas tree. Sweet mama! Your darn' fairy was old when Noah was a-teething. Here, Irma! *You* brang this perfectly lovely airship, and now your basket is all full up. Not one single thing got smashed neither."

The pretty Irma received her fragile bit of spun glass absently, her blue gaze on the little pile of gaily wrapped parcels on the desk. "Vieve, you know that skinny new boy, Phelps?" she demanded eagerly. "Well, wouldn't you just *love* to see what he brought the teacher? It's such a teenty package, like jew'l'ry comes in. I shook it a little, and I think maybe it's a wrist-watch or a di'mond ring. We ought to be nicer to Phelps, too. My dad says his mother got a *cool million* when she was married."

"Cool, colder, froze!" jeered Peter. "Yea, bo! They froze on to that million all right, and to all the *pennies* that come their way since. You girls know what that long drink of water brings for his lunch? Sandridges made of *cold beets*. And four dried *prunes!* And a *apple!* Swell chanst of *him* lugging in a few di'mond rings, *I'll* say. Beans! If they was spending any of that *cool million*, how come they send that sis kid to *public* school?"

"Lissen!" Genevieve Gertrude sat down

Genevieve Gertrude Plays Santa Claus—And Cupid

By Mariel Brady

Irma said "Peter, you'll stay and help Vieve, won't you?" "Not me! So long, girls! See you at this brain factory—next year!" Genevieve Gertrude, perched on the step-ladder, looked coldly down

on the ladder and expertly wound tinsel from her thumb to her elbow. "*Teachers* don't never get watches and di'mond rings, anyways. No *sir!* What they always have is lots and lots of hankerchuffs, and tons and tons of writing paper, and 'bout sixteen calendars, and some of them pink and blue silk caps what has all went out of style now, and sometimes a little towel, and them ten-cent shoe spreaders dolled up with lace and ribbins and—"

"Well, I guess I didn't bring *none* of those things!" Maybeth Miller's tone was virtuous. "Like as not *mine* is the best present teacher got. It's a green silk nightie that my Aunt Josie sent my mother *last* Christmas, and it was *heaps* too small. My mother put sweet powder in the box, too, to make it seem nicer. She don't like *green* nighties, even if they are silk."

"My mother *made* my present," Anne Kincaid said complacently. "It's to hang safety pins on by your dresser, and it didn't cost *half* what it would in the stores. C'mon, Irma. We promised Rick to go skating on his pond, and it's 'most one o'clock right now. We won't get any lunch if we don't hurry home. Genevieve Gertrude can clean up all the rest of this muss and take the presents to the teacher. Everybody's gone home now but us. *C'mon!*"

Irma put a delicately tapering finger to her mouth. She looked doubtfully at the ankle-deep litter. "Well-ll, but there seems a *terrible* lot. Peter, *you'll* stay and help Vieve, won't you? Maybeth and Arabel Hoyt have sneaked out."

"Not *me!* I got a job delivering plants and things 'safternoon. You need *all* the coin you can get, and *then* some, for Christmas. So long, girls. See you at this brain factory—*next year!*"

The door banged. A thumb tack promptly tinkled to the floor, and the largest wreath followed suit.

For a long, long moment the deserted red-haired damsel on the step-ladder, a line between her eyes, gazed darkly upon the chaos around her—the crumpled papers, pine-needles, popcorn, bits of broken tree ornaments, the sticky branches of hemlock and of cedar which must be removed from the window sills—and dragged a bitter sigh from her very toes . . . Hm'm. Clean up the rest of the muss. Oh, *Fido!* Honest, if you could only find out *for sure*, before you was borned a-tall, was you a-going to be one of them girls what gets ast and ast to go places, or just the mizzable kind what can clear up messes, you'd have sense enough to switch and be a *boy*. Boys couldn't never be pretty, but they could always wiggle theirselfs out of doing everythin' they didn't want to. Yes, *sir!*

She descended the ladder and went glumly to work, piling the wastebasket mountain high and jumping up and down in it to make room for still more paper.

Presently the door opened a cautious six inches. A dashing brown hat, a bit of furry collar, were framed in the aperture.

"The season's choicest greetings! Any help needed, sister?"

Genevieve Gertrude allowed a wintry smile to part her set lips, as she gazed at Miss Claire Watson's charming face. Miss Watson taught the kindergarten. Miss Watson was cute and measured a scant four feet eleven in her highest heels. Miss Watson was a darling and a peach, and it was plainly evident that *her* Christmas party had not been without its rewards. From her right hand swung a straw suitcase crammed to bursting. Under her left elbow was wedged an unwieldy bundle made up of a score of smaller parcels tied together, while her fingers clutched the stout cord around a large, oblong box. On her raccoon coat glowed a Christmas rose, golden and sweet.

"Some load you got!" commented the busy charwoman admiringly. "Say! I betcha they ain't no hankerchuffs nor ole calendars, neither. Help? Well, if you *could* just tie up my teacher's things like what yours is, it would be fine. I gotta take 'em to her bimeby, you see."

Miss Watson's pretty eyes rested thoughtfully on the meager pile of gifts on the desk. She set down her impedimenta and held out the large box. "Look at this scrumptious young trunk of sweets the Honorable Santa Claus left (*Continued on page 147*)

The three graceful arches of the porch frame views of the river, of a rose garden, and of a lovely hillside

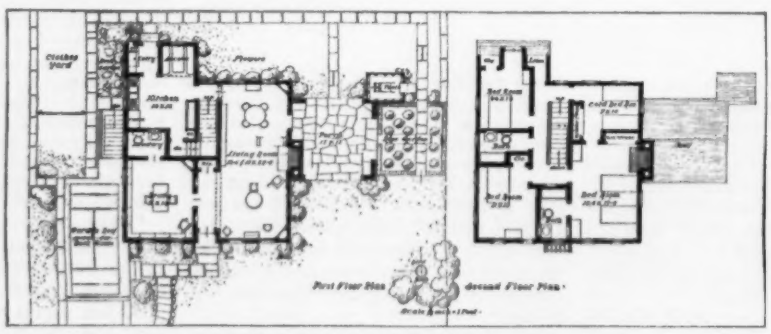
A House With PERSONALITY

Fitted snugly into a steep hillside, this Colonial house at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., has genuine individuality

By Harry E. Warren

Architect

THAT mysterious and almost indefinable quality called individuality is the substance of which the successfully designed house is made—individuality in the owner as well as in the designer. It is amazing that so few owners, comparatively speaking, exhibit any considerable evidence of it. The great mass of people seem content to live in the ready-to-wear speculator-built or carpentered house. Of course, persons of great wealth are able to buy a certain amount of individuality through the medium of expensive decorators, or through the services of the architect of reputation, whose drafting force, in the end, prescribe just what sort of house that client should have—and the result is still a ready-to-wear article as far as the occupant is concerned. Comparatively few there are who, through inherent or cultivated good taste, really are in harmony with their home surroundings.



The plan takes full advantage of the possibilities of the site

Among those who for want of a better term we have come to class as the small-house owners, personality is more exceptional than among those who through lavish expenditure are at least able to surround themselves with things which invest them with the reputation of having individuality, even if they have it not in genuine substance. Fortunate indeed is the architect who works with the owner of artistic discernment. The process of house building and furnishing becomes a pleasure through cooperation. By including "furnishings" we mean not only the things within the house, but also the planting and other accessories outside, because all the exterior and interior furnishings are part and parcel of the whole design. Many a good house has been marred by the employment of a landscape gardener or interior decorator who is merely a faddist, or whose inevitable ego naturally impresses his own stamp upon that part of the work, often without having the slightest sympathy with the building itself, even though his particular work may not be bad in itself. The discerning owner places all these matters under the charge of the architect, or will at least secure his advice thereon.

Such were the (*Continued on page 131*)

INSULATING *The House*

For Comfort Winter and Summer

By J. L. Finck

U. S. Bureau of Standards

THE use of insulation in the walls and roofs of houses is a comparatively recent development in this country, although a few old houses were well insulated. The present activity in the production and use of insulation for houses is the result of at least three causes—the demand for greater comfort, the increasing cost of fuel, and the production and intensive advertising of insulating material. When fuel was cheap and insulating materials were expensive or not readily obtainable, the incentive for using insulation was almost lacking, but under present conditions the fuel saving resulting from use of insulation may be made to pay a substantial return on the increased investment. In addition to materials which have been produced primarily as insulators, such as cork, a large variety of materials formerly considered as waste—such as cornstalks, straw, wood waste, flax straw, sugar-cane fiber—are being utilized in the manufacture of insulating and building materials.

Before considering the question of insulation in detail, it may be well to clear up a common misunderstanding with regard to terms. One is frequently asked with regard to the "heat and cold" insulating properties of a material. In general there is no distinction. The material is always used to reduce the flow of heat from a warmer to a colder space. It is sometimes desired to control the temperature of the warmer space, and sometimes that of the colder. The insulation of a house illustrates the former condition in winter, and the latter in summer. In winter the insulation reduces the amount of heat which must be supplied by burning fuel to keep the house warm. In summer the insulation keeps the temperature inside the house from going as high as it otherwise would during the day, or, if the building is to be kept cool with a refrigerating machine, reduces the amount of power used by the machine.

Any wall, no matter what kind, has some insulating value. This is most commonly seen in the fact that windows are effective in helping to keep a house warm. The glass in a window is effective for two reasons: first, because it prevents the cold outer air from entering; and second, because heat is transferred rather slowly from the inside air to the glass, and again from the glass to the outside air. (*Continued on page 132*)

A number of the modern insulating materials may serve a double purpose. In this case the insulation is serving as a plaster-base

In this Denver home, insulating material was used as a plaster-base, as exterior sheathing instead of wood, and as roof sheathing

Are You Building A GARAGE?

By

Cameron Clark

Photographs by George H. Van Anda

The doors of this beautiful attached garage are the stock overhead type. Arthur Zoote, architect

At the right is an ordinary detached garage charmingly beautified

THE design and placing of the garage in relation to the house is an ever-recurring problem to the architect of today. Not so many years ago it was the stable that demanded study, and perhaps not many years hence we shall struggle with the airplane hangar.

The larger garage does not concern us so much as the garage on the medium-sized plot. The narrow lot has always presented a difficult problem in house design, and this is greatly complicated by the necessity of finding space for a driveway and a place to house the car.

Every one is familiar with the thousand and one garages placed on the rear corner of the lot, and the long driveway passing the service door on its way to the street. This may be a good solution in some cases, but I can not say that it taxes any one's ability. The ideal situation for a small garage is adjoining the house, either as part of the house, or connected with it by means of a loggia or passageway, so that the owner may get to it without being exposed to the weather. Often the garage, used in this way, is a useful architectural feature, giving the designer an opportunity to pull down the roof line in a pleasing manner or to add a wing which gives balance to the composition. The most economical place to put the garage is usually in the basement, but the insistence of owners that it be placed there frequently creates a difficult problem in design unless the contour of the land is unusual. A hillside site is best adapted to this plan, but even then the basement garage may mean that the house will have one ungainly side which goes up three stories, while the house goes up only two. The sloping drive level below the general lot level also creates a difficult landscaping problem. For these reasons the basement garage should be most thoughtfully planned, and should not be used at all if, in the architect's judgment, it will spoil the appearance of the house.

The two-car attached garage with its small, shuttered windows helps to make the roof line interesting. Clark and Arms, architects

The doors present one of the most difficult problems of design that an architect has to deal with. The opening is so much larger than any other in the house that it is difficult to maintain the proper scale. He should strive to incorporate the garage into the composition so that the openings will not offend, and the mass can be used to extend the roof lines. Perhaps this may be clearer if the reader studies the photographs on this page. I think they are fairly successful solutions.

The method of turning around or backing into the garage has much to do with its placing. On a small plot, in order to avoid a large amount of roadway, the owner may consent to enter straight in from the street. On a medium-sized plot perhaps a triangular turn could be used, and on the larger one the full turn with side road to garage. Naturally the first two do not contemplate the use of the drive by any other car than the owner's. Occasionally a single car arriving might use the triangular approach, but there are possibilities of trouble if another enters.

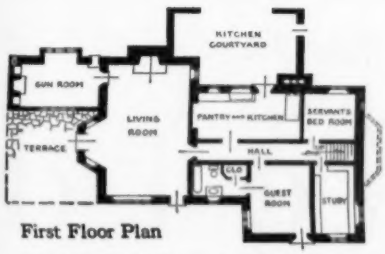
The fire hazard does not appear to enter into our difficulties as much as it used to. Few house fires start in the garage. However, it is always safer to be prepared and have at least cement walls and ceiling on metal lath. The building codes in many cities require a tile or brick wall between the part of a (Continued on page 188)

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

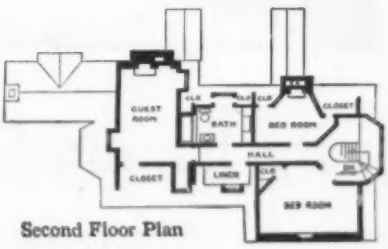
Eliminating MORTGAGE WORRIES

By

Alton L. Wells



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

To finance a picturesque house like this one at Kent, Conn., designed by P. H. Staats, a home-builder whose income is received at irregular intervals might pay $6000 cash and obtain a straight mortgage, maturing in eight or ten years, for the balance—$9000. A man with a regular monthly income would probably prefer the Building and Loan plan, by which he would pay $3000 in cash, and borrow $12,000 on an instalment mortgage, which he would pay off in about eleven years. These instalments, which include both interest and the amortization of the principal, would amount to $120 a month

A MORTGAGE on the old home is no longer a family disgrace. Quite the contrary! The real estate loan of former days, ill-favored, and regarded as the last straw for the improvident, has lost, during the years, its atmosphere of disrepute and has acquired, instead, an air of marked respectability and a well-deserved reputation for usefulness. And rightly so, for the mortgage has become an indispensable aid to home-ownership.

Like other financial transactions, however, the mortgage loan is attended by the usual number of difficulties. Long experience has demonstrated that a large percentage of these difficulties are of a preventable nature. Selection of the wrong financing plan, failure to become thoroughly familiar with the exact terms of the obligations undertaken, assumption of mortgage debts when purchasing property, and tactlessness in dealing with the lender when payments are delinquent, are the most frequent causes that lead to financial grief, and sometimes to the foreclosure court.

Perhaps the most important matter in connection with mortgage financing is for the borrower to select a loan of the type and size that conforms most nearly to the limitations imposed by his income. Persons with regular monthly incomes often prefer the instalment mortgage, which is best represented by the Building and Loan Association mortgage which, in its usual form, provides for equal monthly payments which include interest, such payments being continued until the entire amount is returned. This type of loan is an incentive to systematic saving.

Other borrowers, whose incomes are derived at longer intervals from investments or other sources, usually find the straight mortgage more desirable. This form of loan has a definite maturity date, but the note or bond may be extended from time to time, thus permitting the arrangement to continue almost indefinitely. In this event the lender will probably require the borrower to make occasional payments reducing the amount of the principal. This is only fair, however, as the market value of a house seldom enhances as the years go by. It is to the advantage of the borrower to have the privilege of making such payments if he wishes, and it should be so stipulated in the mortgage. But even if this provision is not in the mortgage, many lenders are willing to accept payments on the principal when the semi-annual interest payments are made. It is never wise to forget that a mortgage must be paid off some time.

It will pay the home-owner to read carefully the papers which he signs when making a mortgage *(Continued on page 138)*

The Legend Of A

Gold

With the Treasure of

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

THEY were dancing for rain at Zuni. And the long, weaving lines of Indians were stamping out the ceremonial steps that would compel the rain god's attention. The sky was like a bowl of turquoise inverted above the red gold of the earth. And the swaying of the dancers' painted bodies was like an ancient frieze come to life.

Drums and flutes—deer-hoof rattles shaking — coyote skins swinging from naked, brown shoulders—painted masks and black hair flowing—the medicine men dancing for rain at Zuni.

Around us the Painted Desert stretched, mile on mile of endless, savage beauty; gaunt red cliffs and towering teocallis of stone, carved by Nature's hand into fantastic contours. Giant cacti reaching up their sharp-pointed fingers, trying to probe the nearness of the sky. Wind that was hot, wind that was dry—blowing out of desolate spaces, bringing with it an intangible fragrance of wild, clean things growing —and rain near at hand.

The sun went down in a red-gold mist that stained the turquoise sky to a royal purple. The evening star bent like a lover above the bed of the dreaming day. The air was balmy with desert warmth, pungent with the smell of mesquite wood burning. The erstwhile dancers became shadowy figures drifting through a phantasmagoria of firelight and darkness. The Navajo and the Pueblo tribes argued endlessly over the trade of silver and turquoise. The dark-faced women watched them silently.

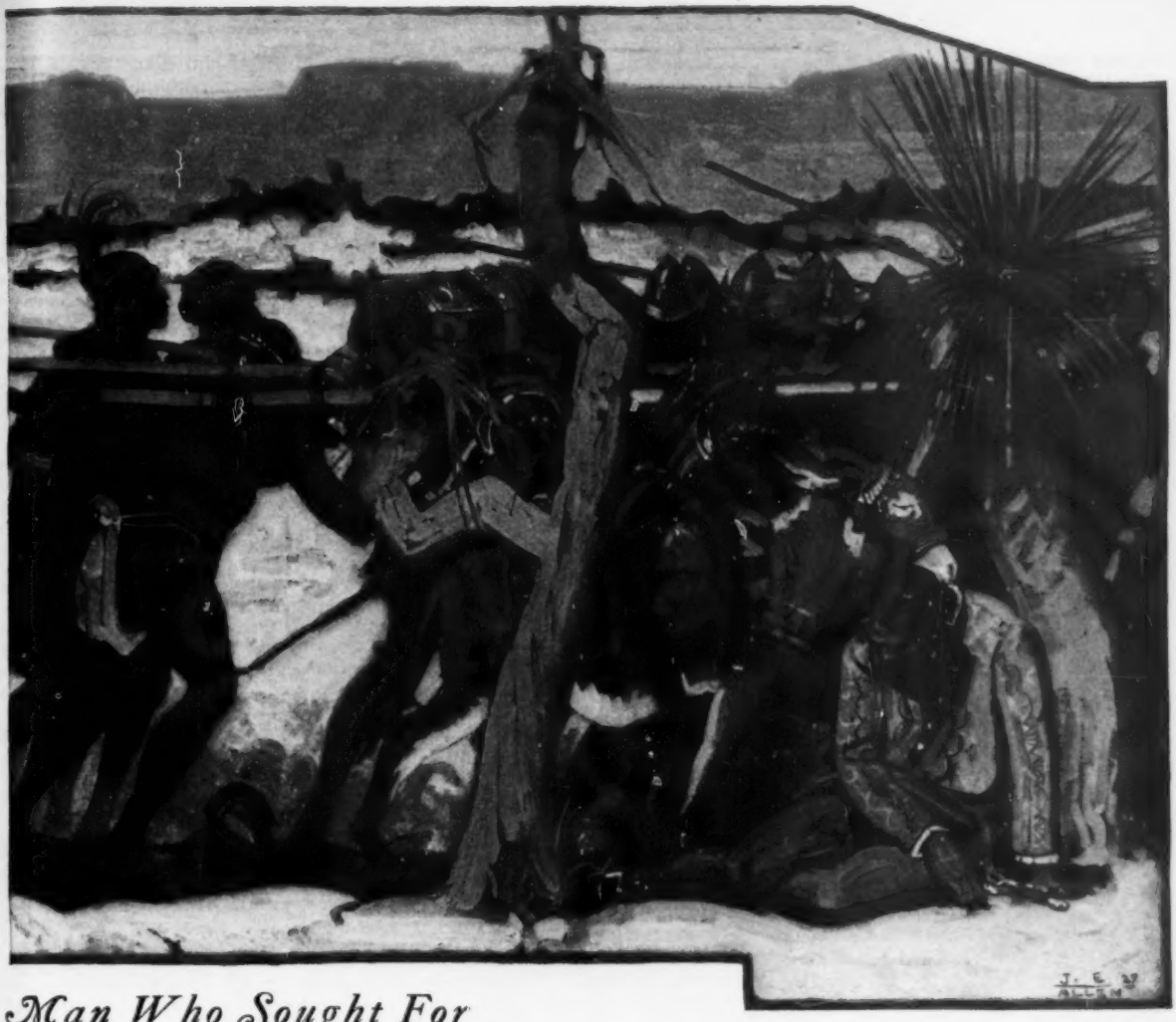
Then out of the darkness came the tap of a drum in a curious, compelling rhythm. Not the primitive, monotonous beat that had accompanied the dance for rain, but the languorous, yet sharply accented tempo of Spanish or Mexican music. A man's voice was singing a song in Spanish. And the words were so archaic that I could only guess at their meaning.

The verses were long and many, after the fashion of the early Spanish songs, with a theme repeated over and over, as if the singer loved the thought of it:

"Oro lejano,
En las ciudades del sol,
Abajo en el canon grande,
Donde corre el rio hondo."

("Gold afar, in the cities of the sun,
Down in the great canyon, where the river deeply flows—")

What was the origin of it? I wondered. What was the idea behind the maze of flowery and obscure verses? And at last I



Man Who Sought For

Afar

True Love By His Side

The barren desert stretched before them, mile upon mile of empty heat that burned the song from their lips and the reckless gaiety from their eyes. But they toiled onward—all for the sake of Cibola's treasure

Illustrated by James E. Allen

approached the singer, a stalwart Navajo Indian.

He had learned the song of a Spanish priest, he told me, long ago when he was a child. The good padre had told him that the story it told was of Francisco de Coronado, who had come on a long, long pilgrimage, seeking the Seven Cities of Cibola. Seeking the golden cities of the sun that legend had placed somewhere in the desert; seeking gold afar that he never found. Returning with heartbreak and abasement to the land that had sent him forth on his quest.

That was the burden of the song he sang, but I knew still another tale. The story of Don Pedro de Tovar, who came bearing Coronado's banner, and who found after all "gold afar," but not the treasure the Spaniards were seeking . . .

IT WAS in Culiacan of New Spain that the rumor of the treasure cities first gained credence. For thence had come, after many years of wandering, one Cabeza de Vaca, accompanied by his black slave, Estavanico. The Spaniard had been a guest and a prisoner among savage, unknown tribes of Indios; had seen strange sights and encountered terrible perils. The tale of his wanderings was like one from out some book of fantasy.

But it was to the giant black, Estavanico, that the ear of the populace leaned. For he, with primitive ego suddenly inflated by having become a hero overnight, invested the story of his adventures with incredible embellishments that became more and more florid as time went on, and the realities of his experiences became mingled in his mind with the images of his vivid imagination.

There were Seven Cities of Cibola, he said, placed in a half-circle opening to the rising sun. The gleam of them afar was like a great conflagration in the sky, for the streets were of gold, and the doors and windows were outlined in topaz and pearls. Turquoise blocks as large as cart wheels were common in these fabulous cities of the northern desert. The blueness of them mingled with the glare of gold, and the moon-like glitter of silver.

Aye—precious gems of all sorts were to be found in Cibola's cities. For the Indios of that far, mysterious land bartered with tribes still more remote and brought the plunder of conquered eastern nations to swell the treasury of their seven sacred strongholds.

Cabeza de Vaca might have set a curb upon the wildness of his former slave's tongue, for he was an honorable and truthful man. But he had sailed away for Spain,

leaving behind the black man, Estavanico. And the Barbary slave was like a rotting tree, feeding a parasitical orchid of lies.

The Viceroy himself, Don Antonio de Mendoza, was a believer in the mystical land to the north. For the tale corresponded to an old Spanish legend of seven bishops who had fled before the blight of the Moors' invasion of their country; they had sailed the Sea of Darkness and found at last a new and unknown land. And here they had builded seven splendid cities, the names of which were Cibola.

NOW there was, among the throng of gallant young hidalgos at the Viceregal court of Mexico, a lad young in years, yet mature in mind, to whom all the frenzied speculation and turmoil concerning the rumored treasure cities was no more than the blowing of the wind from down the distant slope of Popocatapetl.

A strange youth, this Don Petro de Tovar, in that he took no advantage of the fact that his father had been the mad Queen Juana's Chamberlain, and was himself entitled, by virtue of rank, to stand next to the Viceroy upon those ceremonial occasions when the order of precedence was strictly observed.

He was content to discharge his courtly duties meticulously, and thereafter to submerge himself in the study of things that pleased him; the lore of the Aztecs and their language, the poems and philosophies of the great poet-king Nezhualcoyotl, and the problems of the lordly people who were fast being wiped out by the stern policies of the Spanish government.

To him, in his spacious library filled with heavy tomes of carved leather, came Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, a typical soldier-gallant with scarred, handsome face, bold, arrogant eyes, and a mouth in which courage and cruelty were subtly blended. Friends, these two, drawn together by their utter dissimilarity. Now he entered the great tapestried chamber, wrinkling his nose in mock disgust as the heavy smell of leather struck his nostrils.

"By all the Saints," he laughed down at Don Pedro's absorbed face bent above a stiff sheet of illuminated parchment, "I believe that Moctezuma himself could come to life and walk into thy presence, and thou wouldst never know."

Don Pedro de Tovar lifted his face, delicately oval, with dreamy, dark eyes that held a child's gentleness and simplicity. He smiled at his friend, but it was clear that his thoughts had not yet come back from the manuscript he had been reading.

"I give thee welcome," he said affectionately, and rose from his carved chair. "Thou hast the look of excitement about thee. I feel as if a strong wind had entered with thee. Has aught of importance transpired?"

Don Garcia swore a lusty soldier's oath. Then he laughed boisterously, with a hint of contempt. "By the tombs of the Saints! The world is gone mad with stories of treasure and golden cities—the Viceroy is all but insane, trying to apportion worthy commissions to the swarms of Dons who will take nothing less than Generalships under the command of Don Francisco de Coronado—and thou who art to bear the banner of Spain into this unknown wilderness—thou dost ask me if anything of importance hath transpired!"

Don Pedro's thoughtful, serious-eyed face did not change expression. "The seven cities of Cibola? A myth; a legend. A dim tale recited first in Spain and transplanted here to blossom into this monstrous deceit. Why was it that Don Alvar Cabeza de Vaca made no mention of these wondrous places?"

"Mayhap because he wished to reserve them for himself. But the black one, Estavanico—"

"Is a Barbary slave, with the primitive imagination and lust for power of his kind. Like as not he believes his own story by this time—indeed, I doubt not that he does. But for sane people to be led afar on the trail of such wild vaporings—"

Don Garcia interrupted bruskly. "So said those of Spain who mocked at Colombo, and Cortez, too, was thought to be a brainless adventurer—Pizarro in Peru—but they found their kingdoms and smelted down the wild vaporings of rumor into solid gold ingots that hath made Spain the greatest land of the earth!"

He began to stride agitatedly up and down the long chamber. Don Pedro said nothing. It was clear that he was unmoved by the other's violence. Don Garcia stopped suddenly and flung a sheet of delicately written script on the table before his friend.

"The Friar Marcos, who is to be the spiritual leader of the expedition, bade me give this into thine hands, knowing thee for a poet addicted to the gentle joys of studiousness. *Valgame Dios!* Did I ever think to see the time when one of the house of Tovar would rather read a poem of golden cities than spur ahead of the army to plant the banner of Spain above their glittering turrets!"

Still Don Pedro would make no answer. He was well accustomed to the hot-headed bruskness of his friend. He only took up the parchment and opened it, at first indifferently, then with a quickened interest. The sonorous quality of the words pleased him. They were simple, yet filled with dignity. And a picture grew in his mind, filling the long, shadowed room, obliterating the rows of heavy, leather tomes—pushing back the boundaries of the walls into immense, red-gold spaces overhung with the measureless void of turquoise skies—

"Is it like that, thinkest thou?" he asked in a dreamy, abstracted voice.

"Like that? Ay, more than that!" Don Garcia's eyes were flaming with thoughts of treasure and conquest. "They say the riches of the land are incalculable—inexhaustible! The women are weighted down with turquoise, the very streets are paved with blocks of silver! They say there are trees hung with emeralds and sapphires—and gold—gold to be had for the sweet pleasure of taking!"

But Don Pedro was still staring at some vision of his own, far beyond the tapestried walls of the great, dark, studious chamber.

IT WAS a gorgeous, fantastic expedition that set forth from the City of Mexico—"with every Don a general," as the irreverent Don Garcia said.

And for every Don six Aztec slaves, for every horse its groom and equerry. Three hundred *caballeros* of Spain, mounted on steeds with silver bridles. Panoplied with embroidered silks, rivaling the rainbow in their dazzling glitter and color. Three hundred hidalgos of Spain that the Viceroy was well rid of; rich and idle and quarrelsome young bloods who had kept the capital in a turmoil. Priests and friars went with the cavalcade, slaves drove herds of swine, and sheep and goats. Stout mules bore chests of linen and silver, and panniers of dainty, delectable foods.

As far as Culiacan, in New Spain, there was feasting, and song, and laughter. For in all the villages they were received as if the land of Cibola were already conquered. And in Culiacan they remained in their elegance, while the Friar Marcos went ahead, taking with him the black man, Estavanico, to send back word of conditions as he should find them.

THE symbol of the Friar's success was to be a cross of wood returned by the hand of an Indian. A small cross if the prospects were poor, a larger one if riches loomed ahead. Thereafter, from week to week, the excitement increased in Culiacan. For the first cross that came was the length of the arm, and the next, the height of a thigh. And then, after a long, long wait, a tired and sweating Aztec slave came plodding in from the hot outer desert carrying on his naked back a cross that was taller than a man!

It was exhibited with honor in the Plaza Mayor, hung with garlands, and ribbons, and poetical verses. The fashionable world of New Spain went mad with joy and excitement, and the ardor of conquest.

"There, thou skeptic!" cried Don Garcia, smiting his friend a blow between the shoulders. "Look upon that cross from Frey Marcos' own holy hand and tell me if it meaneth not all the things that were promised!"

Don Pedro nodded without speaking. But later he sent for the Aztec slave. To him he spoke in his own tongue, having a facility for languages.

"Tell me without fear, didst thou, too, see these cities? With thine own eyes didst thou behold these marvels?"

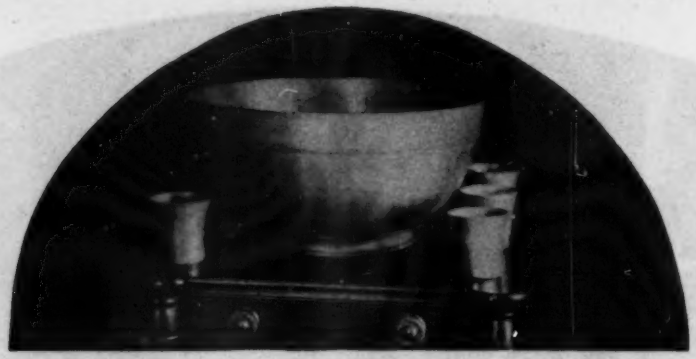
The Indio looked at him first with suspicion. And then, because the eyes of Don Pedro de Tovar were not the cruel, lusting eyes of the Conquistadores who had conquered his land, he made slow and careful answer.

"I saw, Tzin, a terraced city from afar—red gold it was, under the setting of the sun. The Tuiles—the Spaniards—cried out that it was molten metal, and the black one, Estavanico, told them that it was so. But all the land is red-gold there—great cliffs and deep, deep canyons. Much I saw that the Tuiles did not see. But not a city built of gold blocks, or houses roofed with silver."

Amid music and pageantry the fantastic cavalcade set forth from Culiacan's hospitable domain. Hidalgos of Spain on caparisoned steeds, slaves bearing chests of silken adornment . . . the trees fell back like green-clad ladies waving goodby; the cool streams slid away like frightened serpents.

The barren desert stretched out before them, mile upon mile of empty heat. Red-brown floor, stifling blue vault, a vast, unending expanse of sterility that burned the song away from their lips, the reckless gaiety out of their eyes. Now the rich velvet garments became (*Continued on page 108*)

UNDER the swaying willow branches lay an Indian girl. There were chains of turquoise about her throat, and silver bracelets upon her arms. And above her heart lay a pendant of silver, wrought into the likeness of a cross. Don Pedro knelt beside her. It was as if in some other life he had kept vigil beside a sleeping maiden, while the mystery of the night enfolded them with stars and soft winds and faint, wild desert fragrance

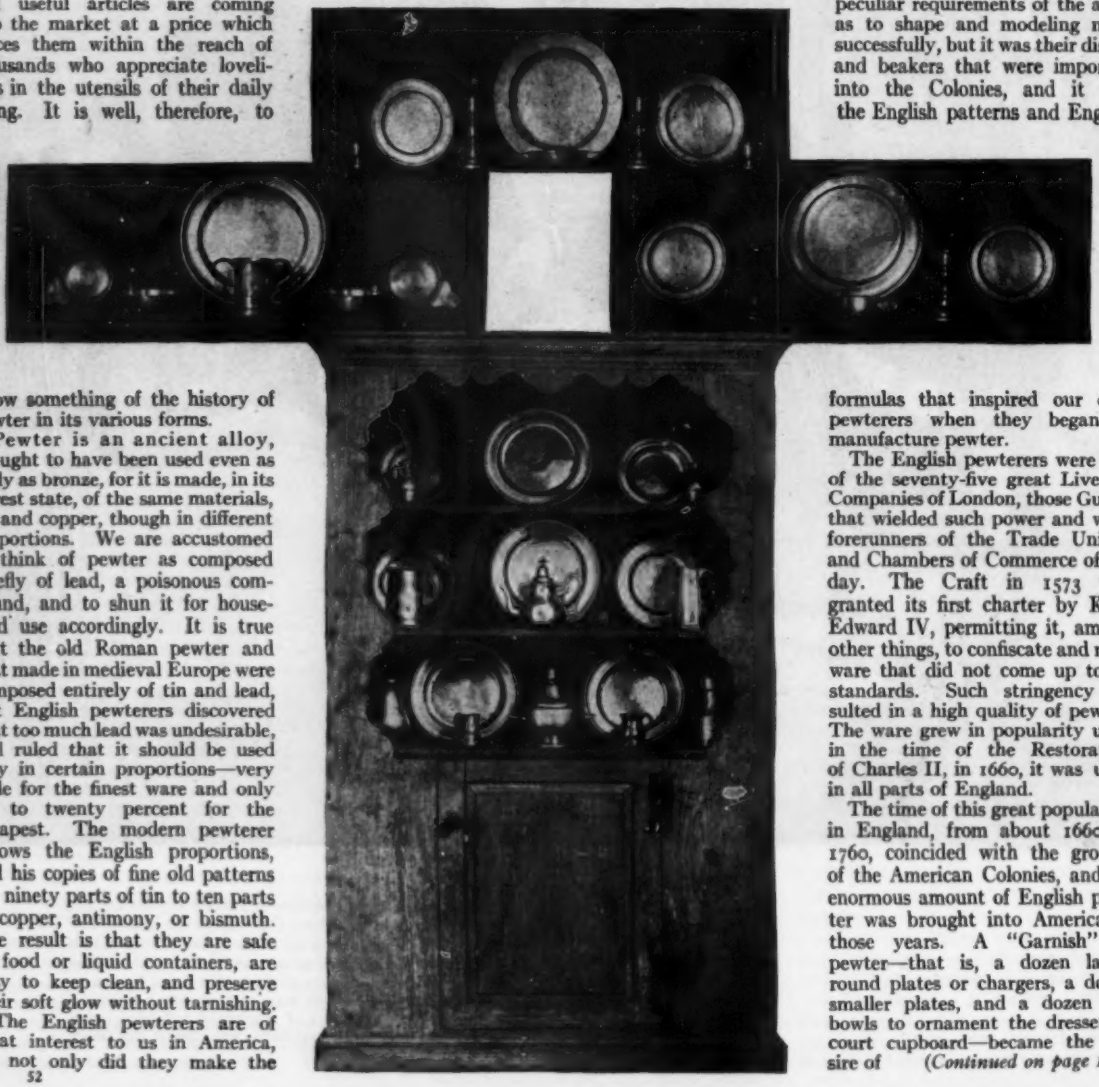


Pewter Old and New Regains Popularity

By Louise Karr

THE craft of making pewter is being rescued from oblivion, and many beautiful and useful articles are coming into the market at a price which places them within the reach of thousands who appreciate loveliness in the utensils of their daily living. It is well, therefore, to know something of the history of pewter in its various forms.

Pewter is once more coming into favor, and its pleasant forms and dull luster are particularly charming against a background of sturdy oak



Pewter is an ancient alloy, thought to have been used even as early as bronze, for it is made, in its purest state, of the same materials, tin and copper, though in different proportions. We are accustomed to think of pewter as composed chiefly of lead, a poisonous compound, and to shun it for household use accordingly. It is true that the old Roman pewter and that made in medieval Europe were composed entirely of tin and lead, but English pewterers discovered that too much lead was undesirable, and ruled that it should be used only in certain proportions—very little for the finest ware and only up to twenty percent for the cheapest. The modern pewterer follows the English proportions, and his copies of fine old patterns are ninety parts of tin to ten parts of copper, antimony, or bismuth. The result is that they are safe as food or liquid containers, are easy to keep clean, and preserve their soft glow without tarnishing.

The English pewterers are of great interest to us in America, for not only did they make the finest ware, ware that shines (when polished) with the most pleasing luster and fulfills the peculiar requirements of the alloy as to shape and modeling most successfully, but it was their dishes and beakers that were imported into the Colonies, and it was the English patterns and English formulas that inspired our own pewterers when they began to manufacture pewter.

The English pewterers were one of the seventy-five great Liveried Companies of London, those Guilds that wielded such power and were forerunners of the Trade Unions and Chambers of Commerce of today. The Craft in 1573 was granted its first charter by King Edward IV, permitting it, among other things, to confiscate and melt ware that did not come up to its standards. Such stringency resulted in a high quality of pewter. The ware grew in popularity until in the time of the Restoration of Charles II, in 1660, it was used in all parts of England.

The time of this great popularity in England, from about 1660 to 1760, coincided with the growth of the American Colonies, and an enormous amount of English pewter was brought into America in those years. A "Garnish" of pewter—that is, a dozen large, round plates or chargers, a dozen smaller plates, and a dozen flat bowls to ornament the dresser or court cupboard—became the desire of *(Continued on page 116)*

This room is 15 feet 6 inches by 13 feet 4 inches, almost square, which makes a charming dining-room. The ceiling is 8 feet 3 inches high to the plaster, the 7-inch beams dropping 4 inches below. The furniture is in scale with the small proportions of the room

Good Housekeeping Studio

The Art of Creating an Atmosphere
A Dining-Room in Early English Feeling

By Helen Koues, Director

THE early English dining-room illustrated this month, which was designed and built by the Studio and is now on exhibition in our publication building, completes a series of three rooms of this period. Last month the Studio showed the type of house in which such a room would be appropriate, as well as a hall and oak-paneled living-room in the Tudor feeling.

The charm of these rooms—hall, living-room, and dining-room—is two-fold; a distinct atmosphere is created by adhering to the proper architectural background, and livableness is obtained through the arrangement, and the proper selection of furniture and color. By referring to the floor plans shown in the last issue, it will be seen that this dining-room opens from the living-room. The door directly opposite the fireplace illustrated above is shown with a glimpse of the living-room on the following page.

Throughout this series I have been applying five basic principles to various types of rooms. These principles have again been used in building and furnishing this dining-room. They are *Choice of Type*, *Background*, *Scale*, *Color*, and *Individuality*. Much that I said in my last article applies to this room, as the period is the same as that of the paneled living-room, though the type, in detail, is somewhat earlier and far simpler. The room, with its exposed oak beams which are structural in character, oak-paneled doors set in oak frames, and grouped casement windows (a small view of these is shown with curtains drawn), falls under the head of a Tudor room of the simpler sort. It has the characteristics of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, for at this time, in the smaller houses of England, timber framework, filled in with lath and plaster, was usual for the interior as well as the exterior. In this modern adaptation the proportions, the structural use of beams, the stone fire opening, and the group of three casement windows set under the beams are all characteristic and determine the *type* of the room.

Those interested in building or furnishing a room of this sort should study this type and then decide whether or not they wish to follow it. As I have reiterated, before furnishing a room or refurnishing a room, repapering or repainting, consider the type you wish, formal or informal, and whether you wish it to be Colonial, English, or Italian in character. If you would have a satisfying result, take the trouble to study (*Continued on page 116*)

Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites You
To Visit These Rooms Created by
The Studio
Now on Exhibition at
Our Publication Building
New York City

John Wanamaker
Philadelphia

The John M. Smyth Store
Chicago

Characteristic of the Tudor period are the exposed oak beams, the oak-paneled doors in their oak frames, and the grouped casement windows of this simple dining-room. The sturdy andirons, fire set, side-lights, and torchère are all of old English design, and the stone fireplace is an admirable copy of an old one

Modern manufactured products used here catch the spirit of the seventeenth century. The small oak dresser, gate-leg table, and banister-back chairs are excellent reproductions of furniture of that period

In place of rough plaster on the walls, Celotex, a modern product, is used, and the mellow color and simple design of the linoleum floor are a splendid substitute for the charming old brick or tile

Those Cooperating With Us

Are the following firms: Background, Oak Service Bureau, Celotex Company; Casement Windows, David Lupton's Sons Company; Hardware, McKinney Manufacturing Company; Fireplace, Jacobson Mantel and Ornament Company; Floor Covering, Armstrong Cork Company; Fabrics, Stroheim and Romann, Quaker Lace Company; Torchère, Andirons, Lighting Fixtures, Todhunter, Inc.; Pewter, Lester H. Vaughan; Toby Jugs, W. E. Lindemann and Company; Sporting Print, The Old Print Shop

Can The Studio Help You?

Have you any decorating problems that you can not solve for yourself? Bring them to us. We shall be only too happy to give expert advice. Each month, with the cooperation of American manufacturers, we build and furnish one or more rooms that provide you with many helpful suggestions, whether you are decorating a new room or doing over an old one. You are cordially invited to visit them at any time during the day at our Publication Building, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City, New York

The Studio Builds Closets for Various Household Needs

THE modern closet is gradually acquiring a new and definite form. In place of the square closets of the past generation, with their wasted space and dark, inaccessible corners, the architects of today are building closets long and shallow. In this way less space is cut out of the room, and the use of a longer rod for hanging clothes is made possible. Furthermore, the clothes are then considerably easier to reach.

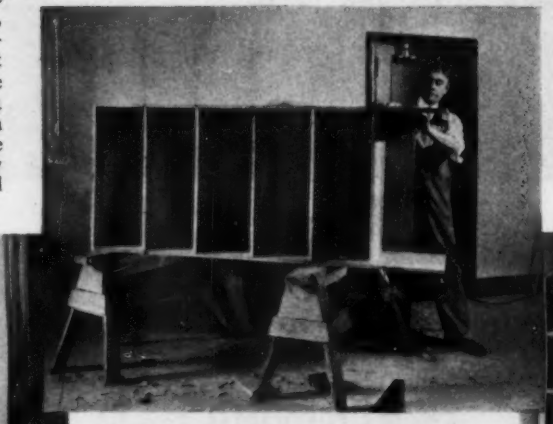
Nicely-grained oak is used for this built-in closet. Its sturdy, simple lines make it particularly appropriate for use in a man's room. A long, shallow closet of this type gives the maximum space for hanging clothes, and the four double doors give additional accessibility to the whole closet

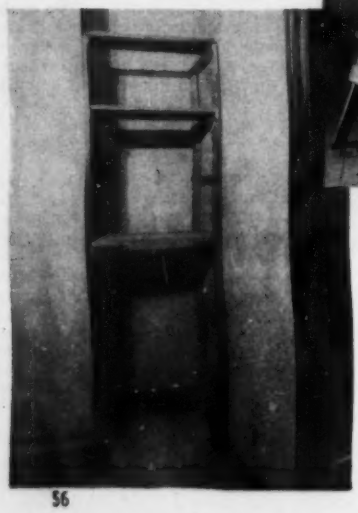
six inches above that of the room, and the height inside is 7 feet 6 inches. The end sections are devoted to shelves. Instead of the customary two wide doors, four narrow ones of 1 foot 6 inches are used. This makes all parts of the closet easily accessible, and the doors, when open, do not project far into the room. In the illustration you will see the attractively paneled doors, and the 8-inch fascia and crown molding above.

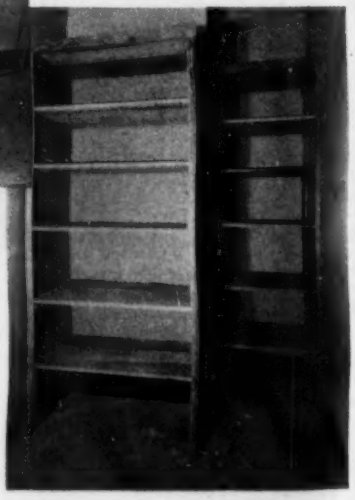
Shelves may be either fixed or adjustable. Below, a self-supporting frame with immovable shelves of convenient height is ready to be set in place

The Studio has built such a closet for a man's room. Heavy, grained oak was chosen as an appropriate material, and the closet was built into a recess and made flush with the wall. It is 2 feet 4 inches deep, although a minimum of 20 inches depth would have been possible, and its length is 7 feet 6 inches. The floor is raised

In another of our Studio closets the carpenter has built supports for shelving at each end and fitted shelves into them. Shelves may be either fixed or adjustable. If the former, a solid framework of boards may be constructed, like that which the carpenter is making in the illustration. (*Continued on page 116*)







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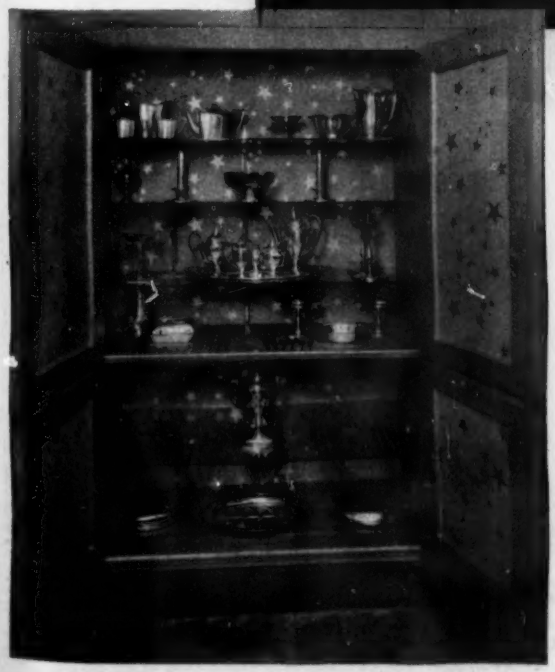
Order and System in Your Closets

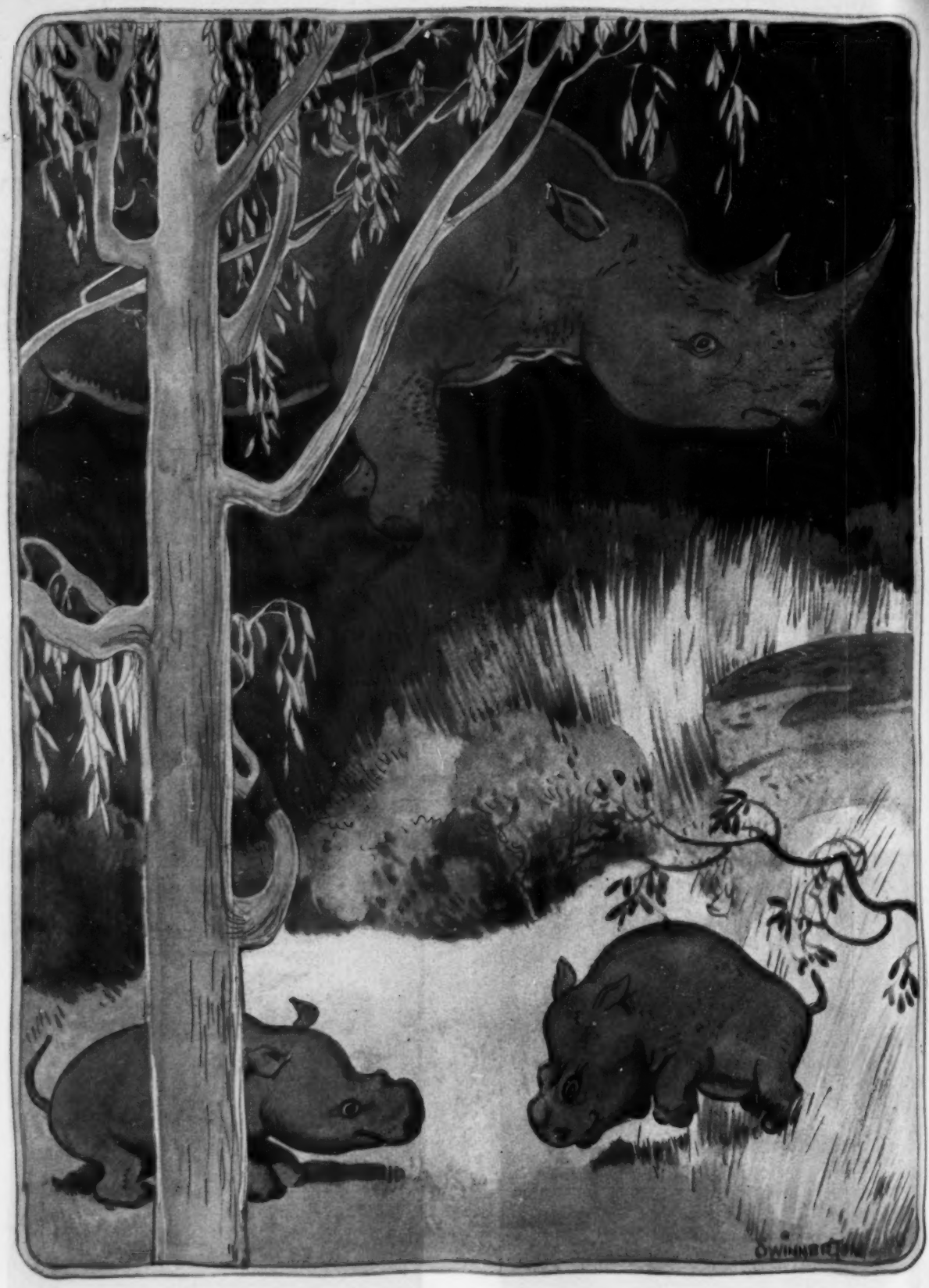
Cooperating With the Studio

Linen Closet: (right) Lantern: Cassidy Company; Chintz for pads and edging: Waverly Prints by F. Schumacher & Company; Ribbon by The Taylor-Friedsam Company; Linen: The Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild, Naumkeag Steam Cotton Mills, Utica Steam and Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills, Wamsutta Mills, Derryvale Linen Company, Incorporated, W. H. and A. E. Margerison & Company, Cannon Mills; Blankets: Kenwood Mills, Chatham Manufacturing Company; Star Quilts: Louisville Bedding Company Incorporated

Cooperating With the Studio

Silver Closet: Background: Paint from E. I. duPont de Nemours; Star Paper by W. H. S. Lloyd Company, Incorp.; Plate Glass Shelves: Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company; Reflectors: The Frink Corp.; Silver: Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Rogers, Lunt & Bowlen Co., R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Oneida Community Plate, Towle Mfg. Co., Reed & Barton, International Silver Company, The Gorham Company. China Closet: China: "Old Waller," an authentic eighteenth century porcelain imported by Sloe Bodkin at a moderate price





AT THE water hole with his mother, Bad Boy walked over to a little girl rhino and playfully prodded her with the bump on his nose that would some day be his horn. She bit his ear in return for his playfulness, and the bad jungle babies stood back and glared at each other. Then they decided to be friends

BAD BOY

The First of a Series of Stories About African Jungle Babies

By Mrs. Martin Johnson

Illustrated
By James Swinnerton

I WISH I knew where I could find one of those great, big giants I used to read about in fairy-tales. If I could, I would take him with me to Africa. I would have some one make a huge paddle for him—and then I would have him catch every rhinoceros in the forest and give it a good, sound spanking.

He would have to be an awfully big giant, because rhinos grow almost as big as elephants. And they are the meanest, ugliest, most ill-tempered beasts in the world. I don't think they have a friend in all Africa.

When I first went to that distant continent, travelers and explorers told me to beware of the terrible rhino, and when I tell you that the rhino has caused me more worry than all the other animals of Africa put together, you will not wonder that I call our rhino baby the Bad Boy of the jungle.

Martin and I have met with our most perilous and trying adventures in obtaining photographs of rhinos. The rhino is the most difficult beast of all to hunt with the camera. All pictures of them must be made in open country.

This huge and dangerous animal is always alert and always on the war-path. When any creature comes near him, his ears twitch, his nerves tighten, and he feels a mad urge to destroy.

We have spent weeks and even months in the lonely land of Africa, trying to get pictures of rhinos. We have trudged many weary miles under a blazing sun so hot that it seemed to stab its way right through to our very bones.

Usually we find the rhino sleeping, in the daytime. Martin is so patient and so persevering. Slowly he moves his camera, foot by foot, toward the beast, until he is close enough to get a picture. I go along, clutching my rifle. I don't know why it is that my heart beats so fast when I see a rhino—I always seem to get so nervous, but I don't mind elephants one bit. When we get close enough, Martin begins to turn the crank of his movie camera. Then we just hope for the best. Sometimes we get the picture, and sometimes the mean old fellow wakes up—leaps to his feet—his ears begin to twitch—and then he is likely to charge us.

Now, if you have ever stood in the middle of a highway in the path of a big automobile speeding toward you, you will have some idea of the feeling of terror that grips me when I see a rhino charging madly upon me. Fortunately this feeling lasts only a second, and then comes the urge for self-protection. Sometimes it is necessary to shoot, and to shoot promptly and accurately.

Martin and I try every means we can think of to scare a charging rhino and make him let us alone. On several occasions, though, we have been forced to kill to save our lives. We feel well repaid for our troubles, however, for in my opinion Martin has made the best pictures of rhinos that have ever been made.

I HOPE you will get as much joy out of reading my stories about jungle babies as I did out of writing them. I have been with the little creatures of the bush and forest so long that I feel they are friends of mine. I love them, every one. When I planned these stories, it was my hope that they would inspire in those who read them a love and sympathy for all dumb animals of this world. If you knew the beasts in far-away Africa as I have come to know them, I am sure you would love them, too. They are so cute, intelligent, and adorable. It seems a shame that they must hide away in the woods.

I learned about jungle babies while I was traveling with my husband, Martin. He hunts wild animals with cameras to take pictures of them. I help him. We never kill them unless we have to, to protect our lives or to get meat. Every time we do, my heart is sad, and so is Martin's. Wild animals are not very different from tame ones. All of them belong to God.

Won't you please love them and treat them kindly, too?

Osa Johnson.

Our little rhino baby, Bad Boy, was born under a stunted tree, surrounded by grass almost as high as a house. He never saw his father. He slept a great deal when he was little. His mother's name was Trouble.

Bad Boy saw his mother mostly in the daytime. She would come and feed him milk. Often, at night, she would be away. But somehow, in spite of her wanderings, she always managed to watch over him. Some strange instinct seemed to tell Trouble when danger threatened Bad Boy.

If a careless hyena or a sly old cheetah wandered close to where Bad Boy slept, Trouble would come charging home, snorting, and as mad as a million hornets. The hyena would run away from there as fast as possible—so would the cheetah. There wasn't an animal in the jungle that wanted to be very close to Trouble.

When Bad Boy first began to notice things, he thought that his mother was the grandest beast in all creation. She was huge; weighed about five thousand pounds. She had two horns on her nose, the lowest one being about twenty-four inches long. Trouble's skin was almost an inch thick, but she did not have much hair to protect her from insects and the hot African sun. Perhaps that is why she spent most of her time under a shady tree when the sun was shining.

Trouble's nose was the most interesting thing about her. It was immense! On the end of it she had a big finger. She used this to pull up grass and roots which she stuffed into her mouth to eat.

This mother rhino couldn't see very well. Her eyes were in the sides of her head. Her nose was so long and her horns were so large that it was hard for her to see over them.

But to make up for this lack of sight Trouble had a remarkably keen sense of smell. When some strange animal came near her, she knew it even before she could turn her huge head to one side and focus an eye upon it. Her nose told her.

She was an awkward-looking creature with short, wobbly legs. They didn't seem strong enough to support her heavy body. She wore three hoofs on each foot. But what she lacked in beauty she made up in speed, for when she decided to run, she could carry her great bulk over the ground faster than a horse can travel. Fortunately she could not keep up this pace very long.

Neither could (*Continued on page 96*)

A Baffling Murder Mystery

ALL

By FREDERIC F.

Illustrated By Herbert M. Stoops

CHAPTER XIII

THE rain on the sagging old car top, the wheezing rattle of the motor, drummed a rhythm in the ears of Constable Holloway returning from the valley town of Madison and its new airport, yet they quickened in him no chant of accompaniment. It was his pleasure to hum atrociously, interminably, when driving, as though song softened the warnings of imminent dissolution uttered by his car. These rose, this afternoon, unsoftened by human voice.

Ruddy face sober and unsophisticated as a just awakened baby's, inappropriately crafty eyes squeezed by puckered eyelids into twin slits of calculation, Holloway guided his car by habit over the loops and uphill slants of the Turin road and fortified himself by the hardest thinking of his life.

Again and again he went over the enormity which his mind had glimpsed, which his visit to the airport and his apparently haphazard questions while there had made authentic, absolute, terrifying. The theory he had built and confirmed was fantastic, ridiculous even, until one matched it to facts and found with as much dismay as triumph how neatly these dovetailed into the monstrous hypothesis.

Pride suffused the spirit of Constable Holloway, but through it ran a thin, corroding wire of anxiety. His discovery was almost too astounding for him to believe, himself, wherefore he continued to test it as an inventor might trouble and brood over an unprecedented machine, prying, inspecting, tapping, listening for fault or flaw.

Almost against his will, Constable Holloway was compelled to admit the thing seemed sound, logical, in harmony with what little men had learned of the death of Peter Mortimer. Well, he reflected, as he bumped past the squat, one-chambered schoolhouse and swung to the left at the crossroads beyond, men soon would learn more. He shrank a little at thought of Haddonfield's instinctive derision and, while his car clattered along the shoulder of the ridge, determined to submit his discovery first to the acid of John Tower's opinion. His nod stamped approval on that expedient. Tower's mind worked with the savage honesty of a swung axe.

Far below, blurred by a cold, blue haze that lay like sediment from the storm along the valley's bottom, Cold River ran, astoundingly magnified, a wide, brown tape too profound for foam or turbulence, a suddenly mature stream with the roar of its adolescence sunk by swelling power into a bass undertone.

The road forked, and Holloway, cutting off his engine and slamming the gears into second speed, turned toward the downhill track. The steady hammering of the storm

"How do you know," Cynthia asked, forcing her voice to be steady, "that that is the handle of Mortimer's bag?" "Why else should any one burn it in the stove?" Gordon countered

IBI

A Thrilling Love Story

VAN DE WATER

Straight down the slope the dissolving road pitched, angled, paused, and plunged again more steeply had beaten earth away from its surface so that its foundation lay bare—protruding boulders, outcropping rock ledges, and where the flow of one over-full gutter had crossed to join its mate, water had scoured a trench of naked stone. to the gray shed of the covered bridge and Cold River mumbling about its piers and hourly lifting higher. Beyond, a dim hill, even sharper than that down which the car now crept, loomed, black-patched with clumps of fir against the gray sky.

Beneath Holloway's foot the brake squealed. Wheels locked, slid through the treacherous mud, and boggled over stones, as the constable fought the mounting momentum of his descent. He had no time for logical thought now. All faculties were required for the immediate present, to gauge the slippery slide of the road, to keep brake bands from burning, to nurse the steering wheel against skidding, to decrease speed so that at the turn he might drop into low gear.

The cold clamor of the engine, thrust on by the car's weight, dwindled as the curve rushed toward the constable. He pressed the brake harder, leaned forward, and gripped the shift lever.

A corner blew out of the windshield, stinging his face with flying glass.

He yelped, and the remainder of the cracked pane, grated, sagged, and fell in upon him. A whiplash popped at his ear, and a rip shone in the top near his head. The car slewed at the curve, toppled a second on the edge of the ditch, and banged down again upon four wheels.

Holloway shot one stricken glance at the hill beyond the flood, looming dark and immense like the wing of Azrael, and tight-lipped, threw the engine into high and turned on the power as something invisible struck up mud from the roadside and fled screeching. Below was the covered bridge, false haven from high-powered bullets but at least concealment. The car dived for it like a holing rabbit.

The clamor of machinery, the snarl of water about the piers obscured the report of the rifle, but could not muffle the louder bang of a bursting tire. Beneath the constable's stiff hands the steering wheel twisted. The machine slewed sidewise and buried its nose in the gutter weeds. Holloway clawed at the door. He flung it open, hesitated, tripped as he scrambled out, and went face down into the road.

There, a half-hour later, Corporal Haddonfield and Trooper Berry, who had

searched Madison unavailingly, found him.

The state policemen's car stood in the yard of the Outlook Hotel as Cynthia, Gordon, and Tower emerged from the wood road and hurried toward the building. The automobile glimmered wetly in the fading light, and at sight of the blanket-covered mound on its rear seat Cynthia drew a sharp breath as they passed.

"Dead when they found him?" Tower muttered.

"Through the head," she replied in a tight voice.

She did not pause when they entered the hotel, but went slowly on upstairs. The men passed through the empty dusk of the living-room, crossed the dining-room where Matilda, red-eyed, blundered about the tables, and entered the hollow cheer lamplight cast over the kitchen.

Mrs. Avery sniveled grotesquely as she bent over the stove where saucepans chuckled; and from the back room, Eli exclaimed, "Here's both of 'em," and beckoned them in.

There was mud on Haddonfield's face and a weary anger in his eyes. Berry, drying his hands at the sink, regarded the intruders with obvious suspicion. Avery, gaunt body folded into a chair, asked, "Cynthia told ye?"

"Yes," Tower acknowledged, white of face and slit-eyed. "Who did it?"

"Where were you all afternoon?" the corporal returned, harshly.

"Oh, my good God!" the other retorted in hot scorn. "I was in my shack. For the last hour or more Mr. Ashley has been with me. Is that as far as you've got, Haddonfield?"

"Now, listen," the corporal warned, "I'm not taking any smartness from you this evening, Mr. Tower. I'm not accusing you or any one so far, but I'm a policeman, and I'm going to get the facts if I have to jail you to get them. Understand?"

"Perfectly," Tower retorted. "What other facts do you require? Two and two make four, and water is wet, and God is good, and policemen grow dumber with age."

The tragedy that had solemnized and weighted the big figure of his cousin seemed only to have whetted Tower's tongue. He had known Holloway with the intimacy that comes to men who have fished long days together. His bereavement now seemed less a sorrow than a chill fury. Before his accusing eyes even the mounting anger of the corporal faltered.

"You heard what I said?" he blustered.

"I did," Tower returned, each word a hammer blow. "You asked me a question. I answered it. Now I'm talking, Haddonfield. I don't know who shot Homer, but by the Eternal I know who helped kill him. You did. Shut up. I'm not through. Homer was my dear friend and a better policeman than all the forces of evolution could make your great, great, great grandson. He had sense to read things that you couldn't even spell. He showed you up at every turn, and you in your uniform and egotism couldn't bear it. You wouldn't work with him. You warned him to leave the case alone. This morning. In my shack. If you couldn't hog the limelight, never mind catching Mortimer's murderer. Shut up, I say. I'm talking."

The steel of his angry eyes seemed to shackle the affronted corporal to his chair. The scathing voice lashed out again.

"Homer would have been glad to work with you. He didn't have a uniform and a military manner and chevrons on his sleeves, but he had brains. And what did you tell him after he'd shown you up for an ass when you were going to arrest Gordon here? To keep his hand out of this game. I heard you. Homer knew too much to travel with a policeman, didn't he? You wouldn't listen to him. You let him go alone, with whatever dangerous knowledge he had. And because you and your dumb partner here were too dignified and important to work with a constable, Homer played his hand as well as he could. Out there in that car is what you helped to do, Haddonfield. And you sit safe here now and babble about getting the facts!"

"Now, Johnny," Eli warned in an anxious voice, "that don't do no good."

"Getting the facts," Tower repeated in mocking falsetto. "God, that's a laugh! You wouldn't know a fact if it were to walk up and bust you in the nose. You've been stumbling all around and over this case ever since it broke. What have you found out? Not a thing."

He gave a scornful cough and mopped his coldly glistening face with a handkerchief.

"Steady," Gordon mumbled, but Tower did not seem to hear. His eyes were fixed on the jerking uncertainty of Haddonfield's figure.

"Now," he resumed, stowing away his handkerchief with trembling fingers, though his voice remained unshaken, "I've told you what sort of policeman you are. Any more questions?"

"I think," the corporal threatened, slowly rising, "I'll arrest you right now, Mr. Tower."

"Will you?" the other asked with jeering politeness. "What for? Telling the truth? Help yourself, Haddonfield, and see how you'll look day after tomorrow with no pretty chevrons on your sleeve and a suit for false arrest right under your nose. Go to it."

While the corporal wavered between rage and discretion, Avery's placating voice intruded.

"Now, boys," it soothed nasally, "this ain't gettin' us anywhere. Johnny ain't quite himself, just hearin' of Homer's end 'n' all that. Ain't no call for us to act like a passel of kids. You shet up now, Johnny, 'n' let the corporal go ahead."

"He's called me," Haddonfield stormed, "a lot I won't take from any man."

"And what," Tower returned quietly, "are you going to do about it? Find Homer's murderer and the man who killed Mortimer, or arrest me? Help yourself."

"I will," the corporal snarled, giving ground. "You'll either answer what I ask you, Tower, or you'll take a one-way ride to Madison. Suit yourself."

"Ask your questions," the other invited. "I've answered them all so far. I'll try to be brief about the rest."

"Nobody's seen you all afternoon until about an hour ago?" Haddonfield complied.

"No," Tower reported readily. "I've been writing pretty steadily since Homer left this morning."

"I see," the state policeman purred, assurance returning. "You've a rifle in your cabin, haven't you?"

"I have."

"What caliber?"

"Thirty-thirty."

Haddonfield extracted from his pocket a brass cartridge case and exhibited it on his spread palm. This size ammunition?" he drawled.

"Precisely."

"What did you and Holloway talk about after I left this morning?"

"Now, let me think," Tower responded quietly. "Moonshiners and law observance and—"

"Oh, moonshiners, eh?" Haddonfield repeated.

"And the Mortimer murder," the other amended. "I think that was all. He left right after breakfast. Said he had to go down to Madison."

"You didn't quarrel, eh?"

The corporal stabbed at him with the query, but it only served to make the questioned man more calmly reflective.

"No," he said at last, "in the fourteen—no, fifteen—years I knew Homer, I don't think we ever quarreled. Which," he added with a half-smile, "is a world's record."

TWO PRAYERS FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Ethel Arnold Tilden

A PRAYER FOR NIGHT

SET *my heart free from bitterness, O God,*
Now it is night—
Free from those unlaid ghosts of hurt and pain
That haunt the light;
Forgive my faults and let me fall asleep,
Now day is through,
And in unbroken peace abide this night
Close unto You.

A PRAYER FOR MORNING

LET *me not look behind night's pause of peace,*
Now it is day;
With courage and with joy let me go forth
Anew, I pray;
Resolved that I will strive, as my strength is,
To do my part,
Each hour with kindness, and sincerity,
And a high heart!

The car slewed sideways and buried its nose in the weeds. Holloway scrambled out and then fell, face down, in the road. There Haddonfield and Berry found him half an hour later

"Sure of that?"

"I've said so."

"Would it," the corpora. asked as though he relished his words too fully to relinquish them without delay, "would it interest you to know that your friend, Homer Holloway, with whom you never quarreled, was killed by a 30-30 bullet; that Berry here found this cartridge case on the hill this side of the covered bridge? Would it interest you, Mr. Tower?"

"If I were a policeman," Tower retorted in a level voice, "I imagine it would interest me considerably. Are you building up the theory that I killed Holloway, Corporal?"

"I'm getting my facts," the other said with a faint malice, yet he seemed disappointed at the inviolable calm of the man he questioned. "I'd like to see that gun—if you can bear to have me do it without a search warrant."

"I don't usually carry it around with me," Tower evaded, "though if things go on as they have been going—" A shrug completed the sentence. "It's down in my shack." (*Continued on page 167*)

PATOU

NOWITZKY

Patou designed the smart skiing costume of black sergewith striped scarf, second left, topped by a black astrakan bonnet. The Nowitzky suit combines a beige jersey coat with dark brown gabardine trousers

Fashions

Black, Navy, or Brown, with Bright Accessories, are the Smart Snow Clothes at St. Moritz

A charming spectator costume for a winter resort is the Premet ensemble of beige and brown novelty woolen, at right, which consists of a one-piece dress and a coat trimmed in wool fur. The Chantal skating or skiing costume of brown Leda velvet is scarfed and laced in bright-colored wool

Particularly new is the line of the Jane Régny skiing costume, left, with its short coat of gray covert cloth cut like a man's lounging jacket and completed by black trousers and a white, turtle-neck sweater. This type of open-neck coat is somewhat replacing the former bundling of scarfs at the neck

PREMET CHANTAL JANE RÉGNY

Trousers for Skiing—Skirts for Skating

Helen Koues, Director

WINTER sports are becoming more and more important each year, and whether you are going to St. Moritz, the playground of Europe, Lake Placid, or Canada, adequate clothes are essential.

Comfort is the first requisite of these clothes, which must be practical yet smart. Patou, Mary Nowitzky, Jane Régny, Chantal, and Premet designed the models illustrated on these pages, which fill a variety of needs.

Smart women are forsaking eccentric, modernistic designs in favor of somber colors such as black, navy, or brown, which they combine with brightly colored accessories in such shades as bright blue, vivid green, yellow and red—yellow being a particular favorite.

For skiing and luging the long-trousered suit is preferred in either serge, jersey, gabardine or waterproofed whipcord. The top may be a heavy woolen shirt tucked into the trousers that fit tightly at the hips, or a short jacket that comes over the trousers, sometimes cut on Norfolk lines or, smarter still, like a man's lounging jacket, as seen in the Jane Régny suit at right above. The trousers come to the normal waist and may be tight or loose, worn over or under the boots, laced or slide-fastened, hooked or buttoned, but must be voluminous enough for motion and tight enough to keep the snow out. There is less bundling up at the neck with scarfs and fur collars, the open neck being preferred.

Agnès' knitted hats are new for winter sports; left, beige chenille jersey; right, blue novelty woolen. Patou's fur cap, center, is black astrakan

AGNÈS PATOU AGNÈS

For skating, clothes are a little different. The short tweed skirt and jumper topped by a short cloth or fur jacket is the most usual costume, but long, tight trousers with a three-quarter belted coat cut like a modified cross-saddle riding habit proved practical last year, and were worn by some of the smartest women. They will probably be seen to a greater degree this year.

Caps and scarfs remain the decorative accessories that they have always been.

CHANTAL LOUISEBOULANGER

Louiseboulanger designed the golf costume of rose and gray novelty woolen, left, which combines a one-piece dress with a sleeveless jacket of the same material. Smart is the Chantal costume of yellow and gray tweed, with its new tuck-in blouse of yellow Scotch flannel

Pale Pink, Light Blue, and White are Leading Colors at Smart Southern Resorts

Three lengths of coats are shown below: Paray's three-quarter coat and dress of white tweed; Schiaparelli's jacket ensemble of white flannel; and a long, white woolen coat with bolero top

SOUTHERN fashions are more colorful and varied than ever, to judge by the Paris mid-season collections, which are indicative of what will be worn on the French Riviera as well as at our own Southern winter resorts.

Colors for the South are always important, and this year they promise to be pale pink, light blue, and of course white. Some green is predicted, and two shades of the same color, one deeper than the other, are favored by certain houses. A newer note is the combination of a light and a dark color, as seen in the lower group on the opposite page. Black is surprisingly good for sports and is often smartly combined with other shades.

New sports materials are introduced, such as jacquard weaves, façonné silks, cravat silks, self-striped or self-dotted crêpes, and most important of all, heavy tussor, which makes a number of models on these pages. Jerseys continue to be good, especially in pastel shades. Tweeds in light combinations are excellent, as are wool crêpes. Fewer prints are expected, although Louiseboulanger and Patou showed some for day and evening. Evening fabrics call for chiffons, plain and printed, tulle, lace, satin, Elizabeth crêpe, flat crêpe, taffeta, moiré, and lamé chiffons.

SCHIAPARELLI

PARAY SCHIAPARELLI

The sleeveless, white tennis dress has lost none of its popularity, but follows a slightly more fitted silhouette with an all-around circular fulness given stronger representation than plaits, though plaits are often coupled with circular themes. The waistline is posed at the top of the hips, or at the normal line, and usually defined by a narrow fabric belt.

The tucked-in jumper is decidedly newer than one worn outside, and this year you may wear either a one-piece dress with or without sleeves, or a two-piece "shirtwaist" type of dress with a definite belt-line. Many blouses, of both silk and jersey, are made with a piece that buttons down, like a riding-shirt, or with short trunks like a combination suit. These are practical for tennis and are smart with wide skirts.

1930 Fashions for the South

BEACH ATTIRE—*A marked change has occurred in beach attire, for the smart world is forsaking silk pajama suits for those of informal materials, such as cotton or lisle sweaters with linen shorts or trousers. Mary Nowitzky favors white or gray flannel for the beach on cool days and often combines tussor, piqué, and flannel in one costume. Multi-colored, oddly-shaped beads are a furore for beach and sports wear, and envelope bags in novelty fabrics, worsted, cotton, or straw replace leather. Hats are of three types for Southern sports: the classic, small mushroom, with turned-down brim, in felt or straw; the narrow-brimmed hat that turns sharply up in front; and the regulation béret*

LELONG

LENIEF

LONDON TRADES

RÉGNY

TENNIS—*Finely striped tussor is a favorite for tennis this season and was chosen by London Trades for the dress, above, with a slightly circular skirt attached to the blouse by a pyramid seaming. Diagonal tucking forms a deep yoke on the Jane Régny dress of white silk crêpe, plaited in front. With these dresses scarfs are popular, some matching, others adding color to pale or white costumes*

EVENING—*Dresses for evening are long all around with low-placed fulness, as seen above. The Lelong dress of black moiré has a bodice which crosses in front with two large puffs at each side which continue into trailing panels. White chiffon makes the Lenief dress which swathes the figure and shows a bolero adaptation much in vogue. To complete these dresses plain slippers without even a buckle are smart, though sandals are preferred for dancing. Evening wraps are often short, hip-length coats of transparent velvet or satin, but newer is the short, jaunty cape. In silks and woolens to match the dress, this same kind of short, removable cape is an outstanding point of Southern day clothes*

WORTH

SCHIAPARELLI

PREMET

JACKETS—*Combining light and dark colors is new this season. Particularly interesting is the Schiaparelli suit in the group at left, which has a light pink leather coat lined in black wool, and a pink tussor blouse and black skirt. The Premet yellow wool voile dress is completed by a sleeveless, cravat-silk jacket. Worth's aquamarine blue tussor dress has a dark-blue jersey jacket*

VIONNET

Vionnet Lends Variety and Charm to the Evening Mode

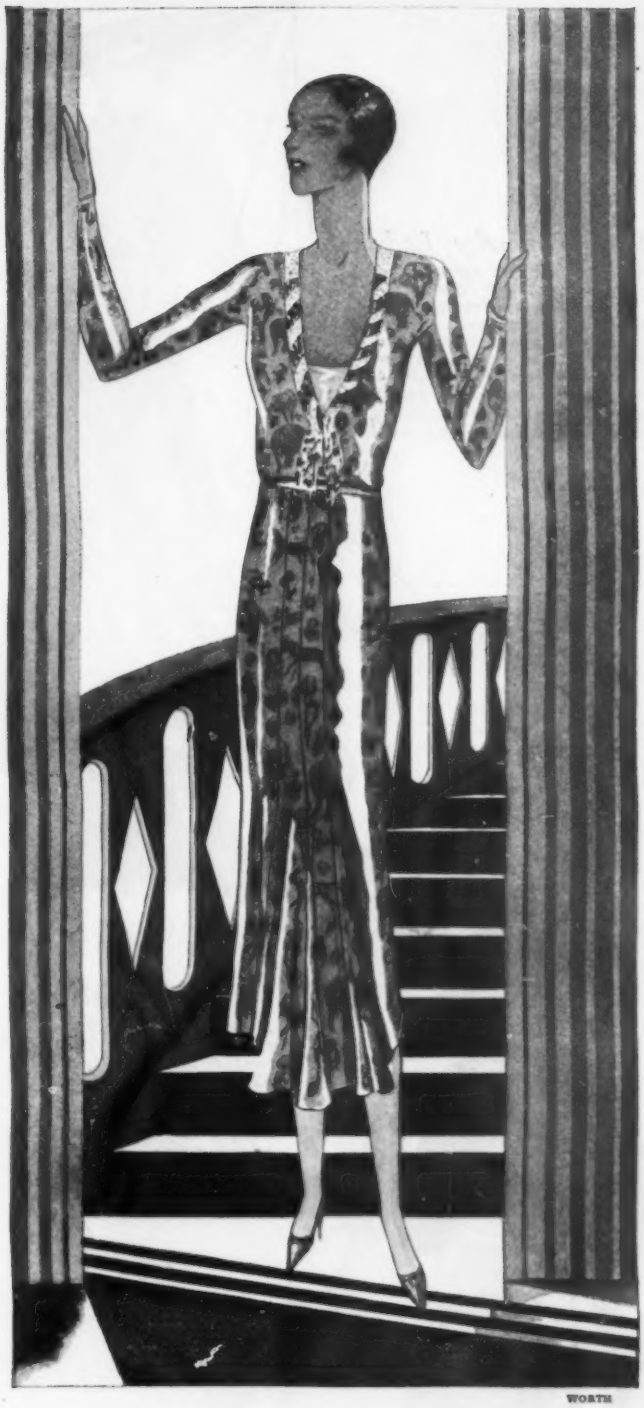
Vionnet designed this enchanting pajama of white chiffon velvet with sun-plaited sleeves and trousers of white georgette, so feminine and graceful that it lends itself to informal dining at home. The comfortable, informal dinner costume is growing in popularity

Evening clothes offer a wide selection to choose from. Some are excessively long; others are more conservative, as shown in the Doeuillet-Doucet model of brown marocain below, which is short in front and back, with long panels at the side draped up at the hip, thus giving a more formal appearance. The shirring on the bodice suggests the higher waistline, and the square décolletage is low back and front

DOEUILLET-DOUCET

Vionnet's diagonal cut has been one of the outstanding coat fashions of the season, as illustrated in the luxurious evening wrap of white ermine, below, which features a deeply wrapped effect and an interesting scarf that swirls around the neck. Its three-quarter length is new and a favorite for evening with the trailing dresses now in vogue, and typical of the winter's silhouette

VIONNET



WORTH

Worth Sponsors Long Sleeves for Informal Evening Wear

Several important couturiers have developed a new type of informal evening gown for restaurant wear, as shown above, in a Worth model of green brocade with long, tight-fitting sleeves and a low décolletage front and back, edged with a band of green and white beads

Let Fancy Dress Release Your Dream

HAVEN'T you often longed for an original idea for a fancy dress costume? You're tired of seeing Pierrot and Pierrette dancing with Columbine and Harlequin; pirates and cowboys, Colonial damsels and milkmaids have lost their charm—what you want is a costume which will be sure to have no duplicate.

Perhaps you have always longed to be a grand lady of the Moyen Age, complete with trailing, voluminous gown, hennin, and veil. Or perhaps the license accorded a Court Jester

The Moyen Age Lady

This lady of the Moyen Age, who spent her time making tapestry and waiting for her lord to return from the wars, wears a charming costume which can easily be copied today. Both the over- and under-dress may be made of sateen. The border may be of a light-weight upholstery fabric in a brocaded design. Her hennin is made of fabric-covered cardboard with a floating chiffon veil

The Russians

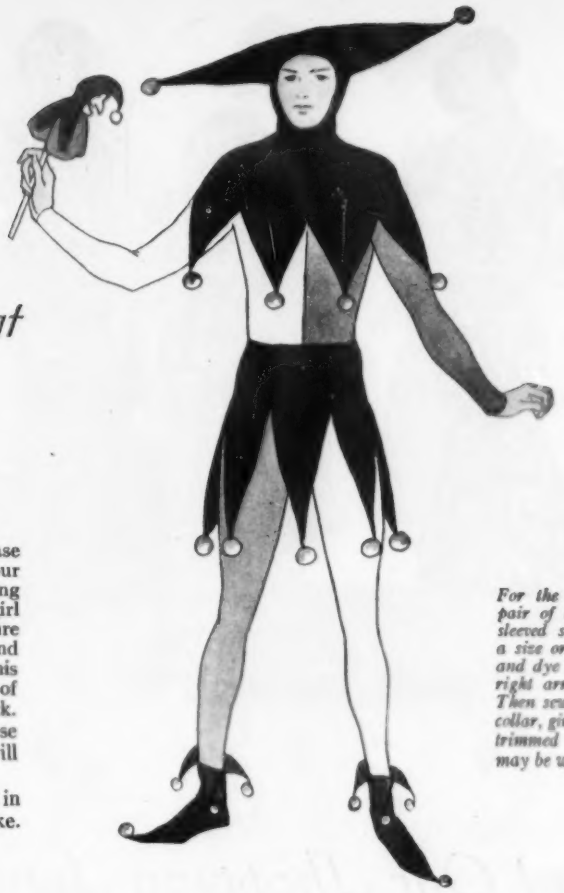
A suit of cotton gabardine, decorated riding boots, and a plush or fur hat compose the Cossack's costume. The Russian maid wears a headdress of painted cardboard, a blouse of cheesecloth, and a bodice and skirt of sateen. Designs may be stenciled on these in colored paints, or various floral designs in crêpe paper may be purchased from Dennison and sewed or pasted on

And Be Just What You'd Like to Seem

will give you an opportunity to tease your friends with impunity. If your taste is more exotic, maybe a dashing Cossack or a colorful Russian girl will appeal to you; while a demure Bretonne, in her spotless coif and sabots, and her sober escort in his remarkable collar have a charm of their own. Both of them wear black.

Whatever costume you choose should suit your type so that you will feel at home in your character.

All the ones shown are authentic in detail and not too difficult to make.



The Jester

For the Jester's vari-colored costume a pair of long cotton tights and a long-sleeved shirt will be needed. Get them a size or so too large, cut them in half, and dye them red and yellow so that the right arm and left leg match in color. Then sew them together again. His cap, collar, girdle, and shoes are of red sateen, trimmed with brass bells. The shoes may be worn over heavy socks or sneakers

The Bretons

Loose trousers and a short coat of cotton gabardine trimmed with brass buttons are worn by the Breton. His collar may be made of cardboard. An old hat with a new cardboard brim and a wide, soft girdle complete his costume. A white organdie coif, tied demurely under her chin, and a wide collar to match adorn the Bretonne. Her dress is of sateen and her apron of any figured material. Don't forget her umbrella

Let Our Shopping Service Buy for You in New York

Charming for the house is the printed cotton frock at extreme left above, in a black or blue design on white; plaited flounce, white collar and tiny plaited frill, adjustable belt; 16 to 44; $6. The second dress, also of printed cotton, has a high waist, circular flounced skirt, and white piqué collar and cuffs; in blue, green, purple, brown, or navy; 14 to 42; only $5.95

An adaptation of Chanel is the dress, third above, of fast-color, printed lawn; new cap sleeve; orange, blue, green, or orchid; 16 to 44; $2.95. Linen makes the fourth dress with a white detachable vest; white, maize, blue, green, or orchid; 16 to 44; $5.95. The surplice dress of printed cotton, fifth above, comes in blue or lavender on white; 16 to 46; $3.25

Particularly smart in black is the jersey one-piece dress at left, trimmed in white piqué, which fits the hips snugly and has a wrap-around skirt circular at one side; also in mountain green; 16 to 42, $16.75. The cardigan suit of wool woven in a tweed effect is practical for general wear; striped slip-on sweater, tan, green, blue, or purple; 14 to 42; $9.75

Semi-made, the covert dress, right, comes cut to your size with all the difficult sewing finished; detachable collar, vest, and cuffs of colored lawn; navy and light blue, brown and beige, green and beige; 14 to 40; $7.95. The one-piece jersey dress, extreme right, has detachable collar and cuffs of white piqué; black, brown, red, green, or purple; 14 to 20; $5.95

Dressing the junior years is a problem, for they long to be grown up and still their frocks must be youthful. The one-piece, flat crêpe dress, right, is new with its raised waistline and godets in skirt; matching scarf; red, green, or blue; 11 to 17 yrs.; $16.75

Charmingly youthful is the one-piece, flat crêpe dress, center, with plaited collar and cuffs of rose-beige. It has all the new features in its high waistline, fitted hip-band, and circular skirt with two plaited inserts; brown, green, blue, red; 11 to 17; $16.75

Tweeds adopt feminine touches, and the model, second below, in a novelty weave, uses a collar and tab of eggshell crêpe edged in plaiting. The front of the skirt shows three circular inserts; gray and white, green, blue or red and beige; 14 to 42; $29.50

A dress that will freshen your winter wardrobe is shown, left below, made of Canton crêpe with a detachable rolled collar of eggshell crêpe. The circular skirt extends upward, and inverted tucks emphasize the high waist; black, wine, blue; 14 to 20; $16.75

HOW TO ORDER

Let our Shopping Service buy the smart frocks on both these pages for you. Just send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 8th Ave. at 57th St., N. Y. C.

The semi-made, one-piece school dress of wool crêpe, at left, comes cut to your own size with the contrasting linen trimmings, tucks, plaited skirt all completed and belt and buttons included; navy with French blue, and blue, red, or green with beige; 11 to 17; $8.95

Charming under a fur coat for afternoon is the one-piece dress of flat crêpe on the seated figure below, with its wide hip-band tying in three bows at the side. The waist is slightly gathered at sides and the skirt circular; rose-beige, green; 16 to 44; $19.75

Just the right kind of dress for the more mature figure appears at right below; made of silk crêpe it has a well-fitted hip-line and circular skirt across the back and left side; soft lace finishes the neck-line; in rust, red, blue, black or green; 34 to 44, $39.50

The New Mode for Afternoon

HOW TO ORDER

Let our Shopping Service supply your lingerie needs with the lovely things on this page. Be sure to give size and color, and send check or money-order for correct amount to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Pretty and inexpensive crêpe de Chine dance set at right in flesh, white, blue, green or peach; brassière has elastic back, hemstitched, scalloped band; panties with wider embroidered band; 32 to 36, $3.95. Next it a hand-made chemise of flesh crêpe de Chine, hemstitched and embroidered; lace at hem; 34 to 44, $2.95

Hand-made gown of lawn at left has round or V neck; appliquéed design on front, and binding of contrasting colors; flesh, peach, or white; small, medium, or large, $1.25. Next is a hand-made voile chemise bound in contrasting color, embroidered, appliquéed and hemstitched, in flesh, salmon, or white, 34 to 44, $1.25

Attractive, hand-made panties of voile at left in flesh or white, with contrasting binding, embroidered, hemstitched and appliquéed design, 19 to 21, $1.10. Below, extreme left, a lovely, flesh, crêpe de Chine gown trimmed with real Val, hemstitched and embroidered, with bell; small, medium, or large, $6.50

Lingerie We Will Buy for You

Useful, quilted-satin négligée below, left, in blue, peach, rose, green, turquoise or pansy; lined throughout with dotted mull, patch pockets, silk cord girdle; fastens at left side; sizes 34 to 44, $9.75

Charming, hand-made slip, above, of pink crêpe de Chine with deep beige Alençon lace edge; ribbon runs through loops underneath; embroidered and hemstitched, 10" hem, 34 to 44, only $5.95

Smart, striped broadcloth pajamas above, sleeveless or with long sleeves; full trousers; in green, peach, or blue with white, 34 to 42, $3.95. Hand-made white lawn slip above, crocheted lace edge, embroidered, hemstitched; 11" hem, sizes 34 to 44, $1.35

Glove-silk vest and bloomers, above, in pink or peach, trimmed with white Val, 34 to 42; vest, $1.65; bloomers, $1.95. Becoming satin-backed crêpe négligée, left, lined with satin, deep beige lace collar; in nile, blue, peach, rose, or orchid, 36 to 44, $19.75

New modernistic pajamas for the college girl are illustrated at the right. They are of rayon knit, with geometric designs; binding, sash, and trouser bands of eggshell on brown, peach on blue, or white on black. In sizes small, medium, or large, $1.95

A smartly simple dressing-gown in the tailored feeling is shown at the extreme right. It is of flat crêpe in blue, pink, turquoise, orchid, or pansy; all colors lined throughout with pink albatross for warmth. It has a roll collar and soft sash, 36 to 42, $15

Practical Frocks for the South or the House

SHOULD you be contemplating a vacation in the South or should your household duties be your first consideration, here are dresses that fill a multitude of needs. The L'Aiglon dress of printed handkerchief linen is youthful and becoming, with its plaited frill, and its adjustable belt which can be worn high or low, as preferred. More formal is the Hubrite frock, with its long sleeves and charming jabot, suitable for either the young or more mature figure. If you do not care for prints, you can choose between the Queen-Make frock of plain linen in pastel shades, and the Co-Ed dress of Canton crêpe which has all the new features of the mode—a high waistline, flare from the knee down, and a dainty collar and bow of white crêpe.

HUBRITE INFORMAL FROCK

CO-ED

Of red Canton crêpe, the Co-Ed dress, above, embodies the new features of the mode in its higher waist, flare from the knee down, horizontal tucking, and white novelty tucked collar. This touch of white at the neckline is youthful and characteristic of the season's mode

NELLY DON

A novel interpretation of the ensemble is this Nelly Don, Don-Semble of printed piqué, which by combining a blouse and shorts in one garment eliminates cumbersome lingerie. The detachable skirt fits snugly, while the finger-tip cardigan completes the costume

Whether you plan to go South or merely fulfill your manifold duties at home, the L'Aiglon dress, at right, fills any requirement. It is of printed handkerchief linen with a tiny frill down the front and a plaited section set low on the hips to give a snugly-fitted appearance

L'AIGLON

QUEEN-MAKE

For the woman who prefers a plain fabric is the Queen-Make dress of colored linen, left, which comes in pastel shades touched with white at the collar and tie. The Hubrite Informal frock of soiray flat crêpe print, center below, is becoming to either the young or mature figure

1

2

3

Smart New Touches Add Charm to Last Season's Clothes

By Caroline Gray

Smart is the tailored dress, below, of wool crêpe in brown, black, or one of the new bright shades. The belt is raised to the natural waist, and varicolored bands of grosgrain emphasize the diagonal neck-line and belt; design J-35, for sizes 34 to 42. A large, crisp bow posed on one hip at the normal waistline gives a somewhat Victorian but charming look to one of the new Paris evening gowns

4

Bows are used everywhere—here are three: 1, a beaver fur collar and bow on brown wool crêpe; 2, a many-looped shoulder bow of brown velvet on a beige cloth coat; 3, a casual shoulder bow on a black crêpe frock. Appropriate for luncheon or bridge, the frock below is charming in velvet or dull crêpe; the long, uneven hemline is smart for afternoon; design J-36, for sizes 34 to 42

J-35

AT THIS time of the year your wardrobe may need a new tailored frock or a pretty afternoon dress. With this in mind we selected the two smart models here illustrated, which are charming for the woman who makes her own clothes.

The tailored dress at the left is made of wool crêpe trimmed with applied bands of contrasting colors. The longer skirt is slightly circular in front, with three box-plaits set in the center, and the belt is raised to the natural waist-line. Stitched tucks and buttons finish the tight, set-in sleeve.

The graceful frock at the right of the page centers interest at the normal waist-line in a cluster of horizontal tucks in front and a medium-sized bow in the back. The bolero cut of the waist is youthful, and the long, tight sleeves flare becomingly at the wrist.

J-36

For information about folio and pattern prices, see page 206

A-1701

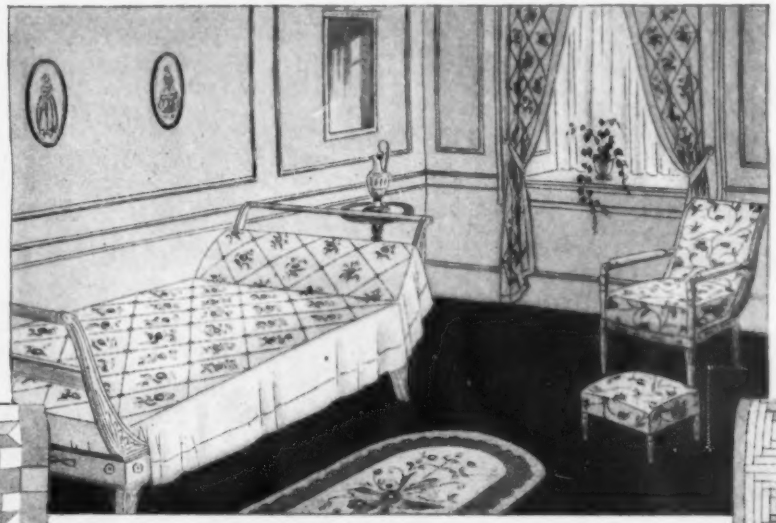
No. 27

A-1702

Anne Orr's

Suggestions for Period Decoration

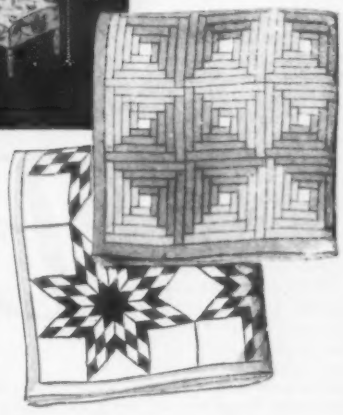
The hand-colored prints above are $2 apiece. Black wood frames with inside gold lines, 8½" x 11", $1.50 ea. Oval, black wood frames as shown in room at right, $1.50 ea. Quaint silhouette, No. 27, center above, printed on cream-colored card, 7" x 10", 50c. Black frame with inside gold line, $1.50. Send 2c for A-1700, on period needlework



HOW TO ORDER
For the pictures, frames, Hot-Iron Patterns, or Printed Pamphlets on this page send correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping. For other materials offered send correct amount to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

The crewelwork on the chair and footstool above is in Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-17-8301, 25c, carrying enough for both; wools, $2.64. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 8003, 45c, carries design and directions for hooked rug above, 30" x 47". Burlap, 75c, hook, 27c, frame, $1.50. Wools, $15

Crewelwork sprays in wool on écru linen make the bedspread and curtains in the Empire room above. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1703, 50c, carries 32 of the various designs, enough for single or double bed or for a pair of curtains as shown; double pattern for twin beds, 90c. Wools for 1 bed, $3.36; for twin beds. $6.72



Four quilt patterns, old and new, are shown above and at the left. Above are the Star and Log Cabin patterns; at the left are the Lion's Paw and the Blocks and Streets of New York. Printed Pamphlet No. A-1704, 25c, carries cutting patterns and directions for quilting all four quilts

A lovely patchwork quilt, the "Autumn Leaf," is on bed at left. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1705, 50c, carries designs and directions for center and border. The quilting pattern on the colored border is No. A-17-6402, 25c. A plain waste-basket may be painted with your monogram from Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-17-8302, 25c

The Story of a Girl Who Won a Victory by Surrender

Hilda heard them talking—Brian and Ariel. "You love her." "I don't. But I found her when I needed her—and I'm going to marry her"

BARBARIAN

IF THERE were no other proof that Hilda Bransted is a great painter, that picture of hers in the Luxembourg, the Portrait of a Girl of Twenty, would proclaim her artistry.

Always before it you will find little groups of people, some drawn by its fineness of craftsmanship, others by its boldness of conception, but all of them held by that quality of human understanding which bases all transcendent art. In the girl of the painting Hilda Bransted has limned the poignancy and the pathos as well as the joy and the courage of youth. She has given her no name, but Hervé Bruton, that wickedly wise old Frenchman who knows the hearts of women as well as he knows the patinas of Raphael and Velasquez, says that the girl on the wall of the gallery is the girl Hilda used to be.

With uncanny Gallic insight he has glimpsed the truth. Hilda Bransted, stout and sure and sturdy as she is now, with medals and triumphs flung around her great studio at Versailles, looked not unlike her own model in those silver-birch days when she went to the university on the hill at Madison. Like the girl of her canvas, there was a strange timelessness about her, an aura of universality which set her apart from those followers of fads and fashions who nevertheless made the campus a field of gay flowering. But despite that difference, I believe the woman who won the Grand Prix of the salon of the Societé Nationale des Beaux-Arts and the Leamington Award of the Tate in the same year would be sending a crowd of stalwart youngsters to her alma mater from some lumber town in the north, had it not been for a white night of moonlight by the waters of Mendota.

On that night Hilda Bransted awakened to realization of the talent in her brain and the power in her soul. For the first time in her life she saw herself exactly as she was, a revelation which few but the prophets ever seek. Under its blinding light she knew her aloneness; but she knew, too, that it was the human loneliness of all living. To win from it a little time of surcease, she might have called for truce to those old gods of her people who loose the winds of destiny. Being Hilda Bransted, something of a goddess in her own right, she chose a braver, if not a wiser, course. With her gift in her knapsack, she turned away from the road she might have taken, and set her feet toward the farther stars. If she thinks sometimes that she might have won a higher happiness, only she and her great gods of the north shall know.

ALL that June she had gone through the motions of her living above a thin fog of enchanted wonder. Summer had come to the soft hills of the midlands, not the lush season of the softer south, but a time of swift, rapturous beauty which expressed for the girl her joy of unfolding loveliness. After three years of dwelling, an alien, in a place where all about her love flowered as surely and as easily as the violets and hepaticas and wild roses of her Wisconsin hillsides, she had found love of her own. The miracle of it transported her from the grind of every-day work, of classes and

Illustrated
By Charles D. Mitchell

By Mary Synon

studies and ordinary contacts, into an upland of passionate, triumphant ecstasy. Through the clouds of its heights she looked down less on the surface of the university than on the self she had brought into it.

She had come to Madison from a little town somewhere back of the Blue Mounds, an eager, wide-eyed girl, vibrant as a harpstring to every breeze of beauty, but painfully, miserably conscious of those shortcomings of aspect and manner which left her so far behind her own desire for perfection. Had she looked in an unflawed mirror, she might have realized her assets: a gift of portraiture which she used only in desultory sketching for her own amusement; a fine bravery which scorned the smaller things of the spirit; and a Norse magnificence which, dramatically utilized, would have made her Wagnerian in a time which adored its Wagner. She saw herself, however, not as she was, but as Ariel Furnow and Ariel's crowd of the Omicron Thetas beheld her—awkward, bashful, crude, a barbarian from a Thessaly of remoteness, gazing upon the glory of the Hellenes.

She should never have cared for Ariel's opinion of any one, Hilda told herself from this summit of detachment from the things of yesterday. All her lifetime she had known the other girl. Living on the same street of their home town, but with the railroad track for social as well as physical barrier, they had gone to the same schools, taken the same courses, striven for the same awards, and yet remained as definitely apart as two parallel lines. Once, and once only, had the reality of their emotional lives swerved into tangency. The memory of that time had lifted Hilda's head through many encounters with the other girl. It raised it now as a memory of Ariel's indifferent scorn flashed through the mists of her happiness.

"How dare she?" Hilda thought. "How dare she?"

For, even today while her lips still quivered with the pulse of Brian McKay's kisses, she struggled against that overpowering sense of hurt pride which had been her lot.

Not for herself, she declared as she combed out the mass of her amber-bright hair in the little room of the approved boarding house where she had lived in almost cloistral solitude, did she care to combat the indifference of those arbiters of destiny, the girls of the Greek letter sororities who had fashioned and fenced their world within a world. For Brian though, since youth is a strict conformist, she longed to be all that was best, all that was prideful.

"Why does he love you?" she asked the Hilda of the looking-glass, and in the humility of a new-born passion could find no answer.

With the suddenness of midsummer storm this love for Brian had burst upon her. For three years she had seen him coming and going under the maples of State Street, climbing the hill, rowing on the lake, drifting through classes in which she had starred. Always he had been the romantic leader of a romantic group, a curly-polled, devil-may-care Irishman, beloved of his fellows, pursued by dozens of girls. To

Hilda he had been as far away as the stars above the pines. To him she had been not even an individual entity until the Saturday, less than a month before, when he had come upon her in the high woods above the shore.

He had climbed the path swiftly, slashing at the green bushes with his cane, his head down as if he charged an enemy. Something in his reckless movement told her as plainly as could words that he was unhappy. With the sympathy of understanding she was gazing at him above her drawing board when he turned and saw her.

"Oh," he said, and halted. "Did I disturb you?"

"No."

She stared at him as if she feared lest he vanish if she shifted her gaze.

"What are you doing?"

"That tree."

"Do you have to?"

"No."

"Then why bother?"

"I love it."

"The tree?"

"That—and the drawing of it."

"Well, good luck!"

"Good luck to you."

"I need it." Over his mobile face fell a dark shadow of melancholy.

"We all do."

For an instant he seemed about to linger, then, with a lifting of his hat, he went up the path. For a long time Hilda sat staring at the point where he had passed from her sight. With sunlight streaming through the green branches and sparkling on the lake below, she forsook the nearer beauty for the more elusive charm of day dreams. Brian McKay. Over and over she repeated his name. Over and over she conjured back the memory of his smile. Under the warmth of the sun her body glowed until she could feel it thrilling with the potentialities of the love she might give such a man. Love! The naming of her emotion pricked the bubble of fancy. Hastily she sprang to her feet, picked up the fallen drawing board, and walked slowly down the hill to her boarding house.

For two days she did not see him again. Then he passed her, hardly recognizing her until he was almost by. Then, "How's the tree?" he asked her, and she stumbled over telling him that she had not finished the task of its limning.

Through the days, however, she kept making sketches of him, drawing on pages of her text-books, on scraps of paper, on anything and everything within her reach. The thought of him was an obsession which she did not try to banish. His name was the refrain of a litany she chanted.

"Don't be a fool," she warned herself sometimes, but the sweetness of the folly lay like odor of opium on her senses.

"I love him," she told the June breezes. "I love him," she told the moon. "I love him," she told the mourning doves that cooed in the dawns. "I love him," she told all else that she loved, sunsets and starlights and roses; but she went her quiet, solitary way up and down the hill of the campus with no other human guessing her metamorphosis.

On the third day she met him again. A thunderstorm was holding her captive in the portico of the library when he came beside her. She saw once more his evident unhappiness, and her heart yearned over him, but she only smiled a little uncertainly when she saw that he remembered her.

"I've an umbrella," he said. "Can't I take you under it?"

His nearness, as they stepped out into the rain, left her speechless. Her heart was pounding so violently that she was sure he must hear it, as they walked against the torrential gusts. To Hilda their progress was like an episode remembered from another existence, so definite was her feeling that this association with him was a repeated experience. At a crossing he smiled down at her, and she grew dizzy with sheer joy.

The wind, tearing down the street, flung down the umbrella before their faces. She heard his cry, swift, warning, filled with terror, then felt herself lifted and flung away. A vast pall seemed closing over her, to shut out the world and him.

SHE awakened in her own room in the boarding house, with a nurse and doctor beside her bed, and the boarding-house keeper, a dour woman who had rightly earned her title of "the Battle-Axe," at the doorway. There was no sign of Brian, and she thought that she had dreamed the walk with him. Then pain gripped her, and she knew that the joy which had preceded it had been equally real.

"It was worth it," she thought grimly and looked up to see Brian in the hall beyond, a Brian so visibly panic-stricken that she longed to reassure him.

"I'm all right," she said weakly. "What happened?"

"A car struck you," the doctor said.

"It was my fault," Brian thrust in penitently.

"Oh, no, no," she said, and had her reward in the lightening of his eyes.

They bade her be quiet, and she could only watch Brian from under lowered lids.

"Nothing serious," she heard the doctor give verdict. "She'll be all right in a week."

"Sooner," she told Brian.

It was a week, however, before she could go out, and through its time Brian McKay was her devoted attendant. Out of some quirk of remorse or, perhaps, out of that misery which she had glimpsed in him, he insisted upon taking responsibility for Hilda.

"I should have seen that car," he declared against her denials, and brought to her every day such gifts as he might have chosen for a girl he loved.

Flowers, a book, a bright-hued box of candy from the Palace of Sweets, a gay, trivial, little doll which she did not like because it reminded her of Ariel Furnow, an etching, a box of water-colors—all testified to a thoughtfulness she had not expected of him.

Without apparent intention he was weaving strands to bind her heart to him.

"I won't let myself care," she would cry when she was alone, but day after day she waded deeper into the waters of her love for him.

"Fool, fool, fool," she called herself, only to plunge into further depths of folly.

She dreaded the time of her complete recovery, knowing that it must inevitably break the bond which held him to her, but she was too honest to simulate a continued illness which was costing him money as well as attention, for he had insisted on paying for nurse and doctor. She had the belief that he was coming to her for the last time on the night when she was well enough to meet him on the big porch of the boarding house, and she limped down, fighting at every step for courage, to say goodbye to him with the bravery of her tradition.

"You can't cry, Hilda Bransted," she told herself, recalling the struggle for existence in the town back of the Blue Mounds. "Your people aren't the crying kind."

He was alone on the veranda—there was a concert at the gymnasium which had taken all the boarding-house crowd—when she came out. He took both her hands in his and looked down at her questioningly.

"Are you quite all right?" he asked her.

"Quite."

"I'm almost sorry."

"Why?"

"Because you've been healing a hurt of mine while you were getting well."

"A hurt?"

She drew her (Continued on page 196)

QUESTIONING

By Grace Noll Crowell

I ASKED *the New Year, "What am I to do*
The whole year through?"
The answer came,
"Be true."

I ASKED *again, "And what am I to say*
To those who pass my way?"
"The kindest words," he said,
"That you can say."

"WHAT *thoughts am I to think, day long, year long?"*
And clearly as a quick-struck gong,
The answer,
"Think no wrong."

"AND *what roads take across the earth's worn sod*
Where many feet have trod?"
Swift came the answer—
"Those that lead to God."

Emily Newell Blair

Lists for the New Year

Books I Am Glad I Have Read

© International News Photos Inc.

The first copy of "The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge" arrives at 21 Massasoit St., Northampton, Massachusetts, and the author is looking it over

"DID you like it?" is the question always put to me when I have mentioned a book I have just read. And it always startles me. For my reaction usually, when I put down a book, is not whether I like it or not, but whether I am glad I have read it, or sorry. In fact, I frequently answer the question with,

"It's a book I am glad I have read."

And not with any desire to parry the question. Sometimes, of course, I am glad just because I have enjoyed it. But enjoyment is an illusive nymph. It too often defies analysis, and depends too greatly upon one's mood and temperament. Also likings are hard to define. But I know instantly whether or not I have been repaid for my time and labor—and it takes some of both to read a book through—and why. Liking involves the emotions; repayment, the intellect.

I found myself making this answer many times this month, perhaps because of the books I read, perhaps because of my own mood. You can not, for instance, say of books of autobiography, or rarely, that you liked them. You may like the character of the autobiographer or dislike it. You may like the manner of the writer or find it irritating. You may be interested in his experiences and opinions or bored with them. But a book's real value to the reader is whether she has felt repaid for reading it.

Such a book is "The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge" (Cosmopolitan, $3.00). There are people so intolerant that they can not read about a man they do not like or approve. There are such hero-worshipers that they will enjoy anything and everything written by a man they adore. Such people can not understand the approach of the reader who reads for repayment. It is well known that I am not a follower of Calvin Coolidge. I can say it here, for I once told him laughingly, when inviting him to visit the Ozarks, that I had done what I could to prevent his being President, with conspicuous unsuccess. But when a man who has been President of the United States and who holds the admiration of its citizens as our ex-President writes frankly and simply of the things he has done and the thoughts he has had, no American who wants to understand the history of his day can put down his book without saying,

"I'm glad I read it."

I for one hope that Mr. Coolidge has established a precedent, for nothing could better educate us for choosing our public officials than to read after each administration the ex-President's own interpretation of his life and experience. It would not only familiarize us with the executive office, its requirements and duties, but by what it reveals of character enable us to evaluate the new men who aspire to it. It would make us understand our national characteristics, our national mind, at the same time giving us a better understanding of those qualities that make for leadership.

The most interesting things I gained from reading Mr. Coolidge's book were what I learned about the Vermont life of his early days, so entirely different from the days I spent in the same period in a middle-western town; what I learned of Massachusetts, a state so remote from my own in all its civic methods and customs; what I learned of the mental processes, the aims, and ambitions of a character so diametrical from those I have known intimately; the understanding it gave me of political ideas and ideals so antithetic to my own.

It would be invidious for me to discuss those ideas and ideals, but I can appreciate the candor and the clearness with which they are set down. And I came away from the reading of them with a keen appreciation, which political campaigns do not give, of the integrity with which they are held. "Other faiths in others' keeping" was the phrase that occurred to me as I put the book down.

There are probably a great many more readers who dislike the author of "Up to Now" (Viking, $5.00), although it is only fair to state that Alfred E. Smith also has followers who will like anything he has to say. But even those who oppose him most bitterly on every count ought to be able to put down this account of what a son of the old Bowery made of his life in this land of the golden staircase with gladness that they read of it. For gladness does not commit them to admiration of him, but merely to an

(*Continued on page 134*)

Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

Does it bake well? In the Institute kitchens this question and many others are answered by every-day use of kitchen equipment

Is It Approved By Good Housekeeping Institute?

By

G. W. Alder

Consulting Engineer of the Institute

ON MILLIONS of household appliances, utensils, and equipment sold throughout the country, there is a symbol which answers for women many of the questions that would ordinarily come into their minds in purchasing. This symbol is the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Institute. The seal is the means by which manufacturers make known to prospective purchasers that their products have been *Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.*

Women have come to know, through a period of more than twenty years, that the Seal of Approval is trustworthy and reliable. They realize that it is awarded only after comprehensive tests made by the Institute, and that it can be applied only to those products which have met the Institute's standards in all respects.

The Institute's tests on the basis of which the Seal of Approval is awarded are made both from the standpoint of the engineer and from the standpoint of the women who are going to use the product. The engineer determines whether the product is well-made, of good materials, and with careful workmanship, and whether it is efficient in its use of fuel or power. The women members of the Institute Staff use the product just as it will be used in the home, and with the woman's point of view they make their decision as to whether the product does satisfactorily the work for which it is intended.

When a woman purchases a product carrying the Institute seal, she knows that the product has been subjected to tests to determine important things in which she is interested, but which she could not find out for herself—at least, before having made her purchase, and oftentimes not after.

For example, when she purchases a range bearing the seal, she is assured that it will be a "good baker." In other words, the heat distribution in the oven will be good and satisfactory temperatures will be maintained. She knows that the oven linings are made of sufficiently heavy material and that the general construction of the range is satisfactory from the standpoint of safety and lasting qualities. Further than this, she knows that all the details which make the range satisfactory for daily use have been carefully checked by the women members of our Staff who have cooked on it in the same way that she will.

When a manufacturer's product has successfully passed the tests of Good Housekeeping Institute, he is awarded a Certificate of Approval. This certificate licenses him to use the Seal of Approval on his product or in his literature describing or advertising the product. The manufacturer realizes that purchasers want to know whether or not his product has been approved by the Institute, and so he uses our seal of approval.

From women themselves, from manufacturers and from retailers we know that prospective purchasers look for our Seal of Approval. If it is not present, they frequently write us to ask if the product has been approved. When they see the seal their confidence is established in the product, and thousands tell us they will not purchase equipment of the kind that we test unless they see our seal on it.

Behind the testing service of Good Housekeeping Institute is more than twenty years of experience. In these years the Institute has tested practically all the worth-while household equipment that has come on the market during this time. Nowhere else is there the accumulated information that exists in the records of these tests.

Through its years of operating, the Institute has built up a testing staff of experts specially trained in their work and particularly fitted, because of their background of knowledge, to judge all the important things that are necessary to determine whether or not the household appliances, equipment, and utensils we test will give satisfactory service in the hands of women who will use them. Testing procedures have been standardized, and the results of our tests definitely indicate whether or not a product should be approved.

The purpose of the Institute's testing service is to establish lists of products to serve as buying guides to women. Our testing is without bias and without prejudice, and the woman's interests are our basic consideration. It is because women have the knowledge that our work is for them that they put such faith in our Seal of Approval.

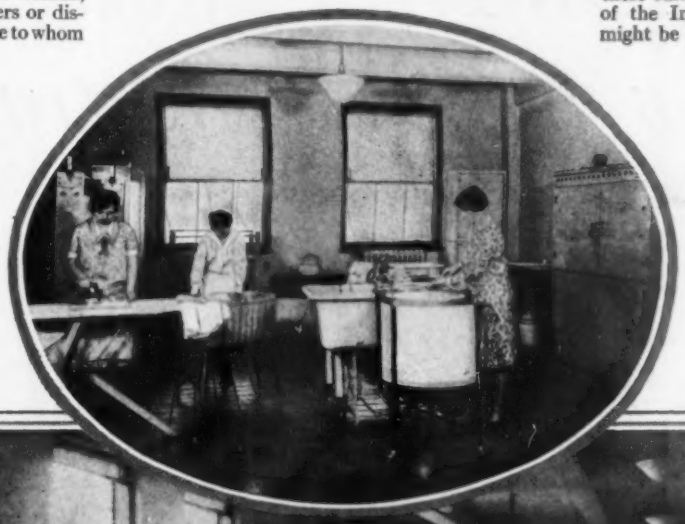
Each year we prepare and have printed a complete list of the products that are being carried as tested and approved by the Institute and the names and addresses of the manufacturers of these products. These printed lists are available to women, to manufacturers, to retailers or distributors—in fact, to any one to whom they may be helpful. Copies can be secured for fifteen cents by addressing Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City. The printed list is known as "Household Devices Tested and Approved." In it are indices showing manufacturers' names, trade names of their products, and classified lists which make it easy to find any type of equipment or any particular device in which the prospective purchaser may be interested.

Lists showing products approved by the Institute and the manufacturers' names and addresses are sent on request. List of Institute Bulletins on many housekeeping topics will be found on page 206

In addition to the printed lists, we maintain up-to-date supplementary lists which are distributed to those who ask for them. When we get an inquiry asking us what washing machines we have approved—or any other type of equipment within our testing scope—we send a list gratis. We know that women every day are using this service to assist them in their buying problems, for thousands of requests for lists come to us.

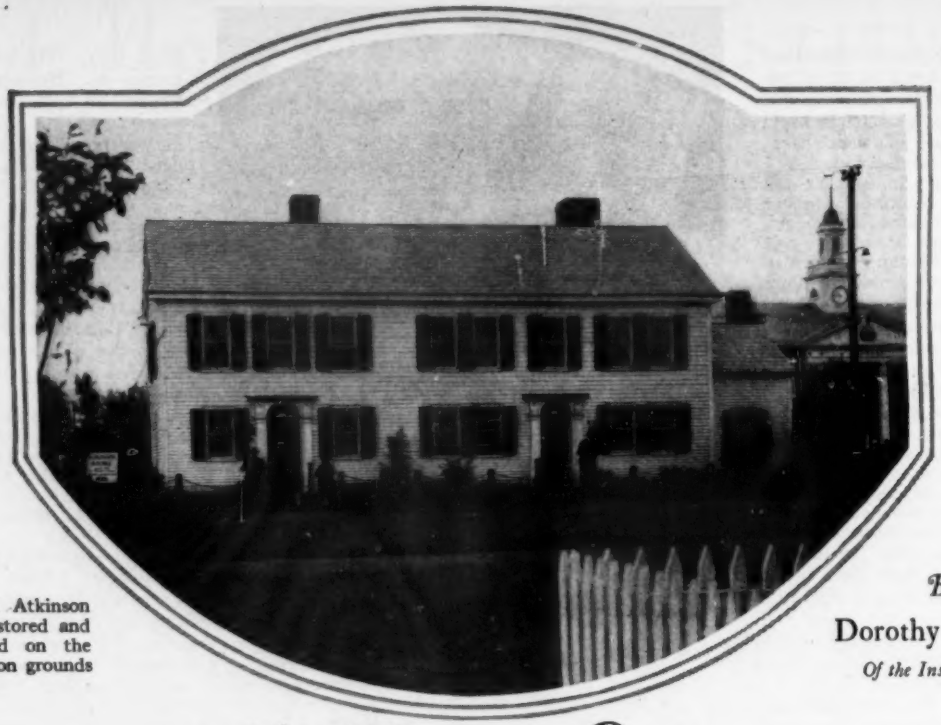
In addition to its function of establishing buying guides, the testing service of the Institute is the basis for authoritative editorial material. When articles appear in the Institute pages under the names of members of the Institute Staff, they are based on the every-day work of those members of the Staff who have specialized in the particular subject. Back of these editorials are the years of work of the Institute, not only in what might be called routine testing, but also the investigation of special problems, which is done as a matter of research. Readers of Good Housekeeping hardly need to be told

(*Continued on page 183*)



In the Laundry Laboratory at the right, household laundry equipment is tested by using it. Regular family washes are used in these tests

The engineering laboratory is completely equipped for the many and varied engineering tests necessary to determine the merit of a product



The old Atkinson Store restored and re-erected on the Exposition grounds

By
Dorothy B. Marsh
Of the Institute Staff

A New Scene In an Old Setting

The Institute Discusses Family Food Problems at the Eastern States Exposition

Photographs by H. I. Williams

A NEW scene was laid in the old Atkinson Store at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts, this year, when Good Housekeeping Institute was host to Exposition visitors.

Built in 1799 and having all the charm of that early period, the Atkinson Store was restored and re-erected on the Exposition Grounds as part of a permanent exhibit to be known as the old New England Village. It was in the Tap Room of this old store that visitors found Good Housekeeping Institute "at home." There they gathered to discuss with us their problems of family meals, meal preparation, and food costs, as well as healthful meals based on present-day knowledge of nutrition.

On the walls of the Tap Room, with its paper of quaint, old-fashioned design, we had arranged a most interesting display of illustrated posters, and these were the subject of much thoughtful discussion among our visitors. These posters included "Meals for the Children," meals for one day for the two-year-old, three-year-old, six-year-old and ten-year-old, all illustrated in detail. And fathers as well as mothers were seen jotting down pointers that were far too important to intrust to memory. Many, too, studied with special interest our posters on "Helpful Devices for the Modern Kitchen" and "Useful Equipment for Keeping Down Food Costs." We found that even housekeepers on very modest budgets were eagerly saving for the purchase of some one labor-saver which would lighten their housekeeping duties.

"Truths About Canned Foods" was another poster which created much lively discussion, too—especially among women who still cling to the old fallacy that canned foods should be avoided in every-day meal planning whenever possible. This poster revealed to them the fact that canned foods are among the safest foods we can eat, and often are far fresher than the so-called "fresh vegetables" which have traveled far across the continent before reaching our local markets. It was interesting, too, that only a few housekeepers saved the liquor from their canned vegetables—almost all of them confessed to throwing it down the sink. So the Institute's poster on "Canned Vegetables Served the Institute Way," in which we showed how to heat canned vegetables in their own liquor, contained a lesson for many.

No part of our food exhibit created more interest than the "Weighty Corner." Men, women, and children came to us to check their weight and to discuss what they and their families should be eating. Many were fighting surplus avoirdupois and sought a program of reducing that would cut down their weight without injuring their general health. To all these we distributed a set of safe reducing menus and suggested a careful study of our poster on "Ten Points on Safe and Sane Reducing." And to better illustrate how a reducing diet can be

INEXPENSIVE LUNCHEONS

Scalloped Corn
Raw Vegetable Relish
Graham Bread — Butter
Apricot Whip — Milk

Eggs Baked in Cheese Sauce
Lettuce Sandwiches
Cookies

INEXPENSIVE DINNERS

Casserole of Lamb and Vegetables
Celery
Bread — Butter
Chocolate Tapioca Pudding

Casserole of Meat and Rice
Buttered Onions
Romaine Salad — French Dressing
Lemon Snow Pudding

selected from the regular family meals without added work for the housekeeper, we displayed an actual day's meals for the family. Close by we showed the foods and correct quantities of foods that the reducing member might safely select from the same family meals and still cut down his weight. It was startling to many that these reducing meals were all based on one pint of skim milk per day, because they thought of milk only as a fattening food.

Not a few of our visitors were interested in nourishing foods that would help to increase their weight. Upon inquiry we found that a large majority of these were not getting well-balanced meals—and they confessed to using little or no milk. "Ten Points for the Underweight"—another of our posters—outlined the very steps that would help them to recover their weight.

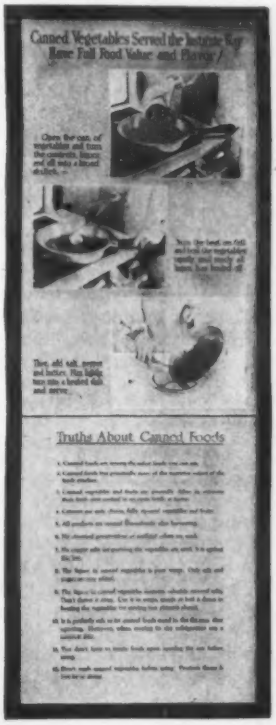
There were so many earnest mothers and housekeepers anxious to be assured that the meals they were serving were adequate for their families. Our poster on "Healthful Meals for Adults," as well as material on this subject specially prepared by the Institute, gave them just the help they were seeking.

Food costs and meal budgets were problems that many of the visiting housekeepers had been unable to solve satisfactorily. Small wonder, then, that they grouped eagerly about the showcase in which we had on display, not only a group of inexpensive autumn foods, but an actual day's inexpensive meals prepared from some of these same foods. These meals, which we cooked fresh each day, were tempting and told their story of inexpensive meal planning in an effective way. Among these same housekeepers we distributed suggestions for "Keeping Down the Food Bill," prepared especially for the Exposition. These not only gave more than twenty points for reducing the food bills, but included several seasonable, inexpensive day's meals, with the unusual recipes found in the same.

Because we believe that all housekeepers welcome menus and recipes that will add variety to their meals, we have given on the opposite page two of the inexpensive luncheon and dinner menus which particularly appealed to our exposition visitors. Here are the unusual recipes in these menus:

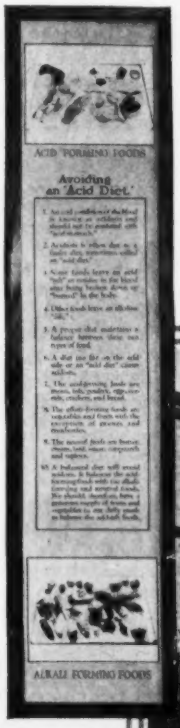
For *Scalloped Corn*, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one-half cupful of milk, one finely chopped seeded green pepper, one chopped pimiento to two cupfuls of cooked or canned corn. Fill six individual buttered casseroles one-third full of the corn mixture, sprinkle with a layer of fine bread crumbs, then put in another layer of corn. Continue until the dishes are full, having crumbs on top. One cupful of crumbs in all will be needed. Dot over each casserole with one teaspoonful of butter or margarine. (*Continued on page 141*)

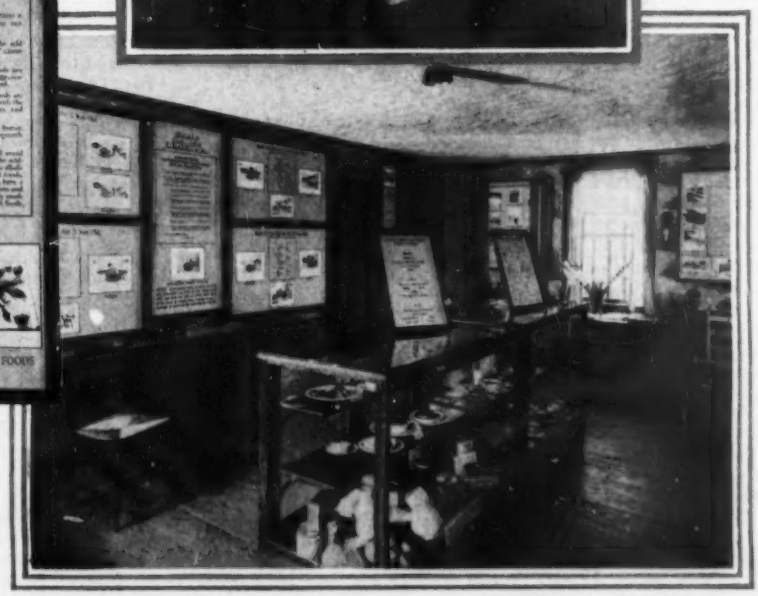
In the Weighty Corner shown below the Institute discussed problems of underweight and overweight with our visitors to the Exposition



The poster shown above gave housekeepers a true story of canned foods and their use in daily meal planning

Our poster on "Avoiding an Acid Diet" was enlightening to many





Here in the Tap Room of the old Atkinson Store Good Housekeeping Institute was host to Exposition visitors

MILK
The Foundation of Your MEALS

By
Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff

"WHY must I drink one pint of milk every day? Every one says it is important, but when I ask why, they either regard me scornfully and say, 'Because you must,' or they tell me why in six-syllable words which are just so much Greek to me!" This is a plaint which we often hear at the Institute, and the answer to the question is so important that we decided to discuss it with our readers, together with other questions on the same subject that are asked us just as often, such as these:

"The doctor says I must buy one quart of milk apiece for the children in my family and one pint apiece for my husband and myself. Isn't this an extravagance on a moderate budget like mine?"

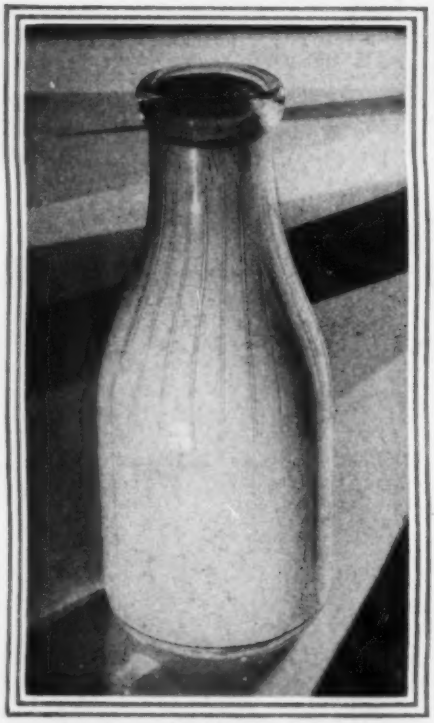
"I *can't* drink milk; it is terribly distasteful to me."

"My child won't drink milk, and I know that she should have it. What can I do?"

Let's take the first question first. "Why must I drink milk?" Because milk is the most nearly perfect food that has been given us. The *proteins* in milk are of the best quality for growth. Milk is the most abundant source of *calcium*, or lime, which is aptly called the body's "chief regulator." Calcium is concerned with many of the vital functions of the body, and if milk is omitted from the diet enough of this element can not be obtained from ordinary amounts of other foods. Another mineral, *phosphorus*, which is needed by every body cell, is found abundantly in milk. Vitamin A, which builds up resistance to colds and more serious troubles of the lungs and sinus, and prevents a disease of the eyes called "xeropthalmia," is present in milk. Vitamin B, without which we lose our appetite and find our resistance to infection lowered, is also found in milk. Milk does not supply bulk, however, and contains very little iron or Vitamin C, so that it must be supplemented by other foods such as whole grain cereals, eggs, fruits, raw vegetables, and green vegetables which supply these necessary elements. We all need a varied diet every day, but milk should be the foundation of such a diet for grown-ups and children alike.

In a nutshell milk is a "protective" food, safeguarding the body against deficiencies of many sorts when it is used in the proper amounts. "One quart of milk a day for children and at least one pint for adults" is not merely a slogan, but good, sound advice!

"Is buying one quart of milk for each child and one pint for each adult an extravagance when the food budget is moderate?" It is not an extravagance on any sort of food budget! Milk *builds* health. Milk *maintains* health. Milk helps prevent expense from illness Therefore buying milk is an *economy*, not an extravagance.



One quart of milk a day for children and one pint for adults is good, sound advice, not just a slogan

"I can't drink milk. It is distasteful to me." So many adults tell us this, in all sincerity, believing that they must get along without milk because they don't like the taste of milk as a beverage. Fortunately there are other ways of getting milk into meals besides actually drinking it, although many of us find this way a pleasant one. Just consider how many everyday dishes are made with milk. There are cream soups and milk chowders, for example, which are mostly milk. Then there are scalloped vegetables and meats, creamed vegetables, casserole dishes, desserts such as bread puddings, rice puddings, custards, cream tapioca, cornstarch puddings, and many delicious milk drinks such as cocoa, malted milk, milk shakes of many flavors, eggnogs, and the prepared chocolate malt powders which, added to milk, make it delicious and even more nutritious. You will find it easy to build a pint of milk into your meals if you keep account of the amount of milk you use in dishes like the above.

"My child won't drink milk. What shall I do?" This is indeed an unfortunate situation. Authorities agree that when a child refuses to drink milk the parents' attitude is usually at fault. How many children are given a glass of milk accompanied by these words, "You must drink it because it's good for you!" Even grown-ups rebel at eating or drinking anything because it's good for them! Any food should be offered to a child without comment, in a matter-of-fact fashion, if it is to be accepted by the child without question. However, if the wrong habits are already established, there are the ways mentioned above, most of which may be used to build milk into the child's meals also.

In the menu box you will find several family meals which make use of milk, and we are giving here several of the recipes for dishes mentioned in the menus, with which you may not be familiar:

Cream Soups

4 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine
4 tablespoonfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
1 teaspoonful grated onion
2 cupfuls milk
2 cupfuls vegetable water
1 cupful sieved cooked or canned vegetable

Melt the fat in the top of a double-boiler; add the flour, onion, and seasonings while stirring. Add cold milk. When thickened, add the water in which the vegetables were cooked, or the liquor from the can with enough water added to make two cupfuls. Add the vegetable pulp. Cook 35 minutes. Serves from six to eight.

For *Cream of Mushroom Soup*, cook two cupfuls of mushroom stems in three cupfuls of boiling water until very tender, then strain and use this liquid in place of the vegetable water.

Vegetable Chowder

2 cans vegetable soup
2 cupfuls milk

Add milk to canned vegetable soup, heat, and serve. Serves six.

Bread Pudding

1 qt. milk, scalded
2 cupfuls bread crumbs or cubes
2 eggs
1-3 cupful sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla
¼ cupful melted butter or margarine

Add bread crumbs to scalded milk and let soak fifteen minutes. Add sugar and salt to slightly beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Add milk, bread crumbs, melted butter, and flavoring. Pour into a greased baking dish set in a pan of warm water, and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for seventy-five minutes. Serves six.

For *Banana Bread Pudding*, add four ripe bananas, sliced. If a *Chocolate Bread Pudding* is desired, add two squares of melted chocolate to egg and sugar mixture. One-half cupful of seedless raisins may be added to plain or chocolate bread pudding.

Cornstarch Pudding

2½ cupfuls of scalded milk
4 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
4 tablespoonfuls sugar
¼ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful cold milk
1 egg
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Scald two and one-half cupfuls of milk in the top of a double-boiler. Meanwhile mix the cornstarch, salt, and two tablespoonfuls of the sugar with one-half cupful of cold milk to a smooth paste. Pour a little of the scalded milk into this mixture while stirring. Then add to the remaining scalded milk in the top of the double-boiler, stirring constantly. When the pudding is smooth, remove the spoon, cover the double-boiler, and cook for twenty-five minutes, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile beat the egg slightly, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and pour the cornstarch mixture over it gradually, while stirring. Return the pudding to the double-boiler and cook one minute longer. Add the vanilla, beat up well, and pour into cold wet molds or sherbet glasses. Let stand until cool and then place in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Serves six. This pudding may be served with Hot Jelly Sauce, caramel or chocolate sauce, canned or fresh diced fruit or whipped cream. One-half cupful of finely chopped stoned dates, raisins, nuts or coconut may be added just before chilling, if desired, or two squares of melted chocolate may be added to the cornstarch mixture before the scalded milk is added.

Hot Jelly Sauce for Cornstarch Pudding

1 glass currant jelly
½ cupful boiling water
2 tablespoonfuls finely minced fresh orange peel

Turn the contents of a glass of currant jelly into a bowl. Add the boiling water and mix thoroughly. Heat well and just before serving add the minced orange peel. Serves from six to eight.

Vegetable Casserole

1 cupful cooked or canned vegetable
1½ cupfuls scalding milk
1 cupful soft bread crumbs
¼ cupful melted butter or margarine
2 pimentos chopped
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley
1½ tablespoonfuls chopped onion
1½ cupfuls American cheese
¾ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful pepper
Dash paprika
3 eggs

Pour the scalding milk over the bread crumbs. Add butter, pimento, parsley, onion, grated cheese, and seasonings. Then add the well-beaten eggs. Put the vegetables in a well-greased loaf pan, and pour the milk and cheese mixture over them. Bake about 50 minutes in a slow oven of 350° F. until the loaf is firm. Serves six.

Rice Pudding

3 eggs
2 cupfuls milk
1 cupful cooked rice
3 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
¾ teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls grated lemon rind
½ cupful sugar

Beat eggs and combine with milk, rice, sugar, and salt. Add lemon rind and juice. Bake in a greased baking dish set in a pan of warm water, in a slow oven of 325° F. for twenty-five minutes. Serves six. For *Date Rice Pudding* add one-half cupful of stoned, chopped dates. Raisins may be substituted for the dates, or two squares of melted chocolate may be added, omitting the lemon rind and juice.

Evaporated, condensed, powdered, or malted, milk is milk just the same

MENUS USING MILK

Luncheons

*Cream of Lima Bean Soup
Whole Wheat Toast
Baked Apple with Cream

*Creamed Potatoes and Green Peppers
Tomato and Lettuce Salad
*Chocolate Malted Milk

*Vegetable Chowder — Crackers
Romaine Salad
*Banana Bread Pudding

*Fish Chowder — Pilot Crackers
Pear and Cream Cheese Salad

Dinners

*Cream of Mushroom Soup
Baked Finnan Haddie
Buttered Carrots — Baked Potatoes
Cole Slaw
*Cornstarch Pudding — Hot Jelly Sauce

Tomato Soup
*Vegetable Casserole
Celery
*Date Rice Pudding

Fruit Cup
Baked Sliced Ham
*Scalloped Cauliflower — Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Olives — Celery
*Baked Coconut Custard — Coffee

Minute Steak — Lyonnaise Potatoes
*Creamed Brussels Sprouts
Apple and Celery Salad
*Spanish Cream with Nuts — Coffee

**These dishes have milk as a basis.*

Fish Chowder

½ lb. diced raw salt pork
1½ cupfuls cubed raw potatoes
2 cupfuls raw fish
1 stalk celery chopped fine
¼ cupful diced onions
2½ cupfuls boiling water
1 qt. milk
½ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
Paprika

Put the diced, raw salt pork in a kettle and heat until the pork scraps are golden brown. These scraps may or may not be removed. Add onions to the melted fat in the kettle and cook until golden brown. Add potatoes, celery, and boiling water. Cook ten minutes and then add the pieces of raw fish. Cook fifteen minutes longer. Heat the milk and add to the first mixture. Season and serve with crackers. Serves six.

Scalloped Cauliflower

1 medium cauliflower
2 cupfuls medium white sauce
¼ cupful grated American cheese

Break the cauliflower in flowerets, cook until tender, place in a shallow baking dish and cover with the white sauce. Mix lightly, sprinkle with the cheese and brown in a hot oven of 450° F. Serves six. Two cupfuls of any cooked vegetable may be substituted for the cauliflower.

Baked Custard

4 eggs
¼ cupful sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
1 quart milk scalded
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Beat eggs, add sugar and salt and mix well. Add scalded milk and stir well. Add vanilla. Pour into greased custard cups, set in a pan of warm water and bake in a slow oven of 325° F. for 40 minutes. Makes from six to eight custards. For *Baked Coconut Custard*, add one cupful of grated coconut to the milk before it is scalded.

Spanish Cream with Nuts

3 cupfuls milk
½ cupful sugar
2 egg-yolks
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful granulated gelatine
1 teaspoonful vanilla
½ cupful chopped nut meats
3 egg-whites

Scald milk with gelatine in double-boiler. When gelatine is dissolved, add sugar and pour slowly over beaten egg-yolks, stirring. Return to double-boiler, cook until thickened, stirring. Remove: add salt, vanilla and nutmeats. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into cold wet molds and chill. This recipe serves six to eight persons.

Telling the FAMILY FORTUNE

By

Allen R. Dodd

Photographs by H. I. Williams

A YEAR ago, in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, I told the story of how my wife and I organized our family finances on a business basis—of how we reduced a financial chaos that was rapidly running us into debt to a system of orderly spending that brought us more real pleasure and satisfaction for less money.

As a result of this article, letters came to me from people who were also up against the difficult problem of finding the wherewithal to enjoy a little cake after paying modern prices for the necessary bread and butter.

There were two things that struck me especially about these letters: First, how some people managed to make their incomes go as far as they did; and second, how many people still cherished the delusion that a budget is a sort of magical formula that will enable them to spend more money than they make; or perhaps I should say, maintain a higher standard of living than their income justifies.

Now, of course, there is nothing magical about a budget. It is simply the best method yet devised for determining how to get the most out of the family income before it is actually spent. Used intelligently, a budget can help us to distribute our income more wisely and to get more value and enjoyment out of it. But that is all a budget can do. It seems that, in the present state of society, people must either live within their incomes or on their relatives. And let us hope the exceptions to this rule will find room in the poorhouse.

It is my conviction that a really workable budget must be based upon a reasonably trustworthy set of accounts, kept for at least three consecutive months, or better yet, for a whole year. A budget should be as individual a matter as one's attitude toward nutmeg in pie. It can not be made to order for all families, or even for all families in the same income group. Local prices and living conditions, personal living standards, varying ambitions—all have to do with making a budget that would be perfectly splendid for one family, perfectly impossible for another with practically the same income. A family must know what it actually has spent before it can safely decide what it ought to spend. Trying to plan a budget before a reliable record of expenses has been kept for a long enough period to make it a safe guide is simply putting the cart before the horse.

I know two families, the Halls and the Nelsons. (These, of course, are not their real names.) The Halls have an income of about $5000 a year. So do the Nelsons. The Halls live in a city apartment. The Nelsons own a home in a good suburb, which—luckily for them—they bought for $10,000 before the war. They have a mortgage of about $5000.

Mr. Hall is a minor executive in a large corporation. Both he and Mrs. Hall can be (and are) moderate in their expenditures for clothing, entertaining, and amusements. They have a car because they believe that they must get their child into the country whenever the weather permits. This means an expenditure of $15 a month for garage rent and $150 a year for insurance. One other extravagance is a good private school for the child.

The business of Mr. Nelson requires that he and his wife dress well and do a good deal of entertaining. They have to have a car, of course, but they keep it in their own garage, and their insurance costs them only about $75 a year. They also have the advantage of a first-class public school for their child.

The Halls pay $1.15 a thousand cubic feet for gas, and 7 cents a kilowatt hour for electricity. Their heat is included in their rent. The Nelsons have to pay $2 a thousand cubic feet for gas and 12 cents a kilowatt hour for electricity. They have, besides, an annual coal bill of about $150.

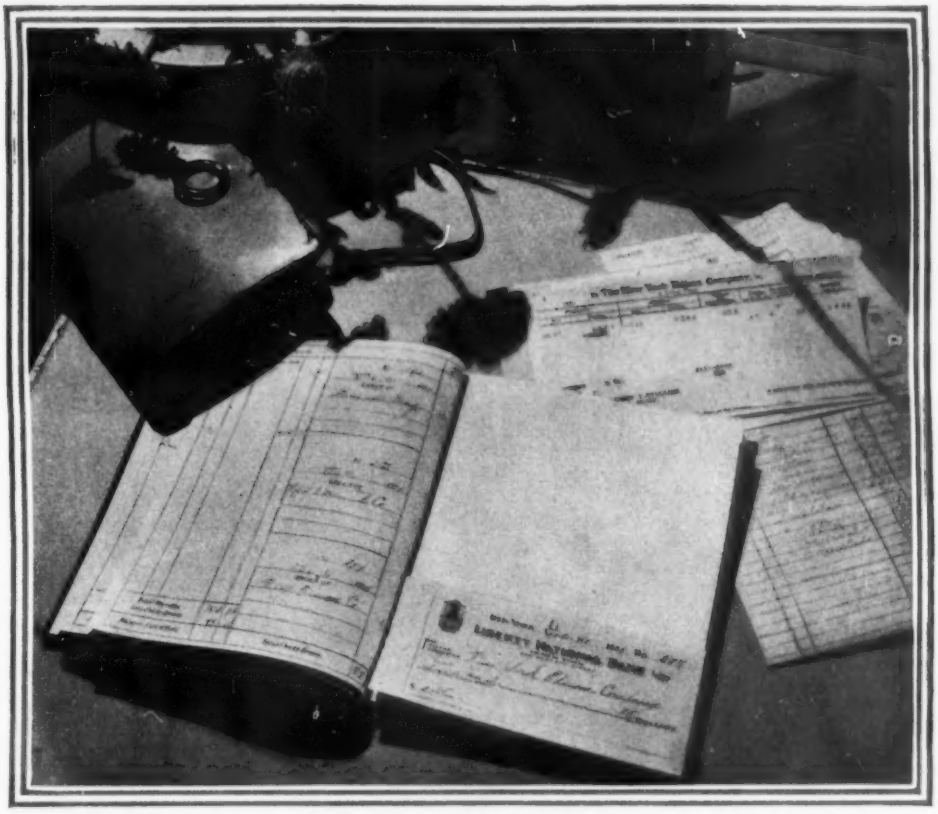
Here, then, is a comparison of some of the principal budget items for the two families. Please keep in mind that they have about the same income, that—except for some of their personal tastes and ambitions—they are much the same kind of people, and that they live within twenty-five miles of each other.

	Halls	*Nelsons*
Shelter	$1,200	†$600
Food	1,040	1,560
Clothes	670	1,040
Gas and electricity	55	100
*Car	475	300
Heat		150
Child's school	400	

*Not including repairs and depreciation.
†Not including depreciation or interest on owner's cash investment.

To be successful a budget must be a partnership proposition, representing mutual consideration

Obviously there is a wide variation in the manner in which each of these two families distributes its income. Yet it is hard to see how, under the circumstances, either family could revise its schedule to any great extent. It might be argued that the Halls do not really need their car, or the expensive private school. The fact remains, however, that their child has been much healthier since owning the car enabled them to give her regular doses of country air, sunshine, and honest dirt. It is also true that the city schools are poorly housed and terribly crowded. It goes without saying that the Nelsons are spending too much for clothes, and that the entertaining they do runs their food bill up pretty high. But here again, the husband's business success and the family's future depend to a great extent upon social contacts and a smart appearance.



You must know what you actually have spent before you can safely decide what you ought to spend

The point is that no standard budget can successfully be followed by either the Halls or the Nelsons. They must first find out what their individual needs and circumstances require them to spend along certain lines, and then build their budgets accordingly.

That is why my three principal rules for budget making are: *First, find out how you are actually spending your income. Second, decide what you really want your income to do for you in the future. Last, draw up a budget that will as nearly as possible reconcile the two.*

In laying out a budget, I have never found it satisfactory to follow the standard divisions of food, shelter, clothing, operating, advancement, and savings. So in this budget plan I am going to break away from tradition and suggest an arrangement which our own experience has proved much more practical.

My wife and I group our budget items into four main divisions, corresponding roughly to the way we actually split up the pay check.

The first of these groups is made up for the most part—although not entirely—of more or less fixed expenses which apply to the home and family as a whole. These are expenses which are either determined for us, or which we have fixed for ourselves by the standard of living we have adopted. We provide for them by regular weekly deposits of a definite sum in the bank.

Group One, then, ordinarily includes—

1. *Life and accident insurance.* Theoretically, there should be enough life insurance to yield an income equal to what the husband provides minus his food and personal expenses and the life insurance premiums. This would mean a larger life insurance policy than the average family with a moderate income could afford. However, a life insurance policy can be arranged so that, in the event of the husband's death, his family will receive both interest and instalments of the principal for ten, fifteen, or twenty years or more. Thus an amount of insurance which people in moderate circumstances can afford can be made to furnish a living income at least until the children grow up. The point is that life insurance should not be bought haphazardly, but rather according to a definite plan and with a definite idea of what it should do in case of need. It is my belief that a young couple with small children can not do better than to put every spare cent into life insurance.

2. *Income and personal property taxes.* There isn't much the budgeteer can do about this item except to fill in the figures.

3. *Interest and payments on the principal of money borrowed* to meet emergencies or for other extraordinary expenses.

4. *Rent.* It is customary to say that about one-fourth of the family income can safely be spent for rent, and this is not a bad rule-of-thumb estimate. Generally speaking, the lower the income, the larger the part of it that must be spent for rent.

Even if the family owns its own home, it still pays rent, strange as this statement may seem. But in this case the rent is not one lump sum paid monthly. It is made up of a number of expenses, which must all be considered and provided for in the budget. These expenses are: (1) Interest on the mortgage. (2) Payments on the mortgage. (3) Taxes. (4) Insurance on the house. (5) Maintenance and repairs. This last item includes anything from the plumber's bill for mending a leaky pipe to a whole new roof. The amount necessary to provide for it each year should be estimated as closely as possible. The least painful method of accumulating this amount is to set aside equal portions of it regularly throughout the year as the weekly or monthly pay check comes in.

I don't see any real point to figuring depreciation or interest on the owner's cash investment in the budget. From a bookkeeping standpoint, they should, of course, be added to the rental value of the house; and a family living in a rented house or apartment usually pays for them. But to the home owner they do not mean money actually paid out; and to that extent, it seems to me, the home-owning family is ahead of the game.

5. *Fuel, light, telephone, water.* We include these items in Group One because they are paid out of the family checking account. If the wife pays them in cash, however, they should go under Group Two. While these items are fixed to a large extent by local rates and the needs of the family, they are also affected by careful management.

6. *Car.* This item may be considered a general family expense or not, depending upon who uses the car and why. The principal subdivisions which make up this item are: (1) Payments on cost. (2) Depreciation. This naturally would be the difference between the original cost and the estimated re-sale or trade-in value. (3) Insurance—all kinds. (4) License fees. (5) Garage rent, if any. These costs are pretty well fixed in advance. (6) Running expenses—gasoline, oil, repairs, and general maintenance. (*Continued on page 141*)

By
R. Byron MacFadyen

Broiled Steak with Sauce de Luxe is one man-cook's specialty

Photographs by H. I. Williams

When A *Man Goes Culinary*

YOU may be tempted to smile when a man says, "Sure I can cook." And you may want to laugh outright when you see him perform. But as Aesop's fox might have put it, "Eat before you laugh." Men cooks, be they ever so limited in the art and unorthodox in their procedure, can often set a standard for a dish that can't be "laughed off."

Aside from male chefs, men who cook are usually divided into three classes.

There is the man who can prepare one dish and is so jealous of his ability that he would leave his office early to prepare it. We have in mind a man who never goes into the kitchen except to get to his garage, yet if there is a steak to be broiled, he considers it his religious duty to take complete charge from the lighting of the oven until he places the steak on the platter. Another man is visibly unhappy if he is deprived of the chance to hash-brown the potatoes. He feels that he alone possesses the secret, and to impart it to another would be forever unfair to himself.

As a rule these lone star cooks never fail to do an unusual job. Like the football player who can only drop-kick, they patiently sit on the bench until the moment comes to do their stuff, and when they have performed, they happily trot off the field to their blankets of obscurity.

Then there is the man cook who knows one meal and how to prepare it from start to finish. We recall a dignified gentleman who in his early married life, when there was sickness in the family assumed the job of getting breakfast. He developed a famous recipe for griddle cakes—made them out of cold oatmeal cereal. Even after his family was grown, he clung to his breakfast-getting rights. And like the man who emptied the drip-pan under the refrigerator the first day after the honeymoon, his wife let him have the privilege forever.

The third class of men cooks is a little more versatile. They consider cooking a hobby. And in order to keep in practise they generally take charge at those times when the maid has her day off, or on a picnic, house party, or camping trip. These men may knock the week's budget for a row of red-ink figures, but what they serve is undeniably fine. And how they brag, or point out as they eat that if every cook paid a little attention to the niceties in cooking, the whole family would be happier!

Of course, the wise woman sits back while her man is developing his sense of power in the kitchen. Inwardly she may smile at his rules for accuracy. Some of them are weird, for if a man finds that walking around a kitchen twice while eggs are frying is a better timing device than a clock, he'll continue to do it even though he gets a stop-watch for Christmas.

Lack of economy must also be overlooked by the wives of husband-cooks. Three-inch steaks, half-pounds of butter, and out-of-season vegetables must be enjoyed without thought of cost. Tomorrow she can build something out of the wreckage and defend herself or the cook between mouthfuls of Valley Forge fare.

However, let's see what men can cook. We have a few recipes which they have created or perfected, and they are surely worth trying.

Although constructed on orthodox patterns, they have a note of originality that can not be passed aside. What's more, they appeal not only to men, but to women as well.

The Sauce Makes This Baked Ham

The first recipe is for baked ham. Carefully wash a ten- to twelve-pound ham and plunge into a big kettle of boiling

water. The ham must be completely under. Then toss in one tablespoonful of whole cloves, a stick of cinnamon, three cloves of garlic, one cupful of vinegar, and one cupful of sugar. Let it remain in the kettle over a very low heat for three hours and a quarter.

Don't ever let the water boil. Stifle every boiling bubble that appears. The old adage holds true—"a watched pot never boils." Of course, women scoff at such precision, but the man who does it this way proves it is worth while. The ham meat is juicy and does not appear in a dry, shreddy state. After turning the heat off, let the ham remain in the hot liquor for at least four hours. Take from water, remove the top skin, trim, and then pat in the following blended mixture—one cupful brown sugar and one tablespoonful dry mustard. Whole cloves may be dotted on the fat for appearance's sake. Put in a baking pan, add one-quarter cupful of vinegar, three-fourths cupful of water, and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for an hour. Don't baste until the ham is browned.

Fifteen minutes before the ham is taken from the oven, make the following sauce: In a small saucepan mix one teaspoonful of dry mustard, and one-quarter teaspoonful each of powdered cloves and cinnamon, with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Then add a small glass of apple or crabapple jelly. Heat all this over a slow fire until the jelly is melted. Add more vinegar if you want the sauce sharper. Then put your ham on the platter and pour this hot sirup over the ham. Carve the ham straight to the bone like lamb, and over each slice put a spoonful of the sauce. You will like it, and when the ham is served later cold, you will find a delicious film of this tart jelly mixture over the entire surface of it.

And Here's a Steak Glorified by Another Sauce

So much for baked ham. Now for a recipe for sirloin steak and a sauce de luxe.

Rub a thick steak with garlic. Then broil according to the rules. Don't salt. When the steak is done, put on a hot platter, salt it lightly, and then mix the following sauce:

Put one-quarter or third of a pound of butter or margarine (shudder at the calories this means but go ahead) in one side of a small saucepan. In the other side blend one tablespoonful each of catsup and Worcestershire or similar sauce. Add one teaspoonful of paprika. Mix in half a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Then add two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, or lemon juice. Place pan over a low heat and stir the butter around in the condiments until it is melted, and the sauce is smooth and rich. Don't overheat or it will curdle. When done, pour over the steak. After carving, mix the meat juices with the sauce—and give each serving a spoonful. You'll forget all about the twenty cents' worth of butter when you taste that sauce.

Don't Veto Kidney Stew Until You Try This!

If the cost of the above two dishes is simply out of line with your ideas, here's a kidney stew that will serve four generously for less than fifty cents. And when you taste it, you'll marvel where the "strong" taste went. We don't know where it went either, for the recipe does not seem to be mysterious. But here are the rules:

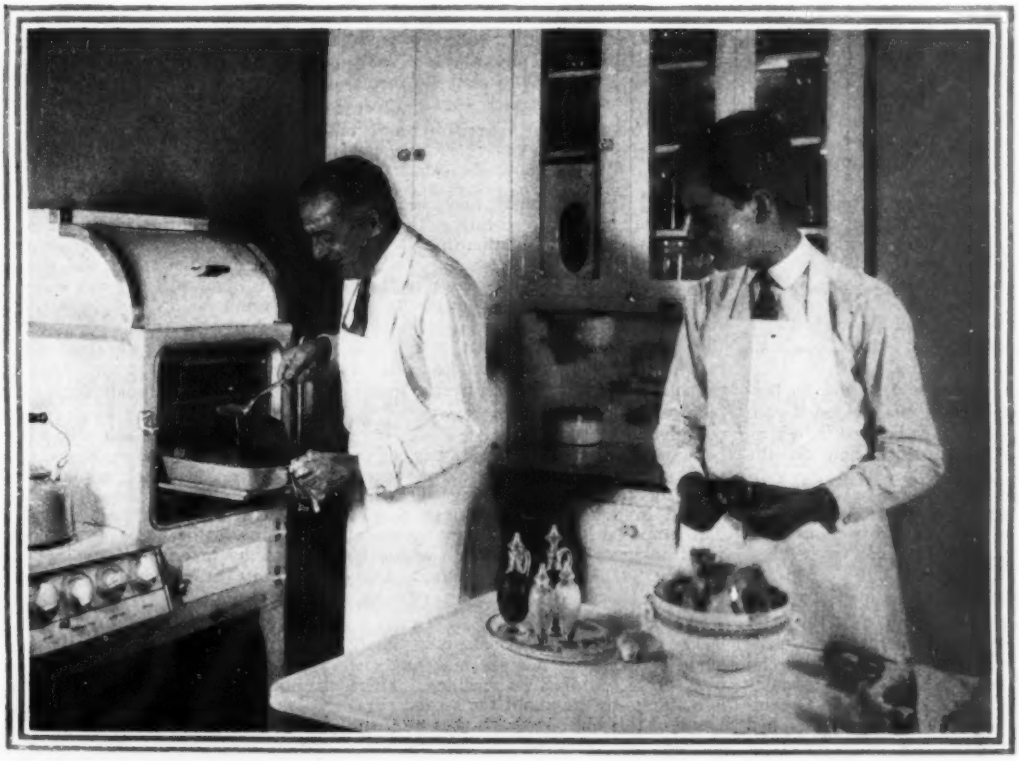
Get a nice, plump, red, beef kidney.

Men cooks, no matter how limited in the art, can often set an enviable standard for their dishes

With a sharp knife, cut like a loaf of bread in slices one-quarter of an inch thick. Then cut all the meat from the gristle and fat in pieces about the size of shelled peanuts. Cover with cold water, press the cut meat so as to squeeze out the blood, and drain. Cover with cold water again and repeat the gentle squeezing and washing process. Then let soak for two hours in cold water. Fill a deep saucepan with three pints of unsalted water, bring to a boil, and turn in the previously drained kidney. Let it simmer gently for one hour and a half, or until the kidney is tender, and there is just about one inch of liquor over the kidney, or three cupfuls. Set aside and cool. Meanwhile mix four tablespoonfuls of flour with enough of the cooled liquor to make a thin paste. Put kidney over a slow fire and add the flour mixture gradually, until the stew is thick enough to serve nicely. Add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika, and three tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine. During all this process hard-cook an egg, mince coarsely with a fork, and put that in the stew. There's nothing left to do but serve the kidney stew on toast, or by itself, or with hash-browned or French friend potatoes. A grand dish for Sunday-morning breakfast or supper the same night. If you wish, you can stew the kidney the day before and do the thickening and seasoning just before serving. As a matter of fact, the results are better this way. Notice that it is not necessary in this recipe to parboil and change the water.

Savory Lamb Chops

Getting back to the broiling oven again, here's a recipe for thick lamb chops with a flavor you seldom (*Continued on page 164*)



The Corn-Sugar Bill

Is Up Again and It

Should Be Put Down

Says

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley

IT IS with regret that GOOD HOUSEKEEPING announces that on January 1, 1930, Dr. Wiley becomes Director Emeritus of the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health. His association with this magazine has been a long and honorable one, and it is only the heavy weight of the years he bears that caused him to ask to be relieved of the daily tasks that he has so efficiently performed since coming with us in 1912. At that time the Bureau was created by and for him, and he promptly made of it a battle-ground for the continuance of his campaign for pure food—a fight in which he is still interested. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and its readers will lose nothing by his retirement, for his wisdom and his counsel will still be at our disposal. He remains—and will remain as long as he lives—a member of our staff. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S position in the field of activities compassed by the Bureau will remain paramount, as the duties Dr. Wiley is relinquishing will be assumed by Dr. Walter H. Eddy, who has so ably assisted him for more than a year. With pride for the association we have had with Dr. Wiley, and with gratitude for his splendid loyalty, we wish him Godspeed on down the years

ONE would have supposed that, with farm relief being the chief purpose of the extra session of Congress, and with tariff revision as its secondary duty, the old enemy of the food law, which GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has now for four years been the chief instrument in defeating, would not have been revived. Nevertheless, another attempt has been made to mutilate the food law in the interest of so-called "corn-sugar." Two bills exactly alike in verbiage have been introduced in Congress: H. R. 2154 into the House, and S. 685 in the Senate. These measures have thrown off all disguise of representing farm relief, or any other relief, and have openly attacked the very fundamental principle of the food law. These bills provide that dextrose, a sugar derived from corn, and levulose, a sugar derived from the Jerusalem artichoke, shall not be deemed misbranded if sold and offered for sale in sealed packages bearing an appropriate, accurate, and conspicuous declaration of the origin of the sugar on the label.

It does not require any additional legislation to legalize the sale of these sugars when properly branded, so this part of the bill is a mere gesture calculated to deceive the unwary. Moreover, no commercial levulose is on the market at the present time, there never has been any, and it is not likely that there will be any for many years to come. Having thus provided a smoke screen, the real purpose of the bill is disclosed in the closing paragraph, which reads as follows:

"Nor shall any manufactured or prepared food be deemed misbranded if such dextrose and or levulose be used therein as ingredients without declaration on the label of their presence."

This throws open the whole body of our sweet-food supply to adulteration with dextrose, as without any restriction whatever, there is no danger of any levulose being used.

As I write—November 4th—Congress is in such a hopeless muddle over the tariff that it does not seem likely that these measures will be acted upon during the special session. But they will be on the calendar when the regular session opens in December, and must therefore be watched throughout the winter. They will be watched. There is a highly organized body of Senators and Representatives that will fight this species of adulteration to the last ditch.

It seems incredible that any body of legislators could approve of exposing the consumers of this country to fraud while the original substance with which the fraud is perpetrated is required to be properly labeled when sold by the manufacturer. This present effort protects the manufacturer who buys dextrose from being cheated or defrauded, but opens up to fraud and deceit when resold the whole body of products containing sugar intended to nourish the American people. The proposed legislation deserves a medal for frankness. There is no camouflage about it. It is a plain, complete, and undisguised attempt to defraud every housewife in the United States.

The purpose of this measure is so plainly evident that I do not see how any one could have mistaken its meaning. There is nothing obscure about the second paragraph of this bill. It shows that after the dextrose has been sold by the manufacturer, the man who buys it can do anything he p'eases with it, even perhaps resell it in its unaltered state without declaring its nature. Especially if he uses it in a sugar product, it is explicitly declared that he can do so without making any statement as to its presence. In other words, it can be used in the manufacture of jams, jellies, preserves, ice-cream, cakes, candy, and all sweets and confections of every description, and no notice of its presence is required to be given. There is in the mind of some a doubt as to whether or not the bill as drawn would require a relabeling in case the dextrose was sold unchanged—as, for instance, when purchased in bulk for retailing—but I do not consider that the ordinary retailer will be influenced in his sales in this way. It is only the original maker and distributor of dextrose who are required to label the product properly. No restrictions are laid down for the retailer, who, assuming the benefit of the doubt, may, and will, do as he pleases.

It does not seem wise to me to discuss the possibilities of protecting the consumer under the provisions of a bill such as that which is now pending. I see no merit whatever in permitting a bill of this kind to be passed because the question of health is not involved. (In point of fact, however, it is my conviction that the question of health is involved.) It was stated before the committees in former hearings that if a bill of this kind were enacted, dextrose would be the cheapest sugar that could be made and would drive entirely out of the markets all other kinds of sugars, particularly all kinds of sugars in which sucrose is the sole sugar involved, as is the case with maple sugar, cane, and beet sugar. In other words, great agricultural industries would be seriously crippled if not destroyed.

This would be a matter of serious concern to the American people, for our cane and beet sugar industries have reached major proportions. To me, however, the most serious aspect of the bill lies in the fact that, if it becomes a law, the case against any kind of food adulteration will be impaired, and the most beneficent provision of the Pure Food Law will become practically a dead letter.

(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 104*)

Health and Beauty

Negligée from Saks-Fifth Avenue — Gábor Eder, Photographer

Ruth Murrin will be glad to answer your questions about your beauty problems if you will send her a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter

Have You Nice Hands?

By Ruth Murrin

IT IS queer that we take hands for granted the way we do, when we consider how they have gone into poetry and proverb, and how in simple metaphor they symbolize some of the most solemn and beautiful things in life. A pledge of honor, a promise of marriage, succor in trouble, the clasp of friendship—these things the giving of hands has come to mean to us. But of the sheer beauty and fascination of hands we have much to learn. There are almost as many types as there are kinds of faces—hands exotic and gardenia pale, hands as brown as autumn; some that are strong and capable, others that are small and trusting—and all of them have a charm of their own.

Hands don't need to be small and white and slenderly tipped in order to be beautiful, but they do need to be smooth, and clean, and fastidiously manicured. Even idle hands need care, and busy hands not only need but deserve consideration. The trouble with so many wifely hands is that they are in hot water most of the time. It may be our Puritan ancestry or something—I don't know—but most of us seem to be driven by conscience into using hot water for every possible task, when as a matter of fact, mildly warm water with plenty of good soap will do the task just as well. For those few occasions when hot water must be used, there are ways of keeping it at a distance from the hands, which every woman should take advantage of, for hot water takes out the oil that keeps the skin smooth and soft, and encourages swollen veins. Then we live in such a hurry that we are always giving our hands a hasty wipe, and rushing off with a damp skin that promptly becomes chapped. Strong, harshly alkaline soaps also dry out the oil, roughen the skin, and make the cuticle brittle. It is a good idea always to find out how mild a soap you can use for any given purpose, and never use a stronger one. The liquid soaps that are found on trains, in public buildings, and in office washrooms are hard on the hands, and a wise woman always has a cake of her favorite toilet soap in her travel case or office beauty box. Avoiding hot water, being careful to dry the hands thoroughly, and using only gentle soaps will do much to keep hands smooth, but almost every woman will find that she needs a good lotion or cream to rub in after taking the hands out of water and on retiring at night.

Women complain constantly of brittle, jagged cuticle, and usually I find that they neglect the simple and easy precaution of pushing back the cuticle with a towel when they are drying their hands. This should never be done when the cuticle is dry, because it is apt to break. There are special cuticle oils, too, for use at night, and of course cuticle remover for the manicure. Cuticle remover is useful to remove all sorts of stains from the hands, and while the housewife usually keeps a cut lemon handy for this purpose, college girls and business women keep a bottle of remover in both desk and dressing table.

Liquid polish is again coming out in startling colors, but conservative women prefer a light pink polish. Blood-red nails may decorate pale, exquisite hands—especially if they harmonize with the color of the costume—but they decidedly emphasize any faults of shape or texture in the average hands, and they are out of place with sports costumes or our workaday clothes. Smooth and beautifully manicured hands, with faintly pink nails, the tips of which are scrupulously clean, are lovely enough without exotic decoration. You can get perfumed polish, if you don't like the smell of banana oil. When you use the new polishes, and the oils and cleansers for the cuticle and nail, please follow the directions! If you use them incorrectly, you can not expect flattering results.

Hands that are freckled or marred by brown spots should be kept gloved when outdoors, and should be bleached at least twice a week. If the spots are stubborn, try to make them inconspicuous by make-up. Use a hand cream, and over this a rather dark liquid face powder on the backs of the hands only. The cushions of palms and fingers may be lightly rouged if they are unbecomingly pale. There is almost no hand problem which can not be met in some way, if you have the patience!

Turn to page 206 for information about the new "Powder-Puff"—the monthly good-looks letter

Bad Boy

(*Continued from page 59*)

she turn around easily or quickly, once she got going.

When Bad Boy got big enough to walk around, he had a hard time of it. He looked like a little pig that was nearly all head.

One day Trouble decided that her son was big enough to see the world, so she told him to come along with her. They started out, Trouble in the lead and Bad Boy trailing behind. It wasn't long until they were out of the high grass and into a smooth trail, which ran through a country covered with a tangle of grass, shrubs, and vines. The trail itself was clear, because Trouble, her relatives, and her ancestors had been traveling over it for many centuries.

It was dark when mother and son started down the jungle trail, and soon Bad Boy got tired and lagged behind. Trouble, who was not a gentle mother, came back to him and told him in a mean tone of voice that he must keep up with her. He was frightened and tried his best to go as fast as she did. However, he fell behind again, and then his mother came back and punched him with her sharp horn. She did this several times when he lagged.

Finally they reached a place where there was a large, muddy pool of water where many other animals were drinking. Three of them were rhinos and looked a great deal like Trouble. All the other animals kept away from the rhinos, but Trouble walked right in among them. She found a muddy place and sank into it up to her shoulders. She rolled back and forth and splashed mud all over Bad Boy. She drank a great deal of water and wallowed about as if she were taking a bath.

BAD BOY ventured in a little way. It was all so strange to him, and he was timid. When his little legs first sank into the soft, cool ooze it was pleasant. He wriggled about a little and rolled over. He also drank some water, but it was muddy and not nearly so good as the milk mother gave him, so he quit drinking it.

Bad Boy just stayed where he was, resting from his weary journey and enjoying the pleasant sensation of the cool mud. It seemed a very long time to him before his mother got through bathing, but she finally did and walked out on the bank. Bad Boy followed.

Trouble turned over a bush with her big horn and ate the roots. Then she turned over a small tree and ate its roots. That horn on her nose was certainly big and strong.

Another rhino bumped against her. There was a fight. Trouble stabbed the other rhino with her horn, then both started after each other with their sharp, spear-like horns. It was a terrific fight, punctuated with the squeals and ominous grunts of the two huge beasts as they plunged upon each other. The earth trembled, as they leaped about and their heavy bodies crashed against each other. This continued until both the rhinos were exhausted and bleeding, when they were forced to stop from lack of energy to go on.

Trouble called to Bad Boy and told him to follow her, and they walked again for many miles. Then Trouble dropped under a tree and went to sleep. Bad Boy had his breakfast and rested. Trouble slept most of the day. At times she would wake up and eat leaves from near-by trees, but she couldn't stay awake long.

As it began to grow dark, Trouble became wide awake and again told Bad Boy to come along. They trudged down to the water hole where mother had another fight. The same thing happened almost every night after that. Mother seemed to have the meanest disposition.

Bad Boy became accustomed to this nightly travel to the water hole. He began to look around and observe things. One night he walked over to a rhino about his own size and playfully prodded it with the bump on his nose that would some day be his horn. It was a girl rhino, and she bit his ear in return for his playfulness. The bad jungle babies stood back and glared at each other. Then they decided to be friends. Just about this time Trouble and the rhino girl's mother started for each other and there was another fight.

Bad Boy and his new friend decided not to pay any attention to their mothers. They were too familiar with this fighting. Instead, the two walked up a trail and hid behind some rocks, looking for adventure.

A hyena came along, and the two of them charged out after it. The hyena cried out in terror and ran away. Bad Boy and the rhino girl thought this was a fine joke and chased it.

FROM that time on, Bad Boy became just as mean and ugly-tempered as his mother. Whenever they would come near another animal, he would urge her to go after it, and charge right along with her. At times he would pretend that some tree or bush was an animal, and rush up and butt it with his head.

Bad Boy hated every other living animal. Sometimes he even hated his mother, Trouble. But she gave him plenty of milk and slept nearly all day and didn't bother him. At night he would keep away from her when she was feeling ill-tempered.

When Trouble would be sleeping in the daytime, a little tick bird would light upon her and peck away at her tough skin. Bad Boy didn't like this very well and wanted to catch that little bird and kill it. But strange to say, mother didn't seem to mind the little bird.

One day, when Bad Boy was getting to feel quite grown up, one of the little tick birds hopped upon him. It ran down his back and caught and ate some insects that were boring into his skin and stinging him. From that time on, Bad Boy realized why his mother had not bothered the little bird hopping about on her. It became the nearest thing to a friend he had in all his life.

The first time I saw Bad Boy, he was dozing under a tree beside his mother, who appeared to be sound asleep. I had no desire whatsoever to meet either of them.

That morning Martin had announced that he was going out to take some pictures of rhinos and had asked me to come along. I couldn't say no, but I must confess that I was truly scared to meet a rhino. I had heard so many stories of how dangerous and mean these animals were.

We came upon Bad Boy and his mother, apparently fast asleep. Martin moved his motion picture camera quietly and carefully, until he got it close to them. Then he began to turn the crank and take pictures. Bad Boy woke up and got on his feet, and Trouble also showed signs of awakening.

"They look so tame, dear," Martin said, "why don't you try to take a picture of them with your still camera?"

They didn't look so tame to me, but I opened my camera and focused it upon them. Just about that time I noticed Bad Boy wiggle his little nose and nudge his mother, and I knew by his horrid expression that he had told Trouble to charge at us, and she did.

We were standing beside a little tree not big enough to climb or to hide behind. Suddenly the mother rhino jumped to her feet. Martin kept turning the crank of his movie camera. Trouble and Bad Boy ran straight toward us. Martin told me to shoot in the ground in front of them, thinking this would frighten them and they would turn away and run off, so I would not have to hurt them.

But they kept straight on their course toward us. Then Martin seized his gun and fired bullets in front of them so rapidly that they did become thoroughly alarmed and ran into the tree beside us and knocked it down. Both of them fell down, too, but picked themselves up as quickly as they were able and ran off.

On the way back to camp Martin inquired if I had taken a picture. I told him I had, but when he developed the plate that was in my camera, there was nothing on it. I had been so scared when the rhinos came after us that I had pointed the camera straight up at the sky and opened the shutter.

It was the dry season in Africa. The blazing sun just seemed to loaf along in the sky, pouring its torrid waves upon the panting earth. This hot weather made it necessary for Trouble and Bad Boy to travel to the water hole during the day as well as at night. One morning Martin and I were at the water hole with our camera when along came Bad Boy and Trouble.

Trouble grunted and squealed. She made a bluff as if to charge us several times, but she must have remembered the shooting as she did not come near. Martin and I finally left them to drink in peace.

The next day we were at the same place when the two rhinos came down to drink again. Trouble was terribly angry when she saw us, and stood and glared. Her ears quivered. Then she decided to put an end to this interference. She charged toward us, and I began to scream. A woman's scream was something new to her and didn't sound encouraging. She veered away from us and changed her mind about charging.

From that time on, Bad Boy and Trouble had it in for me. They chased me every time they saw me, and made me climb up horrid old thorn trees to get away from them.

One day I went out with one of the black boys who carried my guns when I went into the forest. I wanted to shoot some partridge for supper. We came upon some birds beside a big bush. I took the shot gun from the black boy and started toward them. Suddenly, from behind the bush, walked Bad Boy and Trouble. They started for me immediately.

Now, rhinos would not feel shot fired from a shot-gun any more than you would feel hail striking your face during a storm. There was only one thing to do—so I ran. The black boy followed suit. The first tree we came to was too large for us to climb. We ran to another, but were not able to get up into it. All this time, those bad rhinos were gathering speed Old Trouble's nose was down, and her horns were sticking straight out. She looked like a freight car with legs instead of wheels.

THE black boy and I finally found a tree with limbs that we could reach. I don't remember how we climbed into it, but we did. Trouble and Bad Boy came thundering by the tree and just kept on going. My heart was beating so fast, and I was breathing so hard, that I could not move. I got over the fright in a little while, but I never ventured out after birds again without taking my powerful rifle along.

It seems as though these rhinos, when they see anything in their way, have a desire to run right through it. One night a rhino ran through the tent in which our black boys were sleeping. He carried it away with him, but luckily no one was hurt. The next morning I asked my little personal black boy where he was when the rhino came through the camp, and he said,

"I went up a tree, memsab."

I said, "Oh,—Alla, why did you go up a tree?"

"Because, memsab, you see I am my mother's only boy."

When we reached the garden we saw our poor melons. They were mashed flatter than five pancakes. Trouble and Bad Boy had been there the night before and had rolled on them.

Martin was so disappointed and angry at the time that he threatened to kill every rhino he saw after that. But he did not carry out his threat.

I think the spoiling of our watermelons was about the meanest trick any animal ever played on us. Do you blame me for wanting to have all of the Bad Boys of the jungle spanked?

We predict for 1930

January

Many thousand women will be delighted by the summery sweet-smelling freshness Fels-Naptha gives even to clothes that are winter-dried.

February

Many a once-grouchy husband will smilingly admit that, aided by Fels-Naptha, his wife has practically a dry-cleaner's knack for removing spots.

March

A great many hands will have come through the worst of the winter with their softness and smoothness intact—because Fels-Naptha suds are gentle.

April

Housecleaning housewives will exclaim over the way Fels-Naptha freshens painted woodwork and makes window-panes glitter.

May

A lot of women are going to be even more enthusiastic about their washing machines after they've tried them with Fels-Naptha.

June

Wedding linens will be much admired—and the best housekeeper she knows will tell the bride to wash them with Fels-Naptha.

July

There will be quite a little front porch talk of Fels-Naptha's ability to keep summer dresses looking their best.

August

In many bathrooms, fixtures and tiling will shine brighter—and stay shining!—thanks to the discovery of this added use for Fels-Naptha.

September

School clothes will once more swell the hampers—but that won't worry the mothers who use Fels-Naptha.

October

More women who believe in boiling clothes will thankfully discover that Fels-Naptha gives the same *extra* help in the wash boiler that it gives in water of any temperature.

November

In every town, certain lucky babies will crow contentedly in clothes that Fels-Naptha has gotten clean clear through with less work on their mothers' part.

December

Women who have used it during the year will agree in saying, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

THIS prediction isn't guesswork. Each year more and more Fels-Naptha is sold . . . which means that each year thousands of women are discovering Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. It's the *extra* help of two active cleaners working together; not "just soap" but good golden soap hand-in-hand with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Let this be the year—and let today be the day (provided of course it's not New Year's Day)—that *you* discover it. Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer and learn the comfort of having *extra* help with every soap and water task.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Thousands of women have regularly chipped Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, using just an ordinary kitchen knife. Some now find it easier to use the Fels-Naptha Chipper to get fresh golden chips containing plenty of naptha, made just as you need them. The Chipper—a simple, handy little device—will be sent you postpaid on request. Just mail the coupon!

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Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

. . . extra help for millions of women

In using advertisements see page 6

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—better success in later life

CHILDREN get better marks in school when they have Compton's in their homes, they assume greater leadership amongst their playmates, and they prepare for greater success later on in life.

This is perfectly natural, for Compton's is the first encyclopedia that has ever been written and pictured for children. No wonder their grades go up when they have their own private source of information, so interestingly written and pictured in terms of their own understanding. No wonder they assume greater leadership. Why shouldn't they? *When you know more, you begin to do more and to amount to more.*

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Trading & Investment

By Ruth Boyle

ONE of our readers complained recently that, according to the ratings we had sent him, he had no good stocks. He had a list of lively speculative favorites which he had heard recommended frequently as good for a rise of this or that number of points. His broker encouraged him, and he could not understand why we insisted upon rating the best of his stocks as no more than fair.

The explanation is that he was looking at his securities from a *trader's* angle, and we were rating them from an *investor's* point of view. A trader buys solely in the expectation that in the next few days a stock will rise a few points so that he can make a profit on a quick sale. In making his purchases he is chiefly influenced by tips and by gossip about the maneuvers of pools.

An investor has a very different end in mind. He buys for income and for enhancement in value over a comparatively long period of time. When he chooses a stock, he puts it to certain tests. He learns its probable investment strength—that is, whether it is a high-grade security or a "businessman's risk." He asks himself:

"Does it give a fair yield on the price I must pay for it? Has it a long, uninterrupted dividend record? Have earnings in recent years been strong and growing, and what will they probably amount to in the current year? What is the situation of the industry as a whole?"

When he comes to a decision, he buys his stocks outright. He avoids staking his all on one particular issue, and spreads his funds among various industries and various types of securities. Incidentally, he does not carry diversification to a foolish extreme. There is such a thing as having so many different securities that one can not possibly watch the fortunes of them all.

The speculator who buys for the moment with his eye on a few points profit in a brief time pays little attention to the relation of price to earnings. The investor must constantly keep this ratio in mind. The traditional opinion is that ten or twelve times earnings is a conservative basis on which to buy common stock.

The tests and standards which the thoughtful investor uses in buying should also be observed in selling. A conservative investment policy works both ways. There is a time to buy and a time to sell. The strongest companies sometimes meet reverses, and their earnings begin a steady downward trend. The prudent course, when this happens, naturally is to sell. The man who holds on to such a stock to the bitter end, when dividends are passed and bond interest is defaulted, is foolish. Equally foolish is the investor who gets panicky at sudden breaks in the market and sells out even his strong holdings simply because every one else is doing it.

During the stock market crash in October, it was said that thousands of shares which were owned outright were poured into the whirlpool at a sacrifice by panicky owners. Many of those who sold could not help themselves. They had gone into debt over their power to pay, and they were sold out against their will. But there was no reason why people who had certificates of gilt-edged stocks put away in their own safety deposit boxes should have followed the crowd. Even if the avalanche of selling had brought quotations away down, the value of their equity was still there. The business was just as prosperous as ever, and their share in its profits remained just the same. As a matter of fact, the very wisest investors, instead of joining in the hysterical selling of a crash, coolly go to market for bargains. In those few days in October the shares of a great motor company sold for a time at only four times earnings, giving a dividend return of nine percent. A strong railway, of high investment standing, sold at the same ratio to yield over six percent. One of the largest oil companies in the world sold at eight times earnings, yielding six percent, a surprisingly high yield for this stock.

Just when is the time to sell? One of our readers put the question to us in an interesting letter some months ago. She wrote:

"A couple of months ago, when stocks were up, I put to my broker the following question, 'What's the matter with my selling these stocks which have gone up so high, and waiting for a drop to buy in again?'"

Her broker examined her list of stocks—American Telephone, Atchison, New York Central, Union Pacific, Western Union, Pacific Gas and Electric, etc., and he said: "Oh, no! These are wonderful stocks. Keep them and grow with the country."

As it turned out, our correspondent was right in her feeling about the market. Stocks did drop, and if she had sold at the high and bought in again at the low, she would have made $15,000. She felt angry at her broker and at herself for following his "sound, conservative advice." But should she have been?

She is a widow. She can afford to take no chances. She had no assurance that the market would sell off and permit her to buy back her good holdings at a lower price, and it would have been only the most extraordinary *luck* if she had been able to sell at the very top and buy in again at the bottom. Moreover, while she was forced to wait for the turn in the market, she might have been tempted by some less conservative security, and in the end lost money. In a word, if she began to sell out her sound stocks when she felt the quotations were high, in the hope of buying in again, she would cease being an investor, and become a trader with all the attendant risks.

From an investor's point of view, the time to buy is when the best stocks are selling on a conservative basis as judged by earnings and by income return, and the time to sell is when conditions in the industry or in the business itself appear to threaten the earnings.

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether hey are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities

An English Beauty leads the smart young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

BRILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society at balls and dances, famous race meetings, hunting and house parties. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her rose-petal skin is much admired for its delicacy of texture and coloring. She gives it the utmost care. "Here in England," she says, "smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile. "Pond's Method is easy, satisfactory, complete. The Cold Cream cleanses so thoroughly . . . the Tissues remove cream gently . . . the bracing Freshener is just the skin tonic we all need . . . the Vanishing Cream is exquisite!"

FOLLOW these simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent.

Third—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and keeps your contours youthfully firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At Bedtime—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Pond's 4 delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener. ★

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL SIZES

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A
109 Hudson Street • • • New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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In using advertisements see page 6

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE SOONER THE BETTER

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

SIMONIZING hassolvedfor millions of motoriststhe problem of keeping cars always looking new and beautiful.

Simoniz your car . . . that's the way to keep it looking bright and new for years. And, the sooner the better, because Simoniz gives immediate protection to all fine finishes, makes them last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Simonizing makes a wonderful difference in the appearance of any car. It restores the beauty and makes the finish easy to keep clean and bright. Washing is seldom necessary, as a soft cloth wipes dust and dirt from the Simonized finish without scratching.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener —they will save you time and money.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.

ALLERGY

II. Epiderms, Bacteria, and Pollen Sensitization

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

Last month we discussed "allergy," a condition in which a person is apparently sensitive to a substance whether taken into the body through the mouth, or breathed in through the nose, or brought in close enough contact to produce the effect. Sensitiveness to food was our main topic in the last letter.

It is well known that our hardest problems are those which are complicated by a child's reactions to some substance in each of the four classes, foods; animal fur, hair, wool, called epiderms; bacteria; and pollens. In any given case you may have determined that the reaction comes from foods such as milk, eggs, spinach, or wheat and, removing them from the diet, see the symptoms disappear only to find your calculations all upset upon your return from the summer vacation with the baby! An acute asthma attack or fresh eczema spot appears which is traced to contact with the fur on your winter coat, or to the stuffing in the pillows on the living-room couch, or to the neighbor's new kitten! Such a wide variety of causes can be found for the skin rashes, bronchitis attacks, colds, and gastro-intestinal disturbances which we think are caused by this condition.

A new food is now obtainable for your babies who can not take cow's milk either raw, boiled, or powdered; or breast or goat's milk. This food, called "Sobee," has a soy bean base and, mixed with water, substitutes satisfactorily for milk even though used over long periods of time. It should prove a boon for the eczema babies!

An interesting observation made by various doctors is that children are apt to show a dislike for the foods to which they react adversely, i.e. that they show an almost instinctive turning away from what would be good for other children, but to which they are sensitive, before the fact has been demonstrated by the "trial and error" method. Because of this it would be well to study such a case before jumping to the conclusion that a refusal of any special food was just a whim and could be treated by modern psychological methods. This is not always true, however, and some children will docilely take a food again and again only to vomit it later, or have a fever and skin rash, or other allergic symptoms.

It is not determined whether a child knows by instinct which animals will affect it adversely, although the traditional feeling some people have about cats may have some such basis! The allergic reaction may be to cats, horses, rabbit fur, chicken feathers; to cotton or cotton-seed oil, silk, wool, kapok; to dust from the room; or various face or dusting powders; as well as to the grasses, flowers, and pollens. Some instances are reported of similar reactions to heat and cold; or to wood, coal, and tobacco smoke, and occasionally to insects and animal parasites.

Skin testing does not seem to help us in every case of food sensitization, although it is possible that we may be repaid through coming years by more careful study and patience. But with substances other than food, skin testing seems to be an excellent guide, as the response is usually uniform and reliable. In small babies the skin tests are made along the sides of the spine in the back; in older children on the under surfaces of the forearm.

I am emphasizing the sensitiveness to these more unusual substances, because so often the cure hinges on our recognizing them. Of several children recently studied, one little girl gave a position skin test to lamb, oatmeal, spinach, lettuce, string-beans and peas. Yet when all these were removed from her diet, she still had asthmatic attacks until the clothing problem of herself, her mother, and her nurse was investigated, and silk and fur were eliminated.

An older boy had alarming symptoms of abdominal pain and swellings of eyelids, mouth, hands or feet. He reacted to so many foods that we were afraid that his diet would be deficient in enough of the essentials to starve him if we left out all these foods. We then found him sensitive to the bacteria from his nose secretion, and to chicken feathers and wool. When he was kept from contact with these last mentioned things, it was found that he could take small amounts of some of the foods to which he was sensitive without marked symptoms. In this case, leaving out the foods alone would not have cured him.

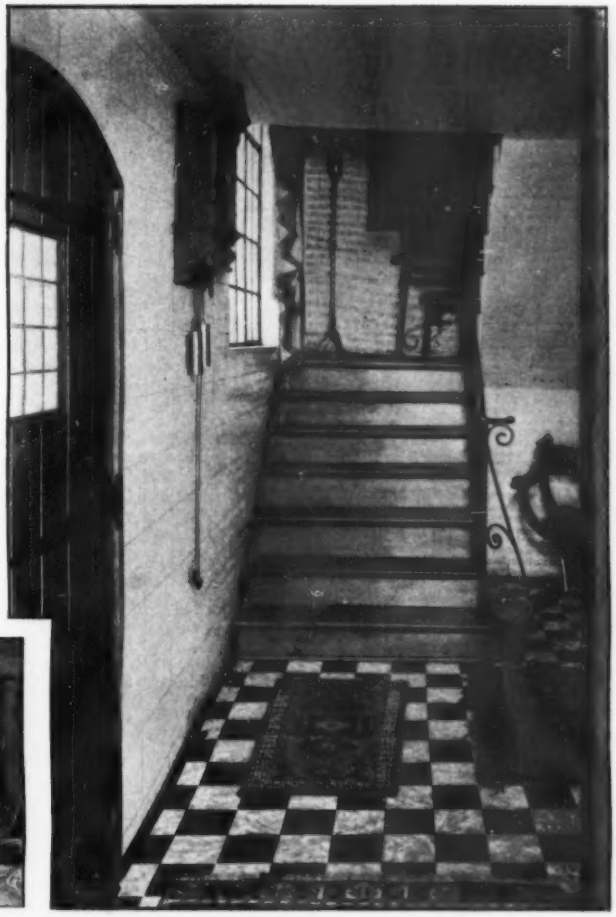
Do not become easily discouraged, or give up trying to find the cause. If you do not find it by the first series of tests, or the first elimination trials, wait until the condition is again established and try again. Having found the cause or causes of these attacks, the cure is in your hands. It is also comforting to know that in some cases this susceptibility changes with time, and that to all intents and purposes a child seems to outgrow its especial type of reaction, so the picture is not so black as it at first seems. The main point is to remember that simple, frequent sneezing, a certain type of repeated nose secretion, bronchitis, asthma, rose colds, hay fever, eczema, hives, vomiting, prostration, and diarrhœa all belong to the same group of condition, with a common basis of sensitiveness on the part of child or adult; and that no amount of salves or medicines will cure as will finding and eliminating the cause.

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

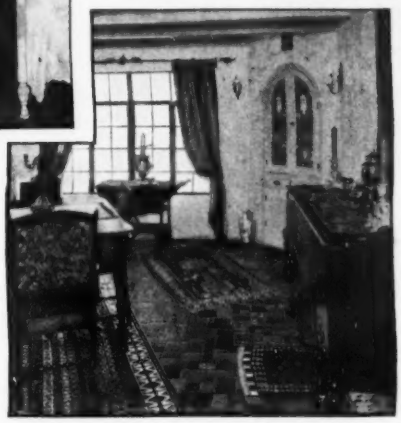
As you step into the entrance hall of this $50,000 Indiana home, you are welcomed by a Handmade Marble Inlaid Armstrong Floor, design No. 83.



"..if I could only *see* them first"

Well, here's how Armstrong Floors look in a $50,000 Indiana home—and an offer of a whole bookful of style-setting interiors

Bedroom in the Grovelski home. The floor is Armstrong's Linoleum in an interesting pebble-stone effect. All the rooms in this Indiana home have appropriate Armstrong Floors.



Left: In keeping with the other fine furnishings of this dining-room is the Armstrong Floor, Embossed effect No. 6060.

HALF decided . . . even though the idea of permanently beautiful Armstrong Floors throughout your home sounds good. You like the thought of the new freedom from floor-cleaning drudgery that the Accolac-Processed surface offers. You certainly approve of the wide choice of patterns and colors—scores of smart designs that fit into every modern decorative need.

Still you wonder, and rightfully so, just how Armstrong Floors will look in your own home. And the best way we know of showing you is by peeps into the homes of other people who have selected Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house.

On this page are a few camera studies taken in a home in Mishawaka, Ind. Each month in Good Housekeeping you have seen others. These particular rooms were planned by Miss Geraldine Grovelski, teacher of ceramic art. More than $50,000 was spent to make this home modern in every respect.

But that doesn't say Armstrong Floors are expensive. In fact, the price range is quite generous; some of the most fashionable effects will fit into a modest "just-married" budget.

Bookful of rooms free—If you'd like to see more room pictures, many in full color, send for "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Its title is more than a promise. Hazel Dell Brown, its author, has filled its pages with helpful advice, ideas that any home decorator might well copy.

Won't you please let us send you this new book, let us show you how modern Armstrong's Linoleum really looks in smart, up-to-date homes? A letter enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing brings it to you promptly. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 925 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN • • INLAID • EMBOSSED • • JASPÉ • • ARABESQ • • *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

Garments that touch a Baby's Skin need Borax

DOES it chafe? Poor baby. Tell mother to put borax in the water when she washes 'didies'—for borax is a mild but effective antiseptic which destroys the ammonia residue that makes diapers chafe. Not diapers only, of course, but all baby's little garments need this complete antiseptic cleansing. And remember—20 Mule Team Borax is a definite deodorant, too!

A Cupful of Daintiness

•

Just pour a cup of BORAX in your morning bath. BORAX softens the water, makes the soap twice as 'sudsy' and dispels the slightest trace of body odor

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 416
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send a free copy of your booklet "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name .....

Address .....

The INSTITUTE *Sends* *A* HAPPY NEW YEAR *Through the January* FORUM

Institute Notes

Do You Broil?

IN recent discussions with range manufacturers and housekeepers, there seems to be an accepted feeling that broiling meats is a method to be shunned. "Women don't use their broilers," we are told. Contrary to this, the Institute thoroughly believes in the frequent use of the broiler in meal preparation, for it simplifies cooking and produces foods of delicious flavor. And those who have discovered, as we have, the fascination of the "mixed grill," use the broiler often for this purpose. Even dishwashing can be reduced, for the washing of the hitherto odious broiler pan is an easy task if it is well cleaned out with paper before it is washed. A handful of soap flakes, plenty of hot water, and a stiff bristle brush will finish the job right under the faucet with no greasy dishpan or dishcloth.

Some, however, have avoided broiling because they have thought of it as a smoky task. Some range manufacturers, however, are designing new broiler pans so as to reduce greatly the smoke and prevent any danger of the fat catching on fire. Housekeepers can hasten this necessary development by asking their dealers about them when buying a new range. There is now on the market a type of broiler which eliminates practically all smoke and spattering, and you can purchase this separately if your own broiler is not satisfactory.

But it is not always necessary to use your broiler pan when broiling foods. If you have a heat-proof glass platter, it will serve two purposes. Foods can be broiled upon it, and it can be brought to the table as a serving dish. A variety of foods—fish, chops, tomatoes, sweet potatoes—can be grilled in this way and are excellent.

"Practical Handbook for Diabetic Patients"

by
Abraham Rudy, M. D.
Published by M. Barrows & Co., Boston, Mass., $2.00

We should like to call the attention of those of our readers who are concerned with the problems of a diabetic diet to the new handbook by Dr. Rudy, the title of which is given above.

Disturbing problems which the diabetic must meet are taken up in a most interesting and unusual way under such chapter headings as "How to Make Variations in the Diet," "Adjustments of Diets to Special Occasions," etc.

The book is also remarkable for the many foreign recipes and recipes which conform to Kosher diet laws and which have been adapted to diabetic diets. The pictures and diagrams are clear, the test is written simply and clearly, and the type is unusually large and readable.

Air Your Clothes Closets

Few of us neglect to air our houses every day, but do we remember to air the clothes closets, too? Most closets get little ventilation and are too often stuffy. Closets in bedrooms air out well if they are left wide open at night when the windows are open, and they can be opened also when the house is aired. Soiled clothes should be put into a hamper away from the other clothes, and should not be hung next to clean garments until they are gathered on wash day.

Readers' Discoveries

To Open Jars

When the tin cans of sealers and bottles stick so tight that you can not unscrew them with the fingers, place a sheet of rough sandpaper over them and grip on that. The sandpaper will give you a "non-skid" hold on the smooth metal, and you can turn the caps quite easily.
Mr. G. E. G., Manitoba, Canada.

Better Popcorn

When popcorn is dry and burns easily, I put a few drops of water in the unpopped kernels and let them stand a few days. The corn then pops more quickly and is of a tender and flaky quality. *Miss M. C., Battle Creek, Mich.*

When Washing Hooked Rugs

Hooked rugs, while beautiful, have a way of getting soiled easily, and while we are told they do not fade, I have had some ruined when I had them cleaned. So I wash my own and find the bathtub the best place because they can lie out flat. I sprinkle mild soap flakes or beads over them, and water which is only lukewarm in temperature. Then I jounce up and down all over the rug with the little hand plunger I keep for my kitchen sink. The suction is strong enough to pull out the dirt, but not the hooked design. I press as much water as possible out of the rug after I have rinsed it several times, and let it lie perfectly flat to dry. *Mrs. R. H. M. Asheville, N. C.*

Emergency Desserts

Whenever there is a little dough left at the end of pie making, I make a few tart shells and put them away in a tin box for an emergency. Recently I have discovered a way of fashioning handles for them which will actually stand up, and thus my emergency tarts are transformed into most attractive desserts.

Cut long strips of dough about one-quarter inch wide and lay them on a pan in V shapes or U shapes. Be sure that the opening between the ends of each strip is decidedly narrower than the diameter of the tart shells. When an emergency arises, it is a simple matter to put a spoonful of jam or fruit in each shell and cover it with a meringue. The handles are then stuck down into the mixture deep enough to stand up straight; the resulting baskets are set into the oven for ten or fifteen minutes to brown the meringue and to heat the tarts and their handles until they seem just fresh-made.
M. H., Springfield, O.

A Hint for Mothers of Small Boys

My two small boys, who wear their trousers buttoned to their underwear, were always tearing out the back buttonhole. Now I remove the three buttons across the back of the underwear and sew on in their places, *with quarter-inch elastic*, the two-holed buttons intended for use with tape. The elastic stretches when the boys bend over, relieving the strain on the buttonhole. *P. R. O., Port Blakely, Wash.*

Note

The Institute can not return discoveries or recipes. Please do not send stamps for this purpose. All discoveries and recipes accepted will be paid for on acceptance, $2 each for discoveries, and $1 each for recipes.

THIS WONDERFUL SOAP

will help you, too, to gain a beautiful skin

■ **THIS IS THE SOAP that has helped millions of women to gain a smooth, soft, beautiful skin.**

Around each cake is a booklet containing the most famous skin treatments in the world . . . Get a cake of Woodbury's today and give *your* skin the benefit of these famous treatments!

If you have a skin that is fine and smooth—use Woodbury's to preserve its youthful texture. If you are troubled with some defect—use Woodbury's to bring your skin back to normal condition. 25 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

EXCESSIVE OILINESS IS A DANGER to your skin, as well as being unattractive in itself, for it leads to blackheads and blemishes. You can correct this condition by using the treatment given on page 3 of the Woodbury booklet. In a week or ten days you will see the beginning of a wonderful improvement.

A FINE, SMOOTH TEXTURE is one of the greatest charms your skin can have. Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep that youthfulness of texture. If the delicate pores of your skin show the least sign of becoming enlarged—begin, tonight, to use the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet.

BLEMISHES, ACNE, can be overcome! The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes will help you to rid your skin of this trouble. Use this treatment every night until the blemishes have disappeared. The regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet will keep the new skin that is constantly forming clear and smooth.

A SKIN SOFT AS VELVET, glowing with life and color, will result from the Woodbury steam treatment, which should be used whenever your skin seems a bit sallow and lifeless. You will find this treatment deliciously stimulating and refreshing.

BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION that your cleansing method is wrong. To clear your skin of this trouble and to keep it smooth and flawlessly clear, use the treatment given on page 7 of the Woodbury booklet.

■ Send for large-size trial set!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
2901 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10¢ — please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name_____

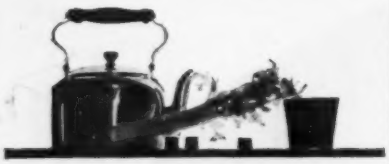
Street_____

City_____ State_____

© 1929, The A. J. Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

"STEERO" SECRETS



How about an APPETIZER?

SOMETHING new to tempt tardy appetites? Something different to make guests eagerly anticipate courses to follow? Nothing better than a modern appetizer, made with magic "STEERO" bouillon cubes. Several to choose from. For example—Appetizer à la Monroe:

1 "STEERO" bouillon cube . . . 1 tbsp. boiling water . . . 1 cream cheese (3 oz.) . . . 1 pimiento chopped . . . 1 stalk celery.

Dissolve cube in boiling water. When cold, mix with cream cheese and chopped pimiento. Wash celery and dry; fill cavities of stalk with the mixture. Serve very cold.

But the appetizer is just a starter. You may, if you like, have a complete "STEERO" dinner. A soup. A sea food. A roast. Then salad. All with a new deliciousness aided by the menu magic of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. You'll find the recipes, 101 of them, in the new cook book, "101 New Dishes." We'll send it to you, and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. Both are free, if you fill in the coupon below.

"101 New Dishes" and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes FREE

Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 30 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.

G. H.-1

American Kitchen Products Co., 281 Water Street, New York, N. Y. *Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.*

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE_____

This offer not good in Canada

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Orange Pulp Unobjectionable

I have been told that only the strained juice of orange should be used, as the pulp is injurious. Is this correct?
Mrs. G. E. S., N.Y.

There are occasions in extreme irritation of the stomach or other parts of the alimentary canal, or in the case of very young children, when the straining of orange juice is advisable. There is absolutely nothing injurious in orange pulp, and as a rule the pulp should be used with the juice. The physician should determine whether or not in any given case the straining of the juice is desirable.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," "Diet in Diabetes," and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire of The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made, if necessary.

Not a True Statement

I have a waterless cooker, but a salesman for Club Aluminum informs me that my cooker cooks food under a certain amount of pressure and that foods cooked under pressure lose from 40 to 50 percent of their food value. Is this so? *Mrs. J. L. G., Fla.*

I can not repress the feeling that the man who is trying to sell you a different kind of cooker from the one you have has indulged in a certain degree of unfounded condemnation. The ordinary pressure cooker, properly used, destroys no food value whatever. If the cooking is done in the presence of oxygen or air, however, any vitamin C, which is the vitamin which protects against scurvy, may be to some extent injured. If the air is driven out of the cooker by boiling a little water therein before the cover is put on, there is little danger to even this vitamin.

Vacuum Bottle Useful

Is it perfectly safe to carry milk in a baby's formula in a vacuum bottle? I have understood that it is not safe to give a baby milk that has been kept for any length of time in a vacuum bottle. *Mrs. M. E. C., Ala.*

It is all right to carry a baby's milk in a vacuum bottle, provided the temperature of the milk is below 40° and facilities for warming it to blood heat before giving it to the baby are available. There is no better protection for a baby's milk than a vacuum bottle when the temperature is low. However, cold milk should never be given to a baby or a young child, but should be warmed to about blood heat before it is used.

Important To Know The Composition of Pewter

Is there any reason why I should not use pewter-covered dishes, platters, etc., in preference to china? Is silver plate or sterling silver preferable? I presume that any and all vegetables could be safely served in a pewter-covered dish. *Mrs. L. C. A., N. Y.*

Unfortunately, the term "pewter" does not convey any definite idea as to its constituents. Pewter is made of different alloys having tin as their principal constituent. The finest pewter consists of tin hardened with a little copper. The inferior sort contains much lead, which would be highly undesirable for use. I could not recommend such pewter as a fit vessel for serving foods. Pewter hardened with copper, and kept clean, can be used with safety. I think silver plate or sterling is preferable to pewter made with lead.

I Doubt The Ability To Cure The Habit of Chewing Tobacco

My husband has the habit of chewing tobacco. I want him to stop so badly. I saw in a magazine an advertisement to cure the habit, wanting to send free trial, and saying if not cured, no pay. If cured, $1.50. What do you think about the idea of my trying it?
Mrs. M. W., Indiana

I have little faith in the advertised cures for alcohol and tobacco habits. Dr. Kress, a celebrated opponent of the use of tobacco, has intimated that spraying the mouth and throat with a weak solution of nitrate of silver may have some effect in curing the habit. Nitrate of silver, however, is a poisonous preparation and should never be applied by a layman. The proposition in the advertisement you mention is a fair one—more so than is usually the case. In most remedies of this kind you are required to pay in advance, and the return of the fee is offered if you are not satisfied. However, I should not advise trying this unless you know the character of the preparation. Your husband might do great harm to his mouth and throat. Tell your husband the best way to cure the habit is to throw away his chewing tobacco and not buy any more.

Claims Generally True

Will you please tell us the truth about the coffees which are advertised as having 97 percent of the caffein removed. A doctor tells me they have been analyzed many times and found to contain 90 percent of the caffein.
A. G. W., Calif.

When the coffees from which the principal parts of the caffein had been removed were offered to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for advertising, I had them carefully analyzed. The percentage of caffein remaining varied slightly with different samples, as might be expected. The general average was that about 95 percent of the caffein had been removed. The matter of percentage has recently been reviewed by the laboratory of the American Medical Association, and it is our understanding that the claims have been substantiated—that 97 percent of the caffein present in the coffee from which the product was made has been removed.

It Does Not

Will you kindly tell me why too low temperature destroys the vitamin value of food? *Mrs. D. A. K., La.*

Low temperature, in my opinion, has no effect whatever upon the vitamin content of food, except to paralyze it during the time the freezing continues. On thawing, the vitamins will be found as active as they were before.

Strength from the Sea when the Sun goes South

On October 21, the sun started off for his winter vacation in the south. From November till May he is but a pale ghost of his summer self, and his health-giving rays, so rich in vitamin-power, reach us for only a short time each day.

But Nature has wisely stored up for us a precious supply of vitamins in the livers of the codfish that swarm off the fishing banks in fall and winter. So bounteous is this supply of vitamins that cod-liver oil is recognized as the greatest natural source of both Vitamins A and D.

Because it is rich in Vitamin A, cod-liver oil helps to promote growth and build up resistance to disease. Physicians very often prescribe cod-liver oil for children at this time of year to help them through the winter — to help keep them free from colds and other illnesses. Grown-ups, also, whose resistance is too low to withstand the exposures of winter, are finding cod-liver oil a sensible thing to take.

Because it contains also Vitamin D, cod-liver oil is a valuable aid in the prevention of rickets. Thousands of happy, growing youngsters have straight, sturdy limbs and sound teeth due to the cod-liver oil which they have taken regularly since babyhood.

When your physician prescribes cod-liver oil for you or for your children, you naturally want a cod-liver oil of the highest purity—and, above all, one that is exceptionally rich in vitamins. In Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil the quantity of vitamins is definitely measured by a series of rigid standardization tests. Each teaspoonful contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 7½ eggs.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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135 fascinating answers to that old refrain "What can I cook today that's different?"—in the new FREE McCormick cook book "Flavor and Spice, and All Things Nice". Of course, these dishes call for Bee Brand Spices (the world's largest selling brand) and Bee Brand Flavoring Extracts . . . (noted for their "highest quality"), all blended the individual Bee Brand way. Perhaps you use Bee Brand Vanilla and Cinnamon in your kitchen now, (no home is complete without them) . . . you'll find that all the Bee Brand products called for in these recipes are of the same rare quality. Everyone relishes the different zest imparted to ordinary dishes by these new Bee Brand Recipes, when perfected by the individual flavor of Bee Brand Spices and Extracts. Sold by leading food stores, everywhere.

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January 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Seven Ages of MANNERS

No. 6. The Newcomer

By Mathilde Van Rensselaer

WHEN a young couple move to a strange town or city, where neither they nor their families have friends, social conventions must be observed, both in the making of acquaintances and friends and in establishing a position for themselves in the community.

Neighbors will call and possibly extend invitations, which may properly be accepted and returned, whether the acquaintance is to progress into friendship or remain only on a pleasantly formal basis. It is wise for the stranger not to become too friendly with the members of any group until she is satisfied that they are the persons whom she and her husband will find congenial.

The wives of the man's business associates will also probably call, and such calls must be promptly returned. But if the husband's position is with a large corporation where no social relations exist among the members of the concern, the young wife must seek other means of making friends. In some communities, strangers who attend a church are spoken to and welcomed by the minister and the leading members of the congregation; in others, no notice is taken of strangers, in which case it would be well for the newcomer to join any of the church societies in which she is interested, and become a regular and diligent worker.

In nearly every town there is a civic center or a forum or club where the residents meet to exchange ideas, to discuss local topics and current events, and the bride and her husband should become members of at least one such organization, so as to make friends, to maintain intellectual activity, and to be ready to do their part in the civic life of the town.

It is well to remember that the best people in any place take plenty of time to look over an outsider before showing any cordiality or proffering an invitation; therefore it behooves the bride to be dignified and reserved as well as charming and gracious, if she wishes to gain admittance to the most worth-while circle.

Another way of making friends is through the medium of sports. The good golfer or tennis player can always find a match; the proficient swimmer attracts attention; and the most crowded country club can generally make room for one or two more, if that one or his wife is a skilled player as well as a good sport.

If the young couple have even one friend in the place where they are to live, they arrive with a social position already begun, for their sponsor will see to it that every one she knows will call and show some hospitality after the tea or other entertainment which she will give to introduce the bride and groom.

After gaining an entrée to society, the young matron must consider establishing her social position, not only for herself and her husband, but for the future of her children. This is best accomplished by giving a series of carefully-planned, amusing parties.

Perhaps the one that draws every one together best is an evening of cards, and to have one table, which may be increased later to two or three, on the same night each week is an agreeable way to start. Good manners at the card table, which include self-control, tolerance, and amiability, are absolutely essential to success in this way—more so even than the ability to play well.

Saturday evening suppers, where a specialty is made of one dish, appeal to young people, and a simple dinner for four, with the movies afterward, would be enjoyed by an older couple who do not play cards.

To give a successful tea is rather uncertain until a newcomer is firmly established, as a large attendance is necessary if the party is to receive favorable comment.

If an older woman asks a new arrival to come and see her, it is correct to go, but not a second time unless the first visit has been returned, or an invitation given. A young hostess does not *invite* older people until they have called upon and invited her, although it is not obligatory to stand on formality in the matter of an invitation with the members of the younger set who have been to see her.

It is tactful to follow the rule, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," and not start innovations or attempt to change social customs that may have been long cherished.

Before giving an entertainment, find out discreetly "who goes with whom" and who is not speaking to whom, and once any such idiosyncracies are discovered, a nice judgment in the matter of mixing guests may be cultivated by observation and thought. For instance, those who think along the same lines, and those who follow the same pursuits, nearly always harmonize socially. One who aspires to be popular and successful should try to earn the reputation of saying pleasant things about people, and of leaving personal remarks, and the discussion of religion and politics, to the narrow confines of the intimate circle.

A hostess introduces all her guests to one another at a small party, but not at a large affair. She refers to her husband as "Alfred" when speaking to a friend; as "my husband," to an acquaintance; and as "Mr. Davis" to employees or on business. A host uses the same form in speaking of or introducing his wife.

If you are invited to dine in a restaurant or a country club, and you do not know what kind of party it is going to be, ask your hostess when accepting what she expects to wear, and thus avoid the possible embarrassment of being inappropriately dressed for the occasion.

In all your social contacts try to be interested in what others are doing, and talk little about your own affairs; cultivate the art of being an intelligent listener, for there is nothing rarer or more generally appreciated.

DO'S

Be polite but not over-polite—Cultivate good diction—Keep the ball of conversation rolling—Talk intelligently, but not too much—Do nothing to make yourself conspicuous in public—Be cheerful and cooperate readily—Try hard to excel at bridge—

For Entertainment Folios: information and prices, see page 206

PENNIES — merely pennies

Electrolux gives you ice for life, perfect food preservation, for only 25 to 70 cents a week

IF YOU'RE doing without automatic refrigeration because you think it's an expensive thing to have, then you don't know about Electrolux.

This newest, latest type of automatic refrigerator is not an expense, not a luxury.

A few pennies a day—25 to 70 cents a week, depending on your gas and water rates, that's all it costs to run. Think what you save. You could afford to take money out of your savings account to buy an Electrolux. But the saving isn't the only advantage.

Electrolux frees you from all trouble and worry about refrigeration. It gives you ice for life, all the pure sparkling cubes you want. It gives you a constant, unvarying low food temperature and opens up a whole new realm of thrilling possibilities in the way of frozen desserts, chilled salads, cooling drinks.

There's never any sound to annoy with this refrigerator. It is permanently and completely silent, for it has no moving parts to make noise.

This same simplicity makes Electrolux last indefinitely. There is no friction, no vibration, no wear.

A tiny, silent, inexpensive gas flame is the "whole works" of Electrolux. It circulates the liquid refrigerant which actually produces the cold. This refrigerant needs no renewal. It is hermetically and permanently sealed inside a rigid one-piece steel unit.

Don't think of buying an automatic refrigerator until you see Electrolux at the showroom of your gas company or other Electrolux dealer. Liberal purchase terms. Prices from $195 to $430 at the factory. For complete illustrated information, address Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

In using advertisements see page 6

Gold Afar

(*Continued from page 50*)

unsupportable misery, the silver table ornaments a blinding mockery. And the sand was strewn with damasks and silks, embroidered tapestries and beakers of gold. Some there were who died, and some returned to Mexico. But the rest toiled onward, panting and sweating, a curse on the lips and lust in the heart —all for the sake of Cibola's treasure.

Don Pedro de Tovar alone of all that mad throng found in the strange, savage land a compelling beauty. It was as if in some other life it had mothered him, as if he had been a part of its mystery. Deep in his soul an excitement was stirring, as if he were returning to a well-loved home. Sometimes he felt as if his outer body had dissolved, leaving in its place a man who was not a De Tovar of Spain—a slim, brown youth with deep black eyes, whose tongue was attuned to an ancient speech.

From his Aztec slaves and from the tribes of desert Indios he had acquired some knowledge of a language that was strange to his mind but familiar to his soul. As if in the deep inner reservoir of his being still lay the hoarded remembrance of that other life.

The Comandante, Don Francisco de Coronado, came to depend upon him more and more for the difficult task of translation. He noted with wonder that the Indios responded quickly to the dark-eyed, gentle-voiced youth. They answered his questions without reticence, telling all they knew of the fabled cities beyond.

That they professed no knowledge of gold or treasure there meant less than nothing to the arrogant Comandante.

"God's breath!" he swore in irritation. "Have we not Frey Marco's word that it is true? That cross, the height and thickness of a man—was it sent to us as a jest, belike? These savages wish to keep the gold for themselves, thinking to turn us back by lies and deceit. But soon we shall meet with the godly friar and the Barbary black, Estavanico. Then we shall be near the end of our quest. Thou wilt soon see, O my skeptic friend, the golden walls of Cibola's cities!"

THEY made camp one night in a wild, hot land made bearable by a river shaded with cottonwood trees. It was the land of the Yumas, naked, powerful, sullen Indios who gave no sign of open hostility, but refused all offers of barter and trade. The weary, sweating, young hidalgos flung themselves down on the sand to sleep. Only the pacing sentries kept vigil—and Don Pedro de Tovar. The stars of the desert were near; they burned in the sky like crystalline lamps. A little breeze from across the distant sand dunes was freighted with cool, intangible odors.

Don Pedro walked by the river bank, his mind soothed and lulled by the desert night's magic. But suddenly he stopped in his aimless pacing, his eyes straining out toward the horizon's rim.

For a weaving, staggering, human figure was blotting out the low-hung stars. He turned, on the alert, to call to a sentry. But the stumbling silhouette disappeared all at once and was only a dark huddle upon the ground. Without speaking, without calling, Don Pedro strode forward. His hand was on his dagger, every sense taut and ready. But when he came to the fallen figure, he drew in his breath with a smothered exclamation. An Indian girl lay there before him with upturned face and dazed, unseeing eyes.

Don Pedro de Tovar knelt down beside her. She was dressed in a manner unknown to him, with a garment of white woven cotton that was caught over one shoulder and left the other arm bare. Her thick, glossy hair was tightly rolled over one ear, coiled into the semblance of a great, black blossom. There were chains of turquoise about her throat, and silver bracelets upon her outflung, brown arms. And above her heart there lay a pendant of silver, wrought into the likeness of a cross.

Even in the semi-darkness he could see her open, fever-parched lips. And his fingers, gently touching her hot, dry face, traced the the crusted line of a deep, festered wound.

She moaned a little as she felt his hand, and shuddered away, still staring glazedly. She was speaking in a language that had become somewhat familiar to Don Pedro de Tovar. Over and over she babbled the words:

"The Black One! The Black One! Fly while yet there is time, oh, my sisters!"

He might have called an Aztec slave to carry the stranger maiden into the Spanish camp, but no thought of such thing came to him. He, the hidalgo of Spain, son of the Chamberlain to the Queen, lifted her gently in his arms and bore her to the river's brink. There, where the swaying of the willow's branches made a weaving pattern of shadows against the luminous brilliance of the sky, and where the river's slumbrous voice mingled with the croaking of the frogs, he laved her face with clear, cool water and poured it between her stiff, parched lips. Presently she ceased to moan. And soon she fell quietly asleep, the fever lifting gradually.

Don Pedro de Tovar sat beside her. Once more his outer self had slipped away. It was as if in some other life he had kept vigil beside a sleeping maiden, while the mystery of the night enfolded them with stars, and soft winds, and faint, wild desert fragrance.

WHEN the first flush of dawn was in the sky, the Indian maiden opened her eyes and saw him. She caught her breath with a little cry, and her slim hands, banded with silver and turquoise, came up against her breast. Don Pedro de Tovar did not know consciously that she was beautiful. He only knew that somewhere, somehow, he and this unknown maiden with the face of a child, and eyes like those of a frightened fawn, had been lovers. That their souls went hand in hand, needing no use of words or explanations. Slowly the startled terror died out of her fascinated gaze. Slowly her hands came down from her breast. Timidly, like one trying to test the reality of a dream, she put a small, exploring finger upon his velvet sleeve. The texture of the cloth pleased her, and suddenly she smiled, without fear. The deepening crimson of the desert dawn tinted the smooth olive of her face till it glowed like an opening flower.

Don Pedro de Tovar smiled, too. Then with infinite care he touched the half-healed wound that marred her forehead.

"How come you by such a hurt," he asked in the dialect of the desert Indios, "and from whom dost thou flee, O stranger maiden?"

Again her eyes widened, this time with surprise. "Thou dost speak the language of my pueblo," she murmured, "yet surely thou art not of my people?"

He shook his head. "My tongue limps badly with thy language," he said apologetically, "yet in time I hope to hear it run trippingly over the words even as does thine own. Tell me thy name, O maiden-who-wanders-in-the-night, and give me the reason for thy flight and thy wound."

"My name—" her slim, brown fingers rested on the silver cross, "is Evening Star. This—" she held it up to him to see, "is the symbol of my name, a sign that is sacred to our people."

Don Pedro lifted it reverently. Wonder was in his voice. "This sign is sacred to my people as well, O Evening Star. Has thou heard naught of the Holy Cross from a man of God who is somewhere in thy land with a black slave, questing for Cibola's treasure?"

The vanished terror suddenly seized her again. With a wild cry she sprang to her feet, but he caught her ere she could escape.

"Nay," he said insistently, "thou hast no cause to fear me. Tell me all that hath transpired. Thy heart knows full well that I will do thee no harm!"

Haltingly at first, and then with more confidence, she told a wild, fantastic tale. A story of a people who builded their homes in the red-gold lands of the desert gods' domain. Of a people who called their pueblos "Shi-wi-na," and whose terraced cities faced the rising sun. A peaceful, agricultural people whose needs were simple and whose riches were few.

Then, from a country that lay to the east, there came two men of an unknown race. One man was white, and one was black, and both had a fair knowledge of the Zuni, or Shi-wi-na tongue.

"That would be Cabeza de Vaca," Don Pedro said musingly, "and the Barbary slave, Estavanico."

The maiden shook her head. "Their names I do not know, for in our tongue we named them only the White One and the Black One. They went away, having been well received by the pueblos and the desert dwellers."

It was years later that the Black One returned. This time a Holy Man was with him. A Holy Man who was reverenced because of the cross he bore, the sign of the evening star which they worshiped.

From tribe to tribe he went, telling of a new God mightier than all others. And the desert people were kind to him, giving him freely of their simple stores. Always the Holy Man asked of the Seven Cities of Cibola. And the pueblo dwellers, thinking of Shi-wi-na, told him there were indeed seven cities that lay farther to the north and the east. So, when at one pueblo he stayed awhile to preach the religion of the strange new God, he sent the Black One on ahead to determine the direction of Shi-wi-na, and the extent of the treasures there.

In this manner Don Pedro de Tovar heard again of the black man, Estavanico. He who had been a Barbary slave now went like a grandiose conqueror. He forgot the mission with which Friar Marcos had entrusted him; he was bloated with power, and a lust for wealth.

From pueblo to pueblo he journeyed, demanding turquoise and women! Feathers in his black, kinky hair, a gold ring in his African nostrils, arrayed in the cast-off garb of some Spanish grandee, thus went Estavanico, the Black One.

AT FIRST the pueblos feared him and gave him what he desired. He marched with a veritable harem of Indian women behind him, carrying woven baskets of blue and silver adornment.

It was in the land of the Zuñis that the Barbary slave saw Evening Star. He saw her as she was carrying water from the stream that watered the corn fields, and his black heart coveted her beauty, though she was the daughter of the governor of the pueblo. Once again he made his arrogant demands, threatening the curse of unknown powers if his desires were thwarted. And finally Evening Star was sent to him, dressed in bridal robes of embroidered white cotton; her hair was coiffed in the maiden way, in imitation of the sacred melon flower. Her neck was hung with chains of silver and turquoise; heavy, silver bracelets were upon her arms. Mournfully, as one departing to the Spirit World, she went to the Black One's house, where he, like a demon out of that nether world, awaited her reluctant coming.

Her words came faltering, her eyes were downcast.

"I had meant to obey my father's will. But when I saw the Black One standing there—a terrible fear came upon me. The touch of his hands drove all thought from my mind. I struck at his evil, grinning face. A knife he flung at me as I ran through the door, but such was my terror that I felt no pain. I know not whither I went—the days and nights have been endless. I have fled, it seems, in a wild,

Gold Afar

red dream, with always the face of the Black One behind me—to warn the women of the pueblos against the horror of his coming."

Don Pedro's face was set and stern. "The insolent black dog shall pay dearly for this," he said grimly. "As for thee, have no fear, O little Evening Star. Thou art in the encampment of Christian gentlemen, and I pledge thee my word of honor that no harm shall come to thee while I live."

"I have no fear of thee," she said softly, "for it is as if thou wert of my own people. If I can serve thee, I shall do it. For thou hast given me kindness and help; thou hast treated me with gentleness."

The boisterous young hidalgos of Coronado's command made rare sport among themselves when Don Pedro de Tovar returned at sunrise with an Indian maiden of flower-like beauty. But their jesting died away when it was known that she was of a tribe that dwelt near Shi-wi-na, which in the Spanish tongue was called Cibola. They crowded as near as decorum would permit while she was questioned by the Comandante. But the bewildered Indian maiden, terrified at the sight of animals unknown to her—the horses, and droves of swine and sheep, the strange clamor of alien tongues, and the glinting of armor and the whole unfamiliar medley, clung speechlessly to Don Pedro's supporting arm and only stared at the bearded leader with wide-stretched, helpless eyes.

"Do you question her alone then," at last said Coronado impatiently, "since she seems to have no tongue or ears, only a pair of great black eyes. Let no one molest the woman under pain of death. For it is certain that she can guide us to our destination."

Don Garcia de Cardenas nudged his friend slyly.

"And tell me in confidence, *amigo mio*, whether she says oftenest 'yes,' or 'no'."

Don Pedro de Tovar fixed him with a black, haughty stare. And Don Garcia fell back, discomfited and perplexed.

Suddenly a great shouting came from the sentries posted on the outskirts of the encampment.

"Frey Marcos! Frey Marcos! He is coming! It can be no other than he!"

On horseback they went dashing forth to meet the emaciated, brown-robed figure that was stumbling toward them like one in a delirious dream. They caught him up and shouted his name, fought with each other to kneel before him and ask his blessing, and a hundred eager hands urged goblets of cool river water upon him.

THE priest's face was thin and haggard; his eyes were blood-shot from the desert's blinding light. And his voice, as he answered the Comandante's affectionate greeting, was the hoarse, strained voice of a man in torment.

"What of the Seven Cities of Cibola?" Coronado's questions poured forth in a torrent. "What of the treasure there, good Frey Marcos? What of thy companions, and Estavanico, the Black One?"

The priest seemed to hear only the last question. "Estavanico—the Black One—"

Suddenly he buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some terrible remembrance. "Estavanico is—*dead*. Torn limb—from limb—and my companions with him—I alone escaped the wrath of the savages—"

"How? What!"

The priest flung back his shaking hands. Don Pedro de Tovar, watching him keenly, knew that he was hiding something in his heart.

"The lust of the cursed black slave caused his downfall," he cried out, "and has made enemies of tribes that would have received us in friendship. Turquoise he desired—and women! Outraging the desert people by the enormity of his demands. When he did not return as I had bade him, I set out to follow him and to see what had befallen. I followed his trail indeed, my son, a trail of hatred, and ruin, and desolation. In pueblos where first they had given me a tender welcome, I was driven forth with stones. I saw weeping women, and hard-eyed men, and once—I found the body of a Hopi maiden, a Barbary knife wound in her breast. To the very portals of the cities of Cibola I followed him, and saw the red-gold terraces rising up from green corn fields against a sky as blue as turquoise. He had entered before me—the cursed strutting black, with his Indian women trailing after him—but here he met at last a well-deserved fate, for they fell upon him and slew him. They swarmed out after us with savage cries. We fled, scattering before their wrath like straws before a desert storm. The others were—killed. I alone escaped and have wandered like a madman, trying to find thee and warn thee."

An excited murmur swelled up into a jubilant volume of sound. The death of the Black One was less than nothing. But to have seen the mystic cities of Cibola, where lay the fabulous wealth that had lured them . . .

"But what of Cibola, good Frey Marcos? What of the gold? The jewels? The treasure?"

Don Pedro de Tovar saw that the priest's face reflected the torture of his soul, as if deep within him a knife blade were gouging and stabbing.

"I—I—did not enter the cities," he said in his hoarse, halting voice. "I only saw them from afar."

Suddenly he stood up, swaying, his wild eyes fixed imploringly on Coronado's face.

"My son—go back! Go back to Mexico! These lands are accursed! There is naught here but heat, and starvation, and death! There is naught here that his Majesty of Spain would desire to be added to his dominions."

Don Francisco de Coronado struck the table before him a mighty blow with clenched fist. "*Go back?*" he echoed with incredulous anger. "Go back now that we are at Cibola's very gates, now that the treasure lies awaiting our outstretched hands? *Thou* dost counsel such a thing, *thou* who didst send us a cross the height of a man to mark the amount of wealth that lay ahead on the golden trail?"

TWICE Frey Marcos tried to speak, but only pitiful, incoherent sounds came from his parched, teeth-bitten lips. He swayed giddily, and Don Pedro de Tovar caught him as he fell.

Coronado's brow relaxed. His voice became kind once more. "The poor man hath suffered much," he said, "it hath slightly unhinged his brain. Take him to thy quarters, Don Pedro, and deal with him gently. When he is recovered—and may it be soon!—he and the Indian girl shall guide us to the longed-for goal of our journey!"

When Friar Marcos opened his eyes, he stared in bewilderment at the black-velvet-clad figure of Don Pedro de Tovar, and at the kneeling Zuni maiden who was laving his temples with water. Then he struggled to a sitting posture, his shrunken, brown hands clasped in supplication.

"Thou—thou—" he said with passionate earnestness, "thou alone of all these godless hidalgos hast in thy heart no lust for gold. To thee I speak the truth, though I dare not face the Comandante with it. *There is no gold in Cibola!* I knew it, following the trail of the cursed Barbary slave. There are no jewels, there is no treasure! The land is poor; the people are simple, kindly savages. There are no golden temples here as the Conquistador found in Mexico, or Don Francisco Pizarro in the far country of Peru."

Don Pedro's eyes were sad and stern. "And yet, Father, thou didst send crosses to Culiacan, each larger than the other."

The priest gave a groan and covered his face with his hands. "I did, my son, led away by my folly in believing the tales that were told me by those who did not know. Miserable that I am, I have brought destruction upon gallant men of Spain! The blood of those who have died is upon my conscience and soul. Yet the Comandante will not believe me now; his eyes are blinded, his ears are sealed!"

The Zuni maiden put a timid hand on Don Pedro's velvet-clad arm.

"What is it he seeks—what is it that thou dost seek? I have told thee that I will serve thee if it lies in my poor power to do so."

He smiled sadly and shook his head. "Thou canst not lead us to something that does not exist. I feared this before ever I left New Spain. We came seeking that 'gold afar' of legend and song. Golden temples—and vast, hidden treasures."

Her eyes suddenly grew wide. "Golden—temples?" she echoed slowly. "Thou dost seek *the golden temples?*"

Something in her voice transfixed him. A curious tingling mounted up through his being.

"Surely," he said in swift low tones, "there are no such wonders in this barren desert land?"

FOR a moment she hesitated. Then her eyes met his with a strange, almost frightened resolution.

"I betray a secret of my people when I speak of them," she answered almost in a whisper, "for they are sacred to the gods of our land, and it is said that a curse comes upon any who looks upon them with impious eyes. To thee I will show them, for my heart tells me that thou art not as these others. *But to thee alone* will I reveal their location. No other must come with us!"

Don Pedro de Tovar stared at her for a speechless, bewildered moment. Was it possible that after all a mighty treasure, such as Cortez and Pizarro had found, lay hidden in the remote fastnesses of this wild, beautiful desert land?

"I know not how I might arrange such an absence," he said at last, "for I am a soldier of Spain and under the command of our leader. However, the Comandante, Don Francisco de Coronado, will richly reward thy services in taking us thither."

She shook her head. An age-old reticence veiled the childlike candor of her dark eyes. "I will show the golden temples to thee alone," she repeated with quiet stubbornness. "When thou art ready to go, I will guide thee."

She relapsed into a silence from which no questions of his could move her. And he, for some obscure reason that he himself could not have told, did not tell the Comandante of her offer. There would be time enough for that when Cibola was conquered. And—strangely enough, he, a hidalgo of Spain, shrank from further violations of an ancient people's territory. Perhaps—he held to it as a forlorn hope—after all, there would be gold in the Seven Cities of Cibola, called in the desert tongue Shi-wi-na. Enough to satisfy the rapacity of those who had fought with thirst, and heat, and death to find it . . .

But there was no gold in Cibola. No treasure, no jewels, no glittering, barbaric splendor. The Seven Cities of Cibola were real—yes, they lay, even as the legend had said, in a half-circle facing the rising sun. The terraces of their mud-dried walls glowed in the ruddiness of the sunset as if they had been painted with blood. There were green corn fields, and a few straggling cottonwood trees . . .

And there were fierce, waiting, painted, naked warriors, who drew a line of corn-meal across the red-gold sands and defied the Spaniards to cross it. The men of Spain shouted "Santiago!" and charged madly on their lean and sweating horses. It was a victory, but a barren one. For the dusty streets of Cibola were not paved with bars of silver—there were no tinkling jewel trees, or fountains that spouted emeralds. There were only empty, mud-walled houses from which the

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WHOLE CHICKEN

At leading food stores from coast to coast. Whole Chicken, or Halves. In 2 to 4½ lb. net weight tins. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

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HAM (Whole and Half) · SPICED HAM · PORK TONGUE · LUNCHEON MEAT

Gold Afar

terrified occupants had fled, leaving platters of scattered corn, and squawking, goggle-eyed turkeys.

There was not even enough to feed the army of men, whom cruel disappointment had made more cruel; and whose eyes, as they looked at the bent figure of Frey Marcos, were the eyes of wild beasts lusting to kill.

Month passed into month, and the other pueblos fell easy victims to the conquering arms of the white invaders. Still there was no gold. Only silver and turquoise, and these in small, unprofitable amounts.

Then it was that with the capture of an important pueblo a slave was taken prisoner who became known as "El Turco." He flung himself at the Comandante's feet and, through the medium of an interpreter, told of a farther land to the east, a land which he called "Quivira." All the riches—so he said—that they had thought to find in Cibola lay in his own land of Quivira, a country of inestimable wealth. There the chieftains lay under trees hung with jewels, gems that tinkled against golden plaques to delight the listeners with their luxurious, wind-blown music. Only vessels of gold were used in Quivira; the women's robes were embroidered with diamonds. Previous gems in golden ollas were stored in the temples, whose walls were mosaicked with opals and sapphires.

THE greedy, credulous, disappointed hidalgos were instantly aquiver for this new conquest that lay to the east. And in the council that took place in the headquarters of the Comandante, only Don Pedro de Tovar lifted his voice against the furtherance of the adventure.

"If the wealth of Cibola was a delusion," he said in earnest, compelling tones, "then how much more a mirage this land must be—we knowing of it only through a heathen slave! If the good Frey Marcos was misled into thinking this a land of treasure, how are we to trust a naked savage who assuredly hath no cause to love us?"

For an instant there was silence. Then a clamor of indignant voices rose, shouting that De Tovar was a coward, a weak-kneed fool whose blood was milk, and who was traitorous to the glory of Spain and the King! Wild, insulting things were shouted that made Don Pedro's brows draw together, and tensed his fine, sensitive lips. His hands clenched and unclenched. He fought for self-control. And when at last the Comandante silenced the hysterical outburst of epithets and accusations, Don Pedro de Tovar spoke again, his voice shaking a little, yet with words that were careful and slow.

"Your Excellency, my comrades in arms have called me coward and fool. I have demonstrated, I think, to your Grace's satisfaction in this campaign that I am not the first. And if your Grace will permit the boldness of a prophecy, the expedition to Quivira will prove that I am not the latter. Therefore, your Excellency, I now ask to be excused from accompanying your Grace upon this new venture. Allow my friend, Don Garcia de Cardenas, to bear the banner of Spain in my stead."

Don Francisco de Coronado was sorely troubled. Comandante though he was, his actual rank was far inferior to that of De Tovar, whose father had been the Chamberlain of Her Majesty, Queen Juana. He had no actual authority to force a De Tovar to do aught against his will. He spoke propitiatingly.

"Nay, Don Pedro, we are gentlemen all. The words just spoken are those born of disappointment and should be taken without seriousness."

"I understand that full well, your Excellency," replied Don Pedro quietly, "else there are gentlemen of Spain here whose swords would be called by mine to a contest of something more deadly than words."

"But surely you can not wish to remain behind in the midst of these barbarous people? Neither would a De Tovar return to a slothful life in Mexico while his comrades faced peril and hardship winning new victories for his Majesty, the King?"

A cunning speech, cleverly aimed. But Don Pedro only bowed.

"Your Excellency, give me leave to remain here and explore these new territories—alone."

Coronado was startled. "*Alone*, Don Pedro? That were certain death. For with our departure these pagan Indios would fall upon thee straightway to avenge what they consider their wrongs."

Don Pedro smiled slightly, sardonically. "I will assume the risk, your Excellency," he answered. "If it accomplishes naught else, it will prove to these gentlemen of Spain that a De Tovar is not a coward, though he may be, as they have said, a fool."

Naught that the Comandante could say, the apologies of the shamed hidalgos, nor the blasphemous expostulations of Don Garcia de Cardenas, could move him from his resolution. His determination to remain behind was quiet, and unshakable. Don Garcia caught in it a trace of something mysterious that he sensed, but was unable to fathom.

The night before Coronado's army was to move from the pueblo of Shi-wi-na came Don Pedro de Tovar to the mud-walled house wherein dwelt the Friar Marcos.

The brown face of the priest was lined and aged with suffering. His scanty hair had whitened, and his hands trembled as if with palsy. His eyes, that had once been filled with the zeal of spiritual adventure, now burned like listless fires that soon will die for want of air and fuel.

"My father," said Don Pedro as he bent his head for the old man's blessing, "I have brought with me my chosen wife. I ask thee to marry us this night."

Frey Marcos saw then that Don Pedro was not alone. The slight, shrinking form of a white-robed maiden moved timidly out of the shadow. The priest looked in astonishment from one to the other.

"*Thou*, a De Tovar," he exclaimed incredulously, "thou dost desire marriage with a heathen Indian woman?"

"No heathen is she," Don Pedro replied stoutly, "for I have instructed her as well as might be in the tenets of our holy faith. Baptise her first, good father, then marry us this night. Before the dawn has come into the sky, we leave on a quest of our own. Give her the Christian name that is dearest to me, the name of my sainted mother."

THUS it was that in the far-off, mythical city of Cibola Don Pedro de Tovar found a treasure indeed—the treasure of deathless love.

Outside, in the Spanish encampment, the hidalgos quarreled excitedly as to the division of the spoils of Quivira, as if the new country had already been invaded and conquered. But Don Pedro de Tovar and his bride, Evening Star, went hand in hand down the steep trail that led from the mesa, and their eyes were young and full of peace. The night enfolded them like a benediction.

Don Francisco de Coronado found after many moons the remote land of Quivira—but it was a barren, inhospitable, heart-breaking land, without even the silver and turquoise solace of the pueblos of the desert.

The slave, El Turco, when put to the torture, confessed that he had knowingly lied so as to gain his freedom from the tribe that had taken him prisoner. The slave, El Turco, was garroted. But his death did not compensate for the new and crushing disappointment. And at last the weary, broken expedition turned back toward Mexico's boundary. Turned back to face a storm of abuse and unmerited degradation. For even though a vast, new land had been added to the Spanish King's dominions, even though a new and unknown part of the

Baby's Winter Garden

ALL Winter long the Gerber Products keep baby provided with choice Spring and Summer vegetables—specially grown—specially prepared—strained—and ready-to-serve.

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$1.00 Complete Assortment — Dept. GH-9—Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c Strained Vegetable Soup | 15c Strained Spinach | 15c Strained Carrots | 15c Strained Prunes | 15c Strained Peas | 15c Strained Tomato | 15c Strained Green Beans

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My Grocer is _____

In using advertisements see page 6

flattering one-strap mode

in

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Non-crocking, too. This is the most pronounced distinction between Velvetta Suede and ordinary suede leather. You can readily identify Velvetta by its rich texture. The motif illustrated presents striking complement to the new tailored mode. And this warm, mellow Prado Brown is a definite choice for fashionable winter wear. No other color blends so perfectly with any of the season's newest browns. Velvetta Suede shoes and bags are shown in every desirable color . . plain, or in combination trim. Makers of distinctive footwear prefer Velvetta.

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108 Beach Street Boston Mass.

Velvetta

SUEDE CALF

January 1930 Good Housekeeping

Gold Afar

western world had been discovered and explored, the absence of gold, and jewels, and treasure made all the rest seem empty and futile. Coronado was never forgiven for his leadership of the expedition. A broken-hearted, disillusioned man, he died impoverished, neglected, and despised.

And Don Pedro de Tovar?

A malignant fever overtook him, that wasted his virile young strength. Now it was Evening Star who cared for him, who watched beside his fitful slumbers as he had watched beside hers one night by a far-off river. It was Evening Star who gathered medicinal herbs and brewed them into cooling, healing potions, Evening Star who from the hospitable desert tribes obtained food and shelter and comfort for them both.

He would not rest, for a delirium possessed him and urged him onward, always onward. He babbled always of the golden temples; he saw them in the desert's mirages.

And always Evening Star would say, "We are nearer, dear lord, we are coming nearer."

And then, one day, as the sun was sinking into a glory of crimson-tapestried sky, she led him, shaking with fever and hollow-eyed, through a rocky defile of towering, jagged cliffs.

AT FIRST there was no wind, for the high walls forbade the entrance of even a vagrant breeze. And then—of a sudden, there was wind all about them, sweeping out of spaces too vast for the imagination to grasp. Wind that rushed like an unseen army, whirling the sand into biting, smothering fury.

They stood on the brink of a mighty chasm. Beneath them swirled clouds of red-gold mist. The whole world seemed to lie beneath them—they stood in the sky with the chaos of wind and a formless, sand-veiled universe. Beneath them lay an unreal reality, a world carved out of blinding fantasy. Temples and pyramids of gold, the purpling walls of spiraled towers; crimsoned domes of gigantic palaces, rearing pinnacles of stone that stabbed at the sky.

To the very edge of the far-stretching, unfathomable canyon she led him, making of her own body a shield against the blasting wind and sand. And he, dazed with fever, stared down into that chasm, shaken, delirious, well-nigh overwhelmed, the first of his race to look upon that miracle of Nature's wonders . . .

"*The golden temples!*" he cried out hoarsely.

And before she could guess his intention, he moved forward to cast himself down into the yawning, fathomless splendor.

With a fierce cry she caught at him. Desperately she pitted her conscious strength against the madness that possessed him. And at last, like a panting young lioness, she bore him bodily away from that place of too-awful beauty. She laid him in the shelter of scraggly mesquite bushes and, kneeling beside him, held his head against her breast until the wildness passed out of him, and he slept, cradled in her aching but unyielding arms.

It was dawn when he awoke, and the fever was gone from his eyes. Wanly he smiled up at her and pressed his lips against her hands.

"My beloved Evening Star," he said weakly, "was last night's vision only another fever dream? Can it be that I saw the golden temples that thou so long ago didst tell me of?"

"My dear lord," she answered, struggling against tears, "thou didst see them indeed; but the ancient curse came upon thee, and thou, like many others, wished to fling thyself down among them. Sacred they are to the gods of our land—the gods who are older than thine, whom I too, now, worship. If I have done wrong in revealing this place to thee, it was because of the love I bore thee, and my desire to do thy will!"

For a long moment he was silent. And then his voice steadied with its old-time quiet determination. "Beloved," he said, "I will see them once more. Have no fear—I am master of myself now; the fever is gone. I wish only to see these wonders from afar, and then—I will forget. I will not betray these hidden riches to the others of my race, for my heart has bled with thee and thy people for the useless spoliation of thy land."

Fearful, yet submissive as always, again she led him to the brink of the mighty, rended gorge. And again he stared down into its terrifying depths, but this time with conscious, unfevered eyes.

In the delicate, rose-tinted light of dawn once more he saw the golden temples. Not golden now, but suffused with ethereal, misty amber that wavered and changed from hue to hue, with the gradual dissipation of the purple-gray shadows.

He understood, though with the understanding there came upon him an almost insupportable awe. No human-built temples were these, but something infinitely more vast, more marvelous, more god-like.

Treasure—of that there was none. Naught was there in that gigantic earth-womb that men lusting for gold could covet. But *the treasure that is beauty*—aye, there it lay before him, flung down by the prodigal hand of God. Unthinkably vast, unbearably beautiful, quivering with colors that defied the mind and the eye, a Word set into the heart of the world to remind mankind of God's omnipotent power . . .

Don Pedro de Tovar sank to his knees. Once more his arms were outstretched, but this time in prayer. And Evening Star knelt timidly beside him, her eyes fastened in wonder on his rapt, uplifted face.

LATER, much later, Don Garcia de Cardenas, guided by a driven group of Indian slaves, found the place that now is called the Grand Canyon, and attempted to descend its precipitous walls. Later, still later, came other white men, and in time the exploration was extended.

Don Pedro de Tovar never returned to Mexico. He became the governor of one of the pueblos, and ruled wisely and lovingly the Indios of his domain. The heart-break and disillusionment that overwhelmed the others—they passed him by like the whirling wind past a deeply rooted tree.

For those others had followed the golden trail for the lust of tangible things. But he, who loved beauty and the deep, inner things, found that treasure which can not be plundered nor hidden. Men, looking upon his face, saw in it something that drew them, yet awed them. And only Evening Star, who loved him, knew that the light that lingered in his eyes was the memory of a beauty that had entered into his soul one day as he knelt in the golden sunrise.

"*Oro lejano, en las ciudades del sol—*"

That is the song they still sing in Zuni—the song of gold afar . . .

PALMISTRY

By Peter A. Lea

APPLIQUÉED *on a ribboned sky outside my window,*
The trees show deep and twisted lines,
For those to read who see in squares and circles
Eternal promises of life that twines
Itself into each lovely, growing thing,
Where the Great Palmist traces deathless Spring'

ANNOUNCING

The HOOVER DUSTER ★

Now you can have a separate dusting service that is markedly superior in convenience and in efficiency.

The New Hoover Duster, companion to The Hoover Electric Cleaner, is with Hoover Dusting Tools a complete, self-contained dusting unit. Always ready for immediate use, it does away with the bother of attaching dusting tools to your electric cleaner and offers a powerful and thorough dust-removing ability that cleans easier and better than the method to which you have been accustomed.

The Hoover Duster has the same sturdy construction, the same lightness, fine balance and ease of handling which have made Hoover Dusting Tools famous. It has a powerful ball-bearing motor which develops more than ample suction for its many duties.

There is no fatiguing, motor-weighted, hand-type machine for you to lift and hold and move to and fro. The Hoover Duster rests on the floor and glides easily along on its runners. All that you lift is the light, well-balanced dusting tool.

You are not limited in dusting range to the articles which you can reach at arm's length nor compelled to mount step-ladders or stoop and bend to get at out-of-the-way places.

The whole room, from the ceiling to the farthermost corner is accessible, without reaching or straining. For the cleaning of upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, lamp shades, door and window frames, for the renovating of automobile interiors, and for the aerating of pillows, the blowing of dirt from otherwise inaccessible places and the operating of sprays, the Hoover Duster and Dusting Tools combine to make a unit that cannot be surpassed.

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

Because of the patented design of the Hoover all-purpose dusting tool brush, the powerful suction is concentrated at the point of contact with the surface being dusted. This brush—designed for all-purpose cleaning so as to make unnecessary frequent changes of tools—dislodges buried dust and aids the extra-powerful suction in effecting complete dirt removal. There are other tools for specialized uses.

This combination of ultra-efficient dusting tools, powerful suction, wide cleaning range and lightness and ease of handling gives the Hoover Duster and Dusting Tools a cleaning capacity that makes it a fitting companion to The Hoover Electric Cleaner, with its ability to remove the most *dirt per minute.*

Any Hoover Dusting Tools purchased within the past five years may be used with the new Hoover Duster.

See the new Hoover Duster, Model 200, at any Hoover Dealer's, or request a home demonstration of it. The price without Dusting Tools is $29.75; with Dusting Tools, $42.25. Sold on the easy payment plan.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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In using advertisements see page 6

Easy to Have
Dazzling White Teeth

You never saw a tooth paste like this. It comes out on your brush in two colors, and the inner red cream gets to your teeth fresh, full strength, to whiten them like a fresh fruit diet. Then the white creams do *their* work of protecting your teeth against decay, hardening your gums and leaving your pleased mouth sweet and cool. Thank goodness for samples! It's hard to realize how good New Mix is, until you try it. There's the coupon.

The Only fresh whitener toothpaste is

GILMONT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Dept. 313, 121 Varick St., New York City, N. Y.

So I can see how different New Mix is from every other tooth paste, you may send me trial size tube. I enclose 10c to cover packing and shipping.

Name.....

Address.....

Town or City..... State.....

The Art of Creating An Atmosphere

(*Continued from page 53*)

the salient features of each type, in their best form and in their simplified form, and then follow your preference, with regard, of course, to what your circumstances permit. A room, such as this dining-room, is not expensive—either to build or to furnish.

The *type* is English sixteenth-century cottage. The *background* conforms to this type. The room is 15'6" x 13'4", almost square, which makes a charming dining-room. As this is a modern adaptation of an old room, instead of the stone or rough plaster which might have been used, Celotex is used for the walls, with the joinings concealed by oak strippings stained to match the oak beams. There are three paneled oak doors, one to the living-room, one to the pantry, and the other either to a china closet for the dining-room or directly into the kitchen as preferred. In many of the old houses of the sixteenth-century the floor would have been brick, so the Studio used a linoleum in good coloring and simple design. So much for the *background*.

Scale: In many of the houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though the manor houses themselves were large and roomy, and there was frequently a great hall, most of the rooms were comparatively small. In the smaller houses of this period, small rooms were the rule. Therefore, some of the old furniture which today has become so valuable, and which is being so well copied by our American manufacturers, is of a scale that suits small rooms.

An example of this is the old English dresser, the gate-leg table, and the banister-back chairs which are used to furnish this room. The dresser, which is an excellent copy of an old piece, is not large—71" long, 68" high, 19" wide—but long enough to have three ample drawers which may be used for linen, or silver and linen, if necessary. The two closed cupboards on either side provide other storage places, while the open shelves should be used as here suggested, for a pewter service and pewter plates, or possibly for pottery plates.

The table is oval 52" x 45", and, being a modern reproduction, may be extended by using the two leaves to give a table 70" x 45". Four, six, or ten people could be seated comfortably in the room. A serving table is placed under the windows conveniently near the pantry.

In *color* the room holds to tradition. The Celotex used for the walls is of a putty color; the wood, the mellow soft tones of old oak; the floor, the soft tones of old brick; while the fireplace is of stone and a good copy of those of the period. These are the three basic colors: putty, deep brown, and soft brick red.

To bring *individuality* and a greater variety of color into the room, chintz curtains with a green ground and an all-over pattern in various shades brought a gay color note to one side of the room. When the curtains are drawn at night, the full effect of them is seen. When they are open, in the daytime, the sun streaming through adds its own touch of magic, and the light takes up the yellow of the marigolds in the pewter bowl on the table below the windows. According to preference, pads of the chintz could be used on the rush-seated chairs to give a more modern note. The rush seats take us back a century or two, however, with no discomfort. The old English andirons, fireirons, and side-lights are of the sturdy iron which preceded more highly finished brass.

Pewter Old and New

(*Continued from page 52*)

every really ambitious American housewife.

In addition to every variety of domestic article, from coffeepots to forks and spoons, innumerable miscellaneous articles known in England as "trifles" were brought in or were manufactured here. These included medals, buckles, ink stands, lamps, snuff boxes, toys, and ornaments. Little of the pewter of this period now remaining can definitely be identified as of American make, although the whale-oil lamps we admire and seek are an American specialty, and the little "sparking lamps," just large enough to contain an hour's supply of oil, its exhaustion being the signal for the visiting swain to leave, would seem a special instance of Yankee ingenuity.

The American pieces valued by collectors were those made between the years just preceding the Revolution and about 1830. With the closing of English importations at the time of the Revolution, at least two hundred American pewterers came into prominence, and of this number about one hundred have left pieces marked with their name or device. Names distinguished in the craft include that of Will, from New York, Boardman from Hartford, and R. Dunham, Gleason and Thomas Badger from Boston, the great pewter center.

The pewter made by our craftsmen was almost universally used by prosperous families, and by farmers and dwellers in remote country places until 1830 or even later. It was gradually replaced by china, and the clatter of dishes was eagerly sought by the fashionable.

Many of us think of pewter as a dull and lifeless substance, due to the fact that collectors often display their pewter with the dull tarnish of age upon it. Our grandmothers, on the contrary, prided themselves on the polish of their ware. Much of the charm of old pewter is due to the presence of a small amount of lead in the alloy which gives the soft bluish tinge that combines with the other ingredients. But lead is subject to a variety of defacing complaints, and it is well for the amateur to take a fine old piece to a silversmith for treatment.

Modern pewter, since lead has been left out of its composition, is much easier to keep bright and clean, although the romantic bluish tinge is perforce absent.

Great attention to the shapes inherently proper to the metal is given by modern craftsmen. No ornamentation but a rounded, plain surface is characteristic of their work. Unless pewter is brought into conjunction with silver plate, which is obviously wrong, pieces of it are lovely in combination with most charming china. Where old-fashioned flowered cretonnes, hooked rugs, slat-backed chairs, and Pembroke tables are the furnishings, it is charming indeed to have a pewter jug, teapot, creamer, an inkstand set, or a smoking tray included.

The Studio Builds Closets

(*Continued from page 56*)

For adjustable shelves, a framework of narrow strips is made, nailed into "grounds"—that is, small pieces of wood sunk in the plaster. The lower left-hand illustration shows this type, and the one at the right the two pieces side by side.

Great attention is given nowadays to the use of space in closets, and cupboards, drawers, and shelves of every description are being built into them. The Studio always likes to make the interiors of its closets charming as well as convenient. On page 57 you may see three of our interiors: the linen closet with the chintz edging on the shelves and the linen neatly arranged and tied with ribbons; the silver closet with its attractive star paper; and the china closet, the yellow interior of which makes an attractive background for the Old Waller china.

Lemon makes Tea a *delicious* drink

ALL over the world people who entertain charmingly serve Lemon with Tea . . . sliced or quartered, or both, for personal choice. Lemon gives a delightful accent to the delicate, subtle tea flavor and offers guests added enjoyment.

Out of Russia comes a suggestion for a novel . . . and most delicious . . . way to serve tea. It calls for a spoon of the grated rind of Lemon . . . or Orange . . . being placed in the pot with the tea. *Pour over the fresh boiling water as usual.* The grated rinds bleach the tea to a sparkling yellow hue and give it a most unusual flavor, equaled only by the most costly kinds. Try it. Many interesting ways to use the valuable Lemon are detailed in the Sunkist Recipe Card File offered in the illustration at left.

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA LEMONS

Buy them by the dozen

Complete neat oak Sunkist recipe card file box (no advertisement on it); 100 blank and 25 index cards; 24 Sunkist recipe cards in color, showing original ways to serve Oranges and Lemons. Also included without additional cost 7 valuable dietetic health-building menu cards prepared by experts. Fit standard box. File, box and cards, 75c. 24 Sunkist Illustrated Recipe Cards only, 10c. Send to address in coupon for above.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 301, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.
☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods."

Name_____ Street_____

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Serve tea with Lemon, oftener. It is much better this way because Lemons, like Oranges, are alkaline in reaction in the body and serve to balance the good and necessary but acid-forming foods which are responsible for Acidosis.

Send for a free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods" which discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus. Mail the coupon today for this valuable book.

California Sunkist Lemons are fresh in your market every day in the year. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper.

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In using advertisements see page 6

The Fool of the Family

(*Continued from page 21*)

speak in their own voice, for themselves, at once. There are some people who speak so. He was one. *Ach*, yes! He was one."

"You know him? When did you know him?"

"When I was young, Fräulein. As young as you are now. Perhaps forty years ago. You understand I speak now of an old friend. A musician also. Albert Sanger."

"But he's dead, Herr Heinrich. He's dead."

"Twelve years ago I thought he was dead. I said: 'I shall not laugh again. He is gone, and I am an old man.' But no! He comes now to make me laugh as if I was young."

"But you said you knew this man, and he's young."

"Sanger also was young once, *mein Kind*. And he looked—so! As this *Jungling*. There comes a flash, and I look, and I see through forty years. *Ach*, yes! Forty years."

But forty years was too long ago for Fenella. She clung to the present. "Then you don't know him?" she said disappointedly.

"I am curious to know him," said Heinrich. "I think that possibly his name is Sanger."

"A son!"

"*Naturlich!* That speaks for itself. He is certainly a son. Sanger had many."

FENELLA was silent for some minutes. And when she spoke again, it was with a great effort to sound casual, to conceal her tremendous excitement. "Couldn't we—couldn't you speak to him after the performance? We could ask him if he is Sanger's son."

Heinrich made a gesture of dissent. He did not think that such a question would be tactful. Sanger had had countless sons but not all of them bore his name.

"But if he's the son of your old friend," urged Fenella, "and so like him—"

"I do not think that he is really like. Only for a moment. Only for a flash he speaks for himself. And then comes this little man, running and waving his little arms, and shouting: 'You shall not play your music! You shall play "*Chiri-biri-bi.*"' 'Oh, pardon, *Herr* Proprietor. I am very much afraid of you. I do not wish to be given the basket. I play what you wish.' And he plays—"*Chiri-biri-bi.*" Sanger would not have done that. Sanger would have said—but I can not repeat to you, *gnädiges Fräulein*, what Sanger would have said. This is his son I think. But we have cut his nails. It will not amuse me to know him."

Fenella said no more. Her disappointment was so great that she was afraid of showing it. But for the rest of the performance she was so excessively subdued that Heinrich grew uneasy. When the film was over and the lights were turned up, he turned to her enquiringly and saw that her eyes were full of tears. With a sign she directed his attention to the little orchestral enclosure beneath the screen, where the epilogue of Caryl's aberration was taking place. Shamefaced and apprehensive, the fallen rebel was sitting huddled beside his piano, unable to say a word in self-defense, while the *Herr* Proprietor gave him the basket. Schadow, hugging his fiddle, looked on with a grin.

Heinrich took it in and pondered again upon the unwonted traces of emotion in his young friend's face. At last he said gently,

"My child, do you really wish to speak with this young man?"

She nodded. "I—I wanted to tell him how much I enjoyed his playing. Now he's being dismissed. You can see that. And he looks so unhappy. Perhaps he'd feel better if he knew that somebody liked it. And he did play well, didn't he?"

"Enough well," agreed Heinrich again. He glanced round the hall, which was now almost empty. "If you like, we will wait outside, by the gates of the pier. He will have to come out that way; there is no other. And we can speak to him for a moment. But it will embarrass him if we do it here."

He took her out into the long arcade leading to the pier gates. It was dim and cold; half the lights were already switched off, and yawning attendants were waiting for the last people to go, so that they might lock up. All the little shops and booths were dark and deserted, and the cheap jewelry heaped in their windows, so garish by day, took on a mysterious and sinister glitter like treasure scattered in a row of tombs. Beneath the planks of the pier the sea fell in a gentle boom, a pause, a shrieking drag of little stones, and another gentle boom. Fenella grew melancholy and uneasy. She did not know why. They had to wait a long time.

The last stragglers of the audience passed out through the turnstile, and more lights were switched off, plunging the far end of the pier into complete darkness. Then the violinist came by, tripping jauntily over the echoing planks, his fiddle muffled up in its case. As he passed them he whistled "*Chiri-biri-bi.*"

"Perhaps he's gone out some other way?" suggested Fenella.

But Heinrich was peering back into the shadows, whence another footfall came echoing along the planks. "He is coming . . ."

A dejected figure emerged from the darkness. Everything about him looked defeated, from the hat pulled down over his eyes to the new shoes with a hole in them. His shoulders were hunched up against the night air, and he walked quickly, as if he was trying to escape from the knowledge that he had just lost a job worth 500 *lire* a week. As he came up with them, Heinrich stepped forward and accosted him in Italian.

"If he will be so kind as to allow one word—"

Caryl lifted his miserable eyes from the floor, stared, and stepped a little back in his amazement, exclaiming, "Heinrich!"

"So? You know me?"

"At my father's house," stammered Caryl. "You would not remember. Years ago, when I was a boy."

"Sanger? But I knew it. You are, then—"

"Caryl. I was the eldest."

As he spoke, a memory of Sanger's house came back to both of them, a little mellowed and glorified by time. A regret, a yearning over the past, invaded Heinrich.

"Forgive me," he said kindly. "You have changed more than I. Besides, there were so many of you. But tell me, Caryl, what is this that you have done?"

"You heard?"

"*Ach* yes, I heard. And I think that you will not play any more on this pier?"

"No," said Caryl. ("Five hundred *lire* a week! And I wanted to save! To save! What shall I do now?")

"There is a young lady with me," continued Heinrich, "who has also heard. Your music has given her much pleasure, and she wishes to thank you."

CARYL had not seen her before, because she had withdrawn into one of the dark shop doorways. But now he became aware of her. She seemed to have floated from nowhere to his side. He was astonished and confused; the idea came to him that all this had happened already, long ago, centuries ago, and that he was re-enacting some scene for which he had been secretly waiting. He had always known that she would come like that, muffled up in some kind of dark cloak, her fair face shining up at him like a star, so tender, so mysterious, so beautiful. This was not a meeting; it was a recognition. And again he knew that leaping exaltation of the heart. It had happened twice to him in one night, and the two things were somehow meant to happen.

"Let me present you," Heinrich was saying. "Caryl Sanger, Miss Fenella McClean. You speak English, Caryl?"

Caryl bowed and took the warm little hand which she put out to him. He knew what her voice would be before she spoke.

"You played beautifully, Mr. Sanger. And I'm glad you did it. It was so lovely for us. I hope you're not sorry?"

"No," said Caryl.

And for the moment it was true.

"*Prego, Signore*—"

The man at the turnstile was losing his temper. He came toward them, waving his keys, and they all trooped obediently out into the night. Caryl and Fenella stood still, and each waited for the other to speak. Above their heads the wind in the palm-trees rattled uneasily. It was cold and dusty and full of drafts. But if Heinrich had not prodded them, they would have stood there forever.

"You live on the Lido?" he asked Caryl.

Caryl roused himself and said no. He had a room in Venice, in the Jewish quarter, and if he wanted to catch the last steamer back, he must run. But he showed no signs of running.

"We have a gondola," suggested Fenella, "waiting for us just across there, where the steamboats start. Couldn't you come with us? We could give you a lift back to Venice. Herr Heinrich! Couldn't he come with us?"

Heinrich agreed that he could, but not overeagerly. A sight of their faces, under the palm-trees, had reminded him of his responsibilities towards Fenella. But he could not refuse to give Caryl a lift without seeming unkind.

He followed them pensively down the short road that leads across the Island from the shore to the Venetian quayside. Lamps hung at intervals among the trees over the narrow tramway lines. And as they got to each little circle of light, Fenella and Caryl turned to take another look at each other. They said nothing, but their eyes cried out each time,

"Can it be you?"

Otto Heinrich, walking behind them, was exclaiming to himself in dismay:

"*Um Gotteswillen!* What will the noble *Frau Mama* say to this!"

CHAPTER III

VENICE with its lights swung nearer to them across the lagoon, and the traffic of the Grand Canal pressed close about them. Heinrich broke in upon the silent communings of his young friends to ask suddenly why it was that Caryl should so yearn to play "*Chiri-biri-bi*" three times nightly. Surely he could not like it?

Caryl explained candidly. The work was well paid, and he could, besides, earn something in the daytime by giving lessons. He did it only for the money. Of course, he hated it, but well-paid work was scarce.

"But why don't you give concerts?" urged Fenella. "Real concerts, I mean, in a hall. Lots of people do, who don't play half so well as you do. I'm sure you would be a success."

Caryl laughed a little and glanced at Heinrich. He explained that to give concerts one must have money. It costs to hire a hall, and besides that, a musician must advertise himself so that people may at least know when and where he is playing.

"But couldn't you get somebody to lend you some money? People do, don't they? Rich people often launch young musicians who are poor. Why can't you do that?"

"I don't know any rich people. Besides—" he looked a little embarrassed, "if I did, perhaps they might think I did not play well enough."

"Oh, but they would!"

"You are too kind. You think too highly of my playing. I believe that I could make my way well enough, if once I got a public. But it would never be the greatest public. The people who launch poor musicians want something more outstanding. I shall have to save up and launch myself."

Again he looked at their companion. Heinrich made a sad little gesture of assent. He agreed. He did not think that Caryl was likely ever to set the Thames on fire. The boy was a

The Fool of the Family

good, sound pianist; tonight he had played with a touch of exaltation which had for a moment excited his hearers. But he was without genius, and no man of foresight would back him, either as a speculation or for prestige.

"But why, if money is so important," he asked, "have you given us a concert so prematurely tonight? I think it has been expensive for you."

Caryl shrugged his shoulders. He did not himself know why; he could not possibly explain it. It had been a piece of madness. Something had got hold of him, had burst out in him.

"He is the son of Sanger," thought Heinrich. "But not enough the son of Sanger. The troubled spirit is there, but the fruit, the achievement, will never be there. It is a pity."

Fenella, flushed with eagerness, was preparing for them both a frightful embarrassment.

"Herr Heinrich," she appealed, "you know people. Surely you do! You have such influence. Surely you know of some one—"

But Caryl stopped her almost furiously.

"Hush! Hush! You mustn't ask him that. It's not fair. You see, there must be so many people who ask him that. Far more people than he could ever help. I don't suppose one day goes by that he doesn't get appeals like that from people with much more talent than I have. And people who need more help. Besides—"

He turned apologetically to Heinrich, pleading.

"She doesn't understand."

Heinrich, who had been stiffening, smiled affably and waved away these apologies. He was beginning to like this young man, and to admire him for qualities which were not musical. His reassuring murmur, however, was drowned by a sudden concerted howl from their gondoliers, a violent lurch, and an outburst of furious cursing. They had nearly collided with a long, flat barge full of vegetables, which had shot out suddenly beneath their bows from under a dark little bridge. Only by swinging round alongside it did they avoid shipwreck.

The commentary of Heinrich's gondoliers was almost operatic, but the young man on the barge was equal to them. Although it was entirely his fault, he said more in a breath than the two of them together. He submerged them. As his clumsy craft swung clear of their bows into the middle of the Canal, the defeated pair stood staring after him in dumfounded amazement. Then one of them, with a laugh, muttered something about *l'inglese*.

"An Englishman!" exclaimed Heinrich.

"*Signor*, we have heard of him. It is an Englishman who brings vegetables to the fruit-market."

"But that is very strange. What Englishman? What is his name?"

The gondoliers did not know. They only knew that there was an Englishman at the fruit-market who could swear any other gondolier off the face of the waters.

CARYL had sprung to his feet and was gazing after the barge, as it shot away into the starlight. There had been something oddly familiar about that voice, but for a moment he could not place it. He strained his eyes toward that vanishing figure, as it danced about so defiantly among the onions and broccoli. A shaft of light from a passing steamer caught it for a moment, but not for long enough. He could only be sure that it was slender, fair, and ragged.

"What is it?" asked Fenella. "Do you know him?"

Caryl sat down again, and explained that for a moment he had thought it might be his brother.

"Your brother! You have a brother in Venice?"

"Not that I know of. I must have been mistaken. But it was very like one of my half-brothers."

He was sure that he must be mistaken. For he had not seen this brother, who was called Sebastian, for more than four years. On the death of his father the family had been scattered, and he had not kept in touch with his half-brothers and sisters, though from time to time he heard news of them. This Sebastian had gone to England with some relatives of his own mother, who was English. And since then Caryl had only met him once, by chance, on the steps of Milan Cathedral.

It appeared that Sebastian had quarreled with the English relatives and had lived for a time with a sister who had married. But the husband was rich, and Sebastian, who favored communism, had said so many insulting things about rich people that at last his long-suffering brother-in-law had turned him out. He went with Caryl to a café and talked there for three hours about Lenin and the opera which he was composing. Caryl did not gather what he was doing at the moment, but he seemed to be hungry, and before they parted he borrowed a hundred *lire*. He was a practical communist.

"Is he clever, your brother?" asked Fenella.

Caryl could not say. But he thought of the score which Sebastian had showed him in the Milan café, and said with a sigh,

"He is not stupid."

"No. But is he as clever as you?"

He looked to see if she was laughing at him, but she was perfectly grave.

"I'm the fool of the family," he told her.

"I don't believe it."

Her light, sure little voice floated away over the water. She had quite made up her mind about Caryl.

"My children," said Heinrich, "we have arrived."

THEY realized that the gondola had stopped. It was waiting in front of the immense, gloomy portals of the Palazzo Neroni, where Fenella lived. Their wonderful voyage was over, they were to be parted, and they had done nothing about tomorrow. Panic-stricken, they turned upon each other eyes full of the same question. And for the benefit of their chaperon Fenella said in a prim little voice:

"Won't you come to see us some time, Mr. Sanger? I know my mother would like to meet you. Perhaps you'd come to tea one day? When can you come?"

"Tomorrow," said Caryl.

He was so unused to these things that he missed his chance and let Heinrich hand her out of the gondola. And she was disappointed, for she would have liked to take his hand again. Without a backward look she ran up the sea-worn steps and disappeared.

Heinrich gave an order, and the gondola turned up the Canal again. He was not at all comfortable. Fenella's parents had intrusted her to him, and he was sure that they would not like this new friend she had picked up while in his charge. He must take an early opportunity to call and explain, and, if necessary, to apologize. Meanwhile he tried to caution Caryl.

"Miss McClean," he began, "is staying in Venice with her parents. They are wealthy people and of good family—of the Scottish aristocracy, I understand."

"I could see she was a lady," agreed Caryl thoughtfully.

Heinrich tried delicately to hint that Fenella might possibly have been mistaken when she said that her mother would be glad to see Caryl.

"As you have seen, she is extremely inexperienced and impulsive. But the mother, I can assure you, is a woman of the world."

"I'd thought of that," said Caryl. "But I shall go."

"Miss McClean—" began Heinrich again.

He paused, examining Caryl, trying to find out what sort of man he really was. And he remembered the sort of man that Sanger had been at Caryl's age. These gentle manners were often deceptive.

"I think that you had better not go," he stated baldly. "You have, perhaps, some other little friend who will tell you, much better than I can, why you should not go."

Caryl was silent. He had no other little friend. He was in love for the first time.

Heinrich dropped him at the Rialto, whence he would make his way home on foot. And as they parted, a sentiment, a memory of old days, got the better of Heinrich's judgment. For the boy was Sanger's son, and a nice boy, though a stupid one.

"If you will come to me one day," he said, "I think perhaps that I could help you. At least, I might get you better work than the Pier Cinema. There are some friends that I should wish to hear you play. You will allow it? See, I have written my address on this card. But no, you must not thank me. I have known your father when he was as young as you. Now good-night. *Auf wiederseh'n.*"

Caryl trod on air. Even the loss of 500 *lire* a week could not hurt him now. He no longer cursed himself for a fool. The unruly strain in his blood, which had till that moment played so small a part in his life, had triumphed to his great advantage and profit. That one flash, that spark of rebellion, had got him further than all his years of patient, honest labor. It had brought him Fenella, and the promise of help from Heinrich. His luck had turned, and everything in his life was going to be perfectly different.

"Tomorrow!" he thought giddily. "Tomorrow!"

He thought that he would buy her some flowers, and for the first time he found that the idea of spending money did not horrify him. To buy flowers for Fenella, to put them into her hands, would be different from any other kind of spending. He could buy them cheap in the fruit-market.

The thought of the fruit-market brought back something uneasy into his mind. During the evening there had surely been one event which had disturbed him. What was it?

He remembered. It was the man on the barge.

"I wonder if that really was Sebastian," he thought.

And he hoped not. For he did not feel at all in the mood for being the fool of the family just then. But if any of the family were so unkind as to turn up, he knew that he would not be able to help it.

CHAPTER IV

AN UNFORESEEN flood of engagements prevented Otto Heinrich from paying his explanatory call on the McCleans until some days had passed. And when at length he braced himself to the visit, he went in fear and trembling. For though his experience of British convention was not great, it did not seem possible to him that Lady McClean should excuse his carelessness. He had allowed Fenella to scrape acquaintance with a penniless cinema pianist, of disreputable if distinguished parentage. And he hardly knew now how he had come to let it happen. He arrived at the Palazzo Neroni, expecting a very black reception.

An immense crowd of schoolgirls, who seemed to be arriving with him, did still more to shatter his self-possession. It appeared that this was one of the days when the public was permitted to view the choicer beauties of the Palazzo Neroni, the Cortile, the garden, the ballroom with its glass ceiling, and the great gallery where the Tiepolo frescoes were. On his first visit the McCleans had spoken of these incursions. When they took the Palazzo, they had not realized how tiresome it would be, although they did not use this part of the house. They dwelt among modern glass chandeliers and gilt sofas on the upper floor, in the apartments used by the Neroni family. But they had no separate entrance or staircase,

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The Fool of the Family

and they complained of a lack of privacy. Inquisitive tourists, breaking away from their guides, were liable to poke their noses unexpectedly into the bathroom, and callers would find themselves swept up, unawares, into a conducted tour.

Heinrich had some difficulty in extricating himself from the throng. He could see nobody about who looked like a servant to whom he could give his card. A babel of girlish chatter deafened and bewildered him. At least three schools had chosen this afternoon to visit the Palazzo, and they were all of different nationalities. Two nuns and several lay governesses were struggling vainly to segregate their own particular charges, but they might as well have tried to herd a flock of starlings. He perceived that the young ladies were making the most of the confusion. They spoke different languages, and they were born of different races, but they had succeeded in forming an amusing and tacit conspiracy.

At length a sort of order was accomplished. All the Italians, with their attendant nuns, were driven into the ballroom; the Americans were herded into the gallery, and the French to the garden. He could hear all three sets being counted over and scolded at once, and he wondered which of them was one short. For he had espied a truant, a supremely bold spirit, who had slipped upstairs when nobody was looking. He thought that he caught sight of her again, when, having found a servant, he was being taken up to Lady McClean. Somebody whisked round a door quickly. But he did not give much heed to it, for he was preparing his apologies.

THEY were not needed. Before the graciousness of his reception they died upon his lips. Nothing in Lady McClean's manner suggested that he had done amiss. She was as fat and as foolish, and as amiable as ever—a goose, but a strangely likable goose. He found her in front of a little table by the window, with a half-played patience before her. She wore a loose, gray tea-gown, which went so handsomely with her untidy, gray hair. The diamonds on her plump fingers twinkled, and cool waves of light, reflected from the Canal outside, played slowly on the chandelier over her head.

She greeted Heinrich with a pleased, asthmatic chuckle and reminded her husband who he was.

"Herr Heinrich, Ivor. Fenella's friend. How kind you've been to her, Herr Heinrich! You've given her a marvelous time. But she will be so disappointed that she missed you. She went out just after lunch."

Sir Ivor McClean lowered his newspaper and got painfully to his feet. He said nothing, but Heinrich felt as though everything that was courteous had been said. As soon as the visitor was seated, his host hobbled slowly out of the room. For he was ill; he had been ill for a long time; and conversation with foreigners was too much for him.

"Tell me about this young Sanger," Lady McClean babbled, as tea was brought in. "I think he's *so* charming."

Heinrich jumped. He had forgotten Caryl.

"He has been here then?"

"Oh, yes. Fenella brought him. I think that trick he played at the Cinema is *so* amusing. She told me. But do tell me more about him. I suppose you knew the old man very well?"

Heinrich admitted that he had, but tried to convey no responsibility for the son. But his hostess would take no hints. She wanted to hear Sanger stories. Like many people, she thought that Sanger must have been a most amusing friend to have, and she adored his music, of course. She longed to know if it was true that he had had seven wives at once. Heinrich was obliged to say that it was not, and in his anxiety not to spread scandal he found himself giving Sanger an undeservedly good character.

"But of this young man I know nothing," he said firmly. "It is entirely by chance that I have met him."

"Fenella tells me that he's terribly poor. But he's sure to get on. And he plays marvelously, doesn't he? Last night he played to us for hours, just quite simply, without making any fuss about it. I thought I might give a party—I have so many friends who'd be amused to meet him. In fact, when I told Lallah Sismondi about him, she was quite excited. I gave her twenty guesses who'd been playing for us here last night. Of course she couldn't guess. I told her, 'Sanger *fils*.' 'But I've never heard of him,' she shrieked. And when I told her about the Lido Cinema, she said that we mustn't hide him. And I shan't. I shall give a party."

Sir Ivor, who had come back with the tea-things, made a peculiar noise at this, as though he did not like parties. And Heinrich heard him mutter, rather surprisingly,

"You'll give a party on the other side of your face before you've done."

It became plain to Heinrich that Lady McClean was a snob. A name upset her judgment. She had opened her doors to Caryl because of his name. But her husband was less excitable.

"I know nothing at all about him," Heinrich stated firmly. "That is what I wish to make you understand."

Sir Ivor looked at his wife triumphantly and mumbled:

"There you are! What did I say?"

But the goose laughed tolerantly and told Heinrich that poor Ivor detested music.

"I'm not talking about music," said Sir Ivor. "I'm talking about Fenella stravaging off with an out-at-elbows fellow you know nothing about—may be an utter scoundrel—I don't like it."

"They've only gone to look at a Giorgione."

"Well, then, why aren't they back? Doesn't take three hours to look at a Giorgione."

"They have gone out together?" exclaimed Heinrich.

He was utterly bewildered. Such an idea had never occurred to him. For he had supposed that Fenella would never be allowed to go about alone with any young man, unless he was extremely intimate with the family. But Lady McClean enlightened him. English girls, she said, went everywhere alone nowadays. In England it was quite all right.

"But not in Venice," said Sir Ivor.

"My dear man! Why not?"

Sir Ivor was about to say that Venice was full of rascally foreigners. But he checked himself out of respect to Heinrich's feelings. Being in no case to sustain an argument, he began to shamble again toward the door and made his escape. A moment later he came in again.

"Something's happening," he said helplessly.

SOMETHING was, indeed, happening. In the vestibule outside a great scuffle was going on. Many people were all shouting at once, and somebody was screaming loudly.

"But what is it?" asked Lady McClean. "What is that noise?"

The housekeeper appeared in the doorway, full of gleeful if repressed excitement.

"If you will excuse, my lady, there has been a thief."

Lady McClean shrieked and put a hand to her pearls to make sure that they were still there.

"A strange girl has been found in Mademoiselle's room. If you will excuse, I will send for the police."

"A strange girl? What strange girl? How did she get in?"

"Please, I think she came with the schools. There have three schools come this afternoon. She has got in so."

Heinrich remembered that he had seen a young girl run up the stairs, and confirmed this idea.

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The Fool of the Family

"But had she taken anything?"

"She swears that she has taken nothing. But she will not say why she has come. Mademoiselle's jewels are quite safe. Sophie has looked to see. If you please, I will send her to the police. They will make her speak."

"Is she a young girl?"

The housekeeper said that she was very young, and not, apparently, Italian. Again she proposed to send for the police, but Sir Ivor checked her. He did not like the idea of handing over a very young girl to the Italian police.

"Better see her ourselves," he mumbled.

Heinrich followed him out into the vestibule, where all the servants in the house were by now collected. With word and gesture they were encouraging the butler, who had grasped the culprit. Though very small, she gave him a good deal of trouble. She screamed, she cursed, she kicked his shins.

"Let her go," commanded Sir Ivor.

"She will run away," objected the butler.

"Never mind. Let her go."

THE moment she was free, she darted for the staircase. But two burly porters had forestalled her. Turning like a hare, she made for the drawing-room door, shot past the speechless Lady McClean, and hurled herself at one of the windows. But there was no way of escape there, only a clear drop into the Canal. So she turned and faced them all, a tearful, desperate little fury.

"If you touch me," she said in rapid Italian, "I shall jump into the water."

"What does she say?" whispered Lady McClean.

"She says," interpreted Heinrich, "that if we touch her, she will jump into the water. And," he added, catching the flash of her black eyes, "I believe she will."

"You bet I will," agreed the stranger in English.

"What!" cried the McCleans. "You're English?"

Sir Ivor turned to the servants, who were crowding in at the door, and told them all to go and wait outside. Then he said pacifically,

"We won't touch you if you'll tell us what you were doing in my daughter's room."

She eyed them suspiciously, still keeping near to the window.

"I haven't done you any harm," she broke out at last. "I haven't taken anything of yours; I swear I haven't. I wasn't going to. I only ran in there to hide, because I thought I heard somebody coming."

"But how did you get here at all? What were you doing?"

"I was waiting till the schools went away."

"You came with them?"

She nodded.

"But you don't belong to any of the schools?"

She shook her head.

"Then why did you come?"

She looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor and out of the window, as if in search of a reason why she had come. At last she suggested tentatively that she had come to look at the beautiful pictures, giving them a sidelong glance out of her narrow, Slavonic eyes to see if this would go down.

"That's nonsense," she was told. "We don't want to be hard on you or to hand you over to the police before hearing your explanation. But you must tell us the truth."

"I wanted to stay with the schools. But they were all separated, and then they'd have found out that I didn't belong to any of them. So I had to hide till they all went out again."

"But why were you with them?"

"To get some bread."

"Bread?"

"After this they will all go to some place for tea, and I shall go with them, as I came here. And perhaps there will be those little baskets of bread on the tea-tables, so that I can get some when they are all finding their places. And then I slip out. In a hotel it's quite easy, but not so easy in a shop. But they generally go to hotels, these schools. Sometimes, when it's very crowded, I stay and have a whole meal with them."

"You mean to say you've done this before?" cried Lady McClean.

She said defiantly that she did it whenever she could.

"But, my dear child, that's stealing."

"I'm hungry. Those pigs of girls eat so much, anyway. What I take won't be missed."

Heinrich was so much interested that he began to move away from the door so as to hear better. But he saw that she had noticed it, and was calculating the chances of a rush, so he moved back again.

"Who are you?" demanded Sir Ivor curtly. "Where do you live? Are you English?"

"That's no business of yours."

Now that she had recovered herself a little, she looked quite pretty. But Heinrich did not think that she was English. Those quick gestures and those slanting, untrustworthy eyes were never English. The high cheekbones looked Slavonic, and so did the low, beautiful forehead. And she had a distracting mouth, full, sweet, and sulky. Her hat had fallen off in the vestibule, and her straight, black hair stood up all over her head like a galvanized mop. He judged her age to be anywhere between sixteen and twenty.

Her story had not convinced him. He was skeptical about her clothes, which were not the raiment of a starving waif. Plainly she had been got up to look like a well-to-do schoolgirl, even to the low-heeled strap shoes. Somebody else was behind this.

"You are lucky," he observed, "to have those clothes."

She gave him a quick glance of admiration and smiled disarmingly.

"Aren't I?" she said, adding shrewdly, "But you're not English."

"Myself, I am Austrian," he said urbanely. "But we will speak in any language that you wish, so that you answer our questions. You must tell us why we should not send for the police."

"Because I haven't taken anything."

"Perhaps because you had no time. You have told us a story. It may be true. It may not be true. To believe it we must know more. You must tell us, please, who you are."

"Yes, yes," agreed Sir Ivor. "You can't get away with a yarn like that, you know."

She sighed exhaustedly, as though their stupidity fatigued her, and looked round once more to see if there was any chance of escape. Finding none, she sat down with a plump upon the nearest chair.

"I'll tell you everything," she said. "And you'd better sit down, too, because it'll take a long time. Don't blame me if you get bored. You've asked for it, and you shall have it. What d'you want to know?"

"What is your name?" asked Heinrich.

"Gemma."

"Gemma what?"

"Gemma nothing."

SIR IVOR took out his watch. "In five minutes," he said, "I shall send for the police—unless you talk sense. Go on."

"But how am I to know what you call sense? If I tell you the truth, you won't believe it. But I'll have to risk it. I don't know where I was born."

"That doesn't matter. Are you English?"

"My mother was. I don't know about my father. I think he was a Pole. But I never knew him. I'll tell you why. You see, I was brought up in Rutland."

"Where?"

"Rutland. You know. The smallest county in England. It's always colored purple on the maps; I don't know why. But it isn't really purple. It's sort of pepper and salt."

Sir Ivor glanced at his watch again.

The Fool of the Family

She hurried on: "However, that's neither here nor there. My mother's name was Trenary, so I suppose it's mine. Because, you see, my father got put in prison for bigamy soon after I was born. I see you don't believe that, but it's true. So my mother had to go back to her father in Rutland and take all of us with her. There were four of us. And we lived with my grandfather, who was an old devil. I think he existed only to make people unhappy, and I'm sure my mother married a bigamist just to get away from home, poor thing. So when we came, he had a glorious time, because he had five people to make unhappy. But he made a mistake about our mother. He thought there was no limit to what she would put up with, because she was quite helpless and depended on him to keep her children. But there was a limit, and one day she drowned herself in the duck-pond." Lady McClean drew in a sharp breath of horror, and Gemma cast a scornful glance at her.

"You believe that, do you? Well, he still had the rest of us to take it out of, and he took it out of us. So we all grew up as bad as we could be, as you might expect. He was a pious, moral sort of man, and we got a sort of dislike for morality."

She paused, and Heinrich asked her how old she was.

"Nineteen. When I say all, I must leave out my eldest sister, who is a saint. She was driven to extreme goodness, just as we were driven to extreme badness. But—would you believe it?—she was the one he threw out of the house. Because she became a Catholic, and he's a violent Protestant. So then we all became Catholics, too, just to back her up, and he threw us all out. And I thought I'd go and be a nun, just to get a little peace and quietness. And I nearly was a nun, too. I stuck out most of my novitiate, and Mother Mary St. Paul said she'd never had a more obedient postulant. I liked it; I often wish I'd stayed there. But I sort of broke out, just before my clothing day, and they said I hadn't really got a vocation. Especially when they found I'd lied about my age. So they gave me some clothes, lay clothes, and a ticket back to Rutland, and told me to go home and offer my grandfather up as a mortification, and wait to find out what God wanted. But God evidently had quite different plans about me. Because when I got outside the convent door, into the street, I saw a barrow of oranges. And they looked so nice and bright and cheerful, and I hadn't seen anything so bright since I went to Carmel, because they don't have colors, you know. They upset me. I was sort of rundown, because it was Lent, and they have only one meal a day in Lent, and I was weak and silly, I suppose. I simply couldn't help crying, when I saw those oranges, though I'd never cried in my life before, not even when my mother died. I sat down on the curbstone and cried, and cried, and cried, and couldn't stop. And a man came up and asked what I was crying for."

SHE stopped, and a sudden blackness went over her face, which seemed to blot out all its youth.

Heinrich stirred uneasily. He believed what she was saying, but he felt as though he could not bear to hear any more. He met her eye and slightly shook his head. She stared at him somberly.

"You've asked to hear the truth, and you shall," she said.

"You wish us to pity you, and I do not think we shall, if you tell us too much."

"I don't want your pity."

"I think you do. We have not yet promised what we are going to do with you."

"Oh, well—if you're so thin-skinned, I'll cut it a bit. This man took me to Marseilles, and he was going to ship me off to South America, but I gave him the slip. I met a sailor who was very kind to me till he had to go to sea again. He left me with a little money, so I came here, because I'd always wanted to see Venice. But when I got here I was going to have a baby, so I went into a hospital. I was ill for a long time after the baby was born. And the day I came out, I was so weak I could hardly stand. I had no money and nowhere to go. I got as far as the fruit-market, and then I fainted. But a friend came and helped me, and he's been very good to me ever since. He took me and the baby home with him; he's the kindest person I've ever met. But he's got no money, so he can't afford to feed us. That is why I go round with the schools. I pick up food for both of us. And, if you want to know, I pinched these clothes in a hotel I got into. So that's that. I am a thief, I suppose, and if you like, you'll hand me over to the police. But if you do, my baby will starve, and my friend won't have any one to work for him. He's a musician. His name is Sanger."

"What?"

"Sanger. He's a son of Albert Sanger, if you know who *he* was."

She could not have told them anything more completely to her own advantage. The minds of all three had jumped to a picture of Fenella, returning with Caryl, to join this conclave. It was a thing which must not happen. They must get Gemma out of the house without a moment's delay.

Sir Ivor rose from his chair. "You can go," he said, and he opened the door.

The servants, who were gathered suspiciously near the other side of it, started away. Gemma saw her escape clear, and she darted through them like a swallow. Her light feet scampered on the stairs. She was gone.

Sir Ivor shut the door and turned to his wife.

"And now what do you say?" he demanded.

Lady McClean moved her head feebly.

"I am very, very sorry," murmured Heinrich. "I feel that it has been my fault."

"Not at all. It was our fault. We should never have allowed Fenella to go out like this with a man we know nothing about. When she comes in, I shall tell her that we can't allow it again."

"But when is she going to come in?" wailed Lady McClean. "It's half-past seven, and she's still out. Where can she be?"

CHAPTER V

FENELLA had no idea that it was half-past seven. No afternoon had ever been so short. At two o'clock Caryl called for her to take her to see a picture, and after that the hours melted into minutes. It was the first time they had been alone together, and as soon as they started they discovered that they were shy. They sat, side by side, upon the cushions of the gondola and wondered what was going to happen. Because, on such a tremendous occasion, something must be going to happen.

Fenella, woman-like, was more definitely expectant than Caryl. For him the moment almost sufficed. He could ask for nothing better than to sit beside her and look at her. She was so lovely in her green dress—like a young birch tree just coming into leaf.

"Have you found any more work?" she said at last.

He had not, and he was not looking for it very hard. Since Heinrich's invitation he had been busy practising. Fenella declared that this was not necessary.

"If you play to him as you played to us last night!"

"I did play well last night," agreed Caryl. "I've never played so well. I was so happy."

"Were you?"

"Yes."

She could not believe it, though every time she caught his glance she had to believe it. And she almost laughed, remembering how down-in-the-mouth she had been three weeks

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The Fool of the Family

ago. Everything was always the same, and she never seemed to be getting anywhere, and she wanted to earn her living, and she didn't know how, and in spite of all these pretences about having a good time she was really only waiting to get married, and she didn't want to get married.

Secretly, at the bottom of her mind, she had been cherishing a sentence that she had once read about "living dangerously." She wanted so much to live dangerously, and she didn't know how to begin.

Caryl had come to save her. He was wonderful. He lived dangerously; she was sure he did. He had thrown away his job for a glorious impulse, and she thought that admirable. He was poor, and he wore queer clothes, and he played beautifully, and he was unhappy. Could any combination be more perfect?

The hours melted into minutes.

THEY got to the Palazzo Giovenelli and stood for some minutes in front of Giorgione's Tempest, wondering if it was really as beautiful as that, or if their own hearts had made it so. Fenella said:

"That's him, you know. And his wife and son. It's sometimes called *La Famiglia Giorgione.*"

"Oh, is it?" asked Caryl, wondering why Giorgione should wear so many clothes, while wife and son wore none.

"At least," she corrected, with a painstaking reference to the catalogue, "it says his mistress and son. He was probably never married."

Caryl blushed, and Fenella blushed in sympathy. Plunged in blushes, they got themselves out of the Palazzo Giovenelli and back into their gondola. It was waiting to take them home. But Fenella did not want to go home. Nothing had happened yet.

"It's quite early," she said. "Let's go on to Florian's. They have such lovely ices. All stripey."

Caryl hesitated, not because he grudged her a stripey ice at Florian's, but because he was running short of money. He never took much about with him for fear of losing it, and today he had brought only just enough to pay for their gondola. He calculated the price of an ice in his head and then saw that she was looking hurt. Immediately he took the risk and hoped to goodness that he had enough.

His love turned out to have a hearty appetite. She was still young enough to enjoy an ice. She ordered one of the largest size, and besides that she called for coffee and biscuits. He went through agonies until he got the bill. He was sure that he would not be able to pay it, and the sight of her little bag, stiff with *lire*-notes, lying on the table between them, could not hearten him. He would rather die than ler her find out what had happened. He would rather die a thousand times than let her pay.

"What's the matter?" she asked, looking suddenly across at him. "Aren't you happy?"

"Perfectly happy," groaned Caryl.

"But you're not. I can see perfectly well that you're not. Why is it? Oh, Caryl, isn't it queer that we should know so little about each other?"

Caryl, at the moment, was not sorry for it. But his anxiety proved to be groundless. He had just enough to pay the bill, and not a penny over.

"Let's walk home," he suggested. "It—it'll take so much longer."

"Oh, but I like a gondola. You can walk in Harrogate."

Caryl thought of two ways out of it. He could take her home and then go on in the gondola to his lodgings in the Ghetto, where he could pay the man. He had some more money concealed in his collar-box. But then, if she asked him to come up, he would have to refuse, or pay still more while the gondola waited. A better plan would be to call at his house on their way home, although it was a good deal out of the direct route. Then he could make an excuse and run up for the money. Cunningly he brought forward this idea. He asked if she had seen the Ghetto.

Fenella had not seen it, but she was ready to see anything so that the afternoon might be prolonged. They set off for the Ghetto.

Now that his financial anxieties were relieved, Caryl became more talkative. He told her about his childhood, and his father's home in the Tyrol, and the confused clan of half-brothers and sisters. Fenella was charmed.

"I hope I shall know them all, some day," she exclaimed.

But he was not sure that he wanted her to know them all.

"Is this the Ghetto?" she asked, looking up at the laundry which hung out of the windows.

"Yes. It's a typical Jewish quarter. Rather picturesque, don't you think? Very few tourists come here."

"I don't wonder very few tourists come here," she said. "It smells. Let's go away."

The gondola stopped beside a grimy little quay covered with the dirtiest and the noisiest children she had ever seen.

"Why are we stopping?"

"This is where I live," explained Caryl hastily. "I told him to stop for a minute. If you'll excuse me, there's a message I must give to my landlady. I won't be a minute."

He leaped on to the quay, and Fenella leaped after him.

"You live—here?"

"Yes. I've a room at the top of that house. It's not so bad. You see, it's cheap. Don't get out. I'll be back in a minute."

"Oh, but Caryl! Take me in. I'd love to see where you live."

"But you can't!" He was horrified. "It's—it's only just the one room."

He fled into an unsavory doorway and disappeared. Fenella on the quay stood looking about her. The heat and the noise and the smells were overpowering. She had not known that there was any place in Venice like this.

"He has to live here," she thought. "And if I marry him, I shall have to live here, too. Well, I shall. I don't mind it. I could be happy here."

Live dangerously! Live dangerously!

Caryl took the stairs two at a time and arrived in the bare little room out of breath. He was horrified at the idea of bringing her up there, and yet the thought was lovely. He only wished she could have come. It would have made it into a different room. For no woman ever came there except his landlady.

He snatched the money out of his collar-box and bounded away again to rescue her from the heat and the flies and put her back into the gondola.

"I'M glad I've seen where you live," she said, as they floated away under the waving banners of laundry.

"It's not so nice as where you live."

"It's nicer."

"Nicer?"

"I think it's nicer."

"Well, you wouldn't if you lived in it."

"If you had the choice," she asked earnestly "would you rather live in the Palazzo Neroni?"

"Of course, I would."

But she did not believe him.

"Surely you don't want to be rich?"

"Not rich," said Caryl temperately. "But I'd like to be less poor."

"Money has nothing to do with happiness," she told him.

But he was not convinced. "As long as I'm so poor, I shall never get what I want."

"You mean—your career?"

"Yes. And—and—you."

He could not help saying this. Because when he saw her standing on the quay, so cool and alien amid the poverty that was his daily life, a wave of despair had come over him. He had realized how fantastic their relation was—that nothing would ever come of it.

The Fool of the Family

Fenella did not speak at once. She sat looking down at her lap, clasping and unclasping her little bag full of *lire*-notes. At last she said in a low voice, "You're making a mistake."

"How—? What—?"

"About me. Money has nothing to do with that."

"Do you mean—?"

"Yes."

She looked up at him. He had turned so pale that she thought he was going to faint. The houses and the glittering water swung together. But the gondolier continued to splash them along, oblivious of what was happening under his nose.

"Oh, Fenella— Fenella—"

"Caryl—"

"I love you so much!"

"I love you."

"The first minute I saw you—"

"So did I! So did I!"

"Oh, curse this gondolier!"

Their English blood restrained them, and in the presence of the gondolier they could not even hold hands.

"But, Fenella—I can't—I can't—"

Happiness like this was too much for him after such a life—such a crushing, dreary life. He was dreadfully afraid that he was going to cry. But the door of the Palazzo Neroni saved him. They had stopped. It was time to get out.

"Will you come up?" whispered Fenella, when he had paid the gondolier.

But he shook his head. He could not have faced anybody just then. And she agreed that it was better. But he must come tomorrow, early.

"How early? Ten? I shall sit up all night waiting for it."

"So shall I."

"Come into the Cortile just for a minute."

The Cortile was dark and cool after the glare of the sun on the waters. All the tourists had departed, and nobody was about. Fenella drew Caryl into the green shade beside the splashing fountain. The seconds passed. And when he came out into the sun again, he stumbled dizzily. He had been kissed for the first time in his life.

(To be continued)

A House With Personality

(Continued from page 44)

conditions under which the house illustrated was created, the result giving continued pleasure to both owner and architect. The special problems involved were: to create a house of strictly Colonial atmosphere of the simpler type, to fit it snugly on a rather steep hillside lot selected because of its magnificent view, to satisfy the owner's preference for a combination living- and dining-room, to eliminate the conventional entrance stair hall, to provide for the study on the first floor being adaptable as a sitting-sleeping room in case of need by an invalid member of the family, and also to have it readily convertible into a dining-room in the eventuality of the house being placed on the market. Minor problems involved the providing of wall spaces for several fine old pieces of furniture, and in such a small house inches had to be considered. On a site of this sort the garage inevitably thrust itself to the fore and had to be made as inconspicuous as possible. Garden space had to be provided—and all this on a space 75 feet wide by 100 feet deep, and for a limited amount of money.

The house was located only after a careful calculation of the cut and fill. The excavated earth was thrown to the front, creating a terrace along the house, but making also a steep slope toward the street, which had to be held in place, not by expensive retaining walls, but by shrubs and trees. A small amount of excavating in the rear was necessary, but was carefully considered so that the house would not have the effect of being thrust too deeply into the bank. The general result was seclusion and privacy for the occupants.

The garage is located at one side of the lot, on a slight grade above the street level and therefore practically under the terrace, but with thorough ventilation front and rear, avoiding interior dampness. It is really on the level of the basement, to which it gives access, not directly but nevertheless under cover. The concrete roof of the garage is laid out for deck tennis. Garage entrances on steep sites are always a problem, but dangerous or even uncomfortable grades should always be avoided in any event. Winding brick and stone steps lead, not from the sidewalk, but from the auto driveway, so that the steep slope of the terrace is unbroken. The front door, with recessed paneled jambs, leads to a sort of alcove in the living-room, which serves to widen the effect of an otherwise narrow room. A photograph of the John Alden house near Plymouth was given the architect as a source of inspiration for this room, with its "summer beam" and hospitable fireplace. The chimney wall is paneled in wood, enclosing, besides the fireplace, a door to the porch and a window, and terminating at each end in a corner cupboard with an arched door.

The door with the small sanctuary knocker, just inside the main entrance, suggests the library, which is provided with an abundance of simple shelves on two sides and with corner cupboards. From it leads the lavatory, which is arranged so that it may be readily converted into a pantry in case this room were desired as a dining-room.

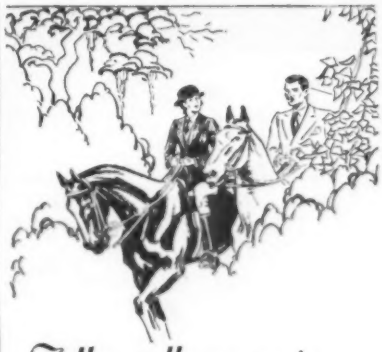
The kitchen has the usual fitments in abundance and is provided with an unusual amount of both artificial and natural light. The rear entry is cold, permitting the cold storage of a considerable supply of vegetables and fruit without danger of freezing.

The stairs were made accessible from the service end of the house for reasons of privacy and convenience. They are handy to the kitchen and rear of the living-room, avoiding the use of two stairs in case a servant were employed, and convenient to the working parts when used as a servantless house. Stairs are not used by the majority of visitors in any house, and unless they are of expensive design, they had better be less obtrusive than they are apt to be when visible from the front hall.

The rooms are all finished in plaster, slightly sand-finished, giving the effect of a Colonial house of the pre-wallpaper period. Every room in the house is a corner room and therefore enjoys two views and cross-drafts. Trim throughout is pine painted white. The floors are of dark-stained oak, except in the kitchen where the floor is maple. The stair railing is of delicately turned spindles painted white, supporting a cherry rail. Heating is by hot water.

The exterior materials are of the simplest type; stone foundations and garage walls, stud frame, shingles stained Colonial white, with a shingled roof of moss-green.

Nature is a most helpful aid in obtaining the exterior effects. Native trees furnish sufficient shade and help to screen the garage, which of necessity thrusts itself almost upon the roadway. Nature gave a natural hillside garden in the rear in the shape of a half bowl; she gave the river which was the dominating factor in selecting the site. A magnificent view ever-changing, ever-new, is screened in summer by the thick foliage of giant trees across the road, while autumn, as the leaves thin out, reveals more and more of the majestic river's beauty. Fortunate indeed is the owner of modest means who is able to take Nature into partnership and enhance the setting through the means of a discriminating personality.



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Insulating the House

(Continued from page 45)

A large proportion of the insulating value of a pane of glass is due to these so-called surface resistances, which are essentially the same regardless of the thickness of the material. For this reason two panes of glass, one twice as thick as the other, have nearly the same insulating value. The influence of surface resistance is also utilized by introducing air spaces, for example by the use of furring strips, or by double windows.

The importance of preventing excessive leakage of cold air into a house through cracks and crevices may be seen from the comparatively large improvement resulting from the use of weather-stripping and building paper. The building paper is so thin that its value as an insulator is negligible, but by preventing inward leakage of cold air, it adds greatly to one's comfort, and to the ease of heating a house.

Most of the houses in this country depend, for their protection against heat losses, upon the prevention of air leakage, upon surface resistance, air spaces, and such insulating value as the structural materials may possess. The insulating value of the walls of such houses is comparable with that of a one-inch thickness of any of the good insulating materials. In other words, the insulating value of a wall would be doubled, or the heat loss through the wall cut in half, by including in the wall a one-inch thickness of a good insulating material. The total amount of heat required to keep the house warm would not be cut in half by this means, since the loss through windows and doors would not be affected.

Measuring Insulating Value

All materials which are ordinarily used in building wall construction have some heat-insulating value, but in some cases this value is so small as to be insignificant. The heat-insulating value of a layer of material depends on two things: (1) the character of the material; (2) the thickness of the layer. The ability of a material to transfer heat, or its conductivity, is inversely proportional to its insulating value. In other words, the materials of lowest conductivity are the best insulators. However, when purchasing insulation, one is interested not only in the conductivity of the material, but in its thickness. If you want to measure the insulating value of a material, divide the conductivity by its thickness and you get what is called "conductance." This is the measure of insulating value. The better insulator has the lower conductance.

Consider the following example of two materials A and B.

	A	B
Conductivity	0.30	0.40
Thickness	½ inch	1 inch
Conductance	$\frac{0.30}{\frac{1}{2}} = 0.60$	$\frac{0.40}{1} = 0.40$

On the basis of conductivity it appears that A is a better insulator than B. Taking account of the difference in thickness, however, we find that actually B has more insulating value than A. No matter what the salesman has to say about conductivity, he is not telling the whole story until he states how thick a material he is selling, or what its conductance is. Comparison of the insulating value of sheets or boards of insulating material is properly made on the basis of their heat conductance, as in the example above, without regard to their surface resistances. But because of the factor of surface resistance, the user will be the gainer if he can use the board in such a way as to introduce an additional air space.

The question of how much insulation a house should have will depend on its location and the cost of fuel. Where the winters are severe, and the cost of fuel is high, it is economical to add more insulation than in warm climates where one naturally needs but little insulation. Some parts of the house may need more insulation than others. For example, if the northern exposure is subject to severe, cold winds, it will be wise to add an extra layer of insulation to that wall. In ordinary construction, it is safe to say that more heat flows through the roof during winter than through any single wall. In the summer more heat enters the house through the roof than through the walls. It is therefore advisable and highly economical to add extra insulation underneath the roof.

As estimate of the probable saving in fuel resulting from insulating or weather-stripping an ordinary dwelling house is given in the following table, which is taken from the Circular of the Bureau of Standards, No. 376. The first part of the table gives the fuel saving expressed in percent of fuel which would have been required for a similar house without insulation or weather-stripping. In the second part of the table the savings are expressed in percent of fuel required for a house without insulation but with weather-stripped windows. In calculating these values an average insulating material is assumed, but no commercial fibrous or cellular insulating material departs far enough from this average value to make a significant difference in the approximate figures in the table. Whenever insulation is involved, it is assumed that the insulation is applied to both walls and roof, and that the insulation is not substituted for some other member which is present in the uninsulated construction.

Approximate Fuel Savings in Dwellings

The savings are expressed in percent of fuel which would have been required for similar houses without insulation or weather-stripping.

	Saving
No insulation—weather-stripped	15 to 20%
Same—with double (storm) windows	25 to 30%
½" Insulation—not weather-stripped	20 to 30%
½" Insulation—weather-stripped	About 40%
½" Insulation—with double windows	About 50%
1" Insulation—not weather-stripped	30 to 40%
1" Insulation—weather-stripped	About 50%
1" Insulation—with double windows	About 60%

Savings expressed in percent of fuel which would have been required for similar houses without insulation, but with weather-stripping.

With double windows—no insulation	10 to 15%
½" Insulation only	25 to 35%
½" Insulation—with double windows	40 to 45%
1" Insulation only	35 to 45%
1" Insulation with double windows	50 to 55%

Insulating value is gained by filling an air space with loose material. Many loose materials are being sold for this purpose, and such materials can sometimes be installed in finished houses. Several things have to be guarded against. Material should not be added which will constitute a fire hazard, or serve as a nest for rodents or vermin. One should make sure that the material will not settle, for otherwise, after a year or so, the spaces will be partially empty. In buildings of frame construction it is absolutely necessary to prevent moisture penetrating walls filled with loose material, since the retention of the moisture by the material and the lack of ventilation within the wall would promote rotting of timbers, and incidentally kill the insulating value.

According to a chart given in Circular No. 376 the following all have approximately the same insulating value.

1. A one-inch thickness of loose or quilted fibrous materials.
2. A one-and-one-fourth inch thickness of fibrous insulating boards.
3. A two-inch thickness of compressed composition board.
4. A three-inch thickness of soft wood.
5. A five-inch thickness of hard wood.
6. A 10- to 20-inch thickness of masonry.

Within each class, there are no great differences in insulating value between insulators made of various materials. The materials offered may differ greatly in other characteristics, such as strength, durability, cost, finish, etc., which the purchaser is fairly well prepared to judge for himself, but, as regards insulating value, which is more difficult to judge, one may be guided by the statement above.

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Books I Am Glad I Have Read

(Continued from page 81)

appreciation of the value received from learning first-hand what such a man can do, and has done. I can not agree with the author on many points. There are passages I could wish he had omitted. But no one can deny that this is a great textbook on legislative processes and administrative problems.

These books are more than books of history and literature. They are books of human nature, that study that the dullest of us take up when we first try to get our own way as babies and never give up until death parts us from our kind. Even in dull memoirs, as Louis Bromfield tells us in his introduction to those of E. de Gramont, ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, "Pomp and Circumstance" (Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, $3.00), interest is supplied by the reader. How much more interest must there be in memoirs of a Frenchwoman who was born to a great position, knew many circles of representative social as well as intellectual life in a time that lay "between the hat of a thousand plumes and the plain hat of beige felt," for it is a gossipy book as well as a charming one. To read it is to make the acquaintance of the great figures that have gone, the house of Rothschild, the great Anatole France, Proust, Remy de Gourmont, the ladies and the gentlemen of the Faubourg Saint Germain, that mysterious and impenetrable hinterland of Paris.

Memoirs

Frances, Countess of Warwick's book, "Life's Ebb and Flow" (Morrow, $5.00), on the other hand, is for that reader whose interest centers in English society, who wants to meet familiarly Disraeli, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Queen Victoria, Edward VII. But Lady Warwick, probably one of the most versatile women of her circle, did not confine her activities to any one group of society. Known as "the Socialist Countess," she also was friends with George Bernard Shaw, W. T. Stead, Joseph Arch. Gladstone, too, she knew, and Lord Salisbury, Cecil Rhodes, W. H. Hudson. She has a zest for life in all its manifestations. Her opportunities to experience it were large. She is witty and observant. This book of hers, therefore, is packed with the kind of information one does not glean from history, but which adds to the understanding of history. Royalty, society, country life, literary people, the theatre, the working classes—she knew them all intimately. And so it is intimate glimpses she gives us, but with rare sense of proportion all that she says is connected with the really significant. And to cap all, not one word she writes is dull.

Lizette Woodworth Reese lived a long way off from the Countess of Warwick. Her work as teacher in the city schools of Baltimore was different from that of a grand lady. And the poetry she wrote called for a different temperament than that which organized social settlements and entertained princes. But the memoirs contained in "A Victorian Village," put out by that new publishing house made up of two of the most charming letter-writers I have ever known, John Farrar and Stanley Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00), are equally witty and enlightening, with perhaps the addition of more charm. Seventy-one years she has lived without ever growing old, for this is the book of an eternally young spirit. Every one should, I think, be glad to have read it.

Any one who follows these reminiscences of other days will surely be glad to have done so, not only because they give a better understanding of those days, but because they reveal once again the nobility greater than any title can convey that resides in the simple lives of simple people living nobly.

For the same reason one simply must read "The Life of an Ordinary Woman" by Anne Ellis, the super-cook who was discovered in a telephone construction camp in the Colorado mountains reading Shakespeare, by two travelers who were so impressed by the courage, personality, and experiences of this slender woman in middle life, who had surmounted innumerable hardships in the mining camp life of Colorado, that they persuaded her to write her recollections of what they call "a phase of our national life which has now passed from the earth" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50).

It is a bare, bald, honest story of a kind of woman and a kind of life that most of us do not know exists. I put it down with a feeling of great humility and a deepened sense of the majesty of human nature. How many of us, I wondered, could have emerged from her environment and experience so much a person? I could wish that all these women in sheltered homes of luxury, who complain so persistently of boredom and pursue pleasure and furnishings so indefatigably, might read it. I can imagine that to many of them it would bring a blush of shame—to all, a new sense of proportion. For knowledge of how others live must inevitably bring these to sound minds, and nothing so stimulates the sympathy or appeals to the imagination as the ordinary woman who meets life valiantly, no matter what it brings.

There were many reasons why I was glad I had read "The Good Companions" by J. B. Priestley (Harpers, $3.00), but they might not suffice for others with a different taste. Not that it is not a good book, for it is a superlatively good one. But one must perhaps have been bred on the old Victorian novel to enjoy the long tale ramblingly put together, to be amused by incident for its own sake regardless of its furtherance of the plot, to be charmed with the wit that lies in viewpoint rather than pungent phrase, to be entertained by dialogue for its own quality, to be engrossed by character for the entertainment personality affords rather than by a desire to understand it. And "The Good Companions" offers all this. The author has taken a dozen different persons, each with a quality entirely original, and thrown them together in a troupe of traveling players whose adventures and fortunes about the English countryside he presents to us. Reading it, we are carried entirely out of our world and out of ourselves. Every one who has ever wished at times he could join a circus, or jump out of one environment into another, or free himself from the cares, the responsibilities, the routine of his job, ought to enjoy this book. Others? Well, if they wish to discover that such a book can be written today about people of today, if they wish to know the English bumpkin better, if they wish to know the vicissitudes of the actor's life, the way popular songs come to be written and popular stars made, what English scenery looks like, something of English taverns, they, too, will be glad to have read it.

A Book of Genius

It was "Ultima Thule" by Henry Handel Richardson (Norton, $2.50), that determined me to build this article around books I am glad to have read. For this book, unlike many of these others, I distinctly did not enjoy. Many people have asked me if I liked it. I could not say that I did, for a more dreary, tragic story I have seldom read. Yet I had wondered why some one did not put into a book the tragedy of poverty after riches which I had so often sympathetically witnessed. And here it is well-nigh perfectly done. The author, known to be a woman, has a marvelous command of English style, smooth, simple, clear, with a directness of presentation that makes each incident and emotion become intensely seen and realized by the reader. The quality, however, that makes it truly a great book is its truthfulness. Here, the reader knows, is life; here are actual persons, presented dramatically, powerfully. Over twenty years ago the author wrote a book called "Maurice Guest" which has been known as an "author's novel" for, acclaimed and read

Books I Am Glad I Have Read

by every one who wrote or tried to write, it never found a popular public. Now with "Ultima Thule" the genius of the writer has found popular recognition, for in England it has been the great literary success of the year, a success that seems about to be repeated in America.

The scene is laid in Australia. And the story is that of a physician who, after the loss of his wealth due to his own carelessness, returns to his native land to recoup his fortunes. His character forces him from failure to failure until his mind gives way. The tragedy is that of his wife and family, who must suffer his misfortunes without being able to prevent them, because of his pride and secrecy. There is no moral, as there seldom is in a great book. But every woman who has so suffered, or seen such suffering, must be moved by it, and every man who has some of the qualities of Richard Mahony must thereby be made to stop and take stock of himself. The reward that comes from reading is the deepening of one's knowledge of man.

On the other hand, the only reason any one can be glad to have read "Dudley & Gilderoy," a nonsense book by Algernon Blackwood (Dutton, $2.50), is that he will have been thoroughly amused for a space of several hours. Reason enough, this seems to me. And few the books that can do it. Dudley is an aristocratic gray parrot, and Gilderoy a plebeian ginger-colored cat who run away from their country-house home in Kent and journey to London in search of adventure. One must like fantasy in order to enjoy it. But given that, what these precocious animals experienced, and what they observed of the unique individuals they met, will draw forth many of those slow, quiet smiles that result from a subtle titillation of a delicate sense of humor.

"Married Money" by Harford Powel, Jr. (Little, Brown, $2.50), will have a wider appeal, as it addresses itself to a more robust sense, poking its fun at the old Bostonese standards in contrast with the new standards of New York by marrying Wee Legg, heiress to seventy million dollars, to Jerry McCoy before he knows she has a cent, sending her to New York where she becomes the most extravagant of all New York spenders in her desire to give Jerry all she can, and bringing her back to Boston in the early milk train, satiated but wiser in her evaluation of what makes for happiness. Mr. Powel is too gay to preach a moral, but never has the emptiness and unsatisfactoriness of spending been better shown.

A book that gives pleasure in the reading, as well as reward, is "Early Candlelight" by Maud Hart Lovelace (John Day, $2.50). The pleasure is derived from the beauty of that all-too-rare thing, an exquisite love story, and the reward from the picture of frontier life in Minnesota a hundred years ago, a frontier slightly different from others, due to the insouciance given to the life by the color and the vivacity of the French settlers and voyageurs, and by the dignity of the New England trader, Jasper Page, who brought into the wilderness the books and the manners of his aristocratic New England family.

In New England

A different New England from Jasper Page's is revealed in "Elva" by Durward Grinstead (Covici-Friede, $2.50), the New England of the Salem witchcraft, which this book, for the first time, makes explicable to the modern mind. Not that it is a psychological treatise. Far from it. For it merely presents the story of Elva Pope, a sensitive and restless young woman, married to an austere and dun-colored husband, and how she fell a victim to the cult of magic. But in presenting her story, which is absorbing and gripping enough in itself, it tells also how the three precocious children, seeking notoriety, pretended to be bewitched, how the adults took them seriously, how their symptoms became contagious, how a flame of hysteria swept the village, how the mean and vicious used it to their own ends. Characters of great beauty are revealed. The cross-stitch life of the colonial small town is woven dexterously. The book has authenticity as well as beauty and power, and the subject-matter makes it of interest to every one.

"Brothers and Sisters," by I. Compton-Burnett (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is that great joy of the reader, "something entirely different." The plot is—to me, at least—unique in literature. Two brothers and two sisters find themselves, due to the masterful selfishness of one of the mothers, in entangling situations from which they are forced to extricate themselves. The story is unfolded almost entirely through conversations, which Hugh Walpole calls among the most remarkable in modern English literature. The characters, too, have novelty, and yet they are real creations, not freaks. And the book as a whole produces on the reader the effect of having participated in an actual experience. This alone makes me rejoice to have read it.

Evelyn Scott's "The Wave" (Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, $2.50), is for reward rather than enjoyment. Nearly every reader, I imagine, will find it slow, if not difficult, reading, for the author has developed a new technique, which for lack of a better word we may call the panoramic style. There is no plot. There is no continuity. We are presented with a series of incidents of the Civil War. Each is complete in itself. We never pass the same way again. We never meet the characters again. Some we enjoy reading, some thrill us, many bore us. But when we have endured to the end we feel that there has been passed before our view the whole four years of the war, that we have seen its every phase and have a more perfect comprehension of it than ever before.

With a College Atmosphere

So many are the books that bring reward of one kind or another that I could make this a long list indeed. There is that almost offensive book, "Pigskin" by Charles W. Ferguson (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), that describes the efforts of a college president somewhere in the Middle West to build up a large university by business methods. It is an attack on college building, college athletics, college politics, a philippic rather than a novel. The characters have no reality in themselves. Not all these incidents could possibly happen in conjunction. They may each be true of some one college. What happened to the well-meaning but incapable president probably has happened in part to several college presidents. And in some places it is even possible that the undergraduates—at least, some undergraduates—behave as badly as these. But putting them all together in the case of the Martha Sumner University does not make a fair case against universities. As well might an attorney in presenting a damage case against a railroad bring as testimony all the things that all railroads have done in defiance of the law. No judge would admit evidence that was not pertinent to the special case under trial. It is, however, an old method in propaganda. It was tried effectively in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It has been used numberless times before and since, notably in "Elmer Gantry." The trouble with such books is that it is so easy to make them plausible. They read so smoothly, they are so dramatic. Just because the characters are pasteboard and the incidents journalistic, they seem true, for the author is not hampered by any necessity of making either accord with the facts of human nature or of life.

A real character exhibits inconsistencies. Circumstances in life are incongruous. And these tend to make both seem untrue. It is a task for the author of the real and true to make both convey conviction to his reader in spite of these inconsistencies and incongruities. "Pigskin"

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Books I Am Glad I Have Read

reads so convincingly that it will scare many mothers and fathers. It will be discussed by them and therefore reach large circulation. And perhaps it should. For in spite of the fact that it is not literature, that it is not fair, it is well for parents and others interested in education to see whither certain tendencies in our methods of building up educational institutions might lead if not dealt with. For this reason I was glad to have read it, although failing either to enjoy or to approve it.

"Dreamers of Empire," by one of our own *Good Housekeeping* writers, Achmed Abdullah, and T. Compton Pakenham (Stokes, $3.50), is a book that belongs on this list for a different reason. The word "impractical" has become to us almost a synonym for imbecility, certainly for futility. But here these expert wielders of words have taken six men who dreamed great dreams, who gloried in their dreaming, who built, according to these authors, "the pedestals for the looser, safer minds—the successes." And we see the value of this dreaming for those who came after and—what is far more important, in my opinion—the effect of this dreaming on these men themselves: Cecil John Rhodes, who dreamed of empire; Richard Francis Burton, who dreamed in seventeen languages; John Nicholson, who dreamed greatly of peace; Henry Montgomery Lawrence, who dreamed of justice; William Walker, who dreamed of adventures; and Charles George Gordon, who dreamed of the Christ. I may not always agree with the authors as to the value of the dreams, or the qualities of the dreamers, but I was glad when I had finished the book to have had once more brought to my mind the meaning of that word "impractical" as "having ideas ahead of their time."

There are so many reasons why one may be glad to read a book. Even one of those time-shorteners, a detective tale, may find itself so classed. "Hide in the Dark" by Frances Noyes Hart (Crime Club, $2.00), is one. Pronounced by many detective-story addicts the best of the year, it has literary quality and is built upon a background that causes the reader to remember it with gladness that she read it even after the criminal is discovered.

I have chosen these books for this month, first of all, because each one gave me something of value that made me feel glad that I had read it. But I have the added hope that by presenting them in this way I may have suggested to some of my readers a new standard of measurement, the one by which reading may do for them what so many, from their letters, desire that it shall. Reading for pleasure is the greatest of recreations. But reading for value is an education. Not whether you like a book, but whether it gave you something—this is the best test.

Write Mrs. Blair at Joplin, Mo., for advice on books; enclose a stamped, addressed envelope

Eliminating Mortgage Worries

(*Continued from page 47*)

loan. He should know just what his payments are to be and when they will be due. Nor is this all. It is the impression of many people that as long as they pay their mortgage interest promptly they may snap their fingers at the lender. But this is not so. If the usual form of mortgage is read it will be found that the borrower must pay, when due, all taxes, assessments, and other public charges levied against the mortgaged property. If he does not, the lender may exercise his right to declare the whole amount of the mortgage due and payable at once. And this is true, too, in regard to maintaining the required amount of fire insurance for the benefit of the lender. In addition to these provisos, the holder of a second mortgage usually may require that all payments of principal and interest on the first mortgage be met promptly.

In many instances uninformed home-buyers unwittingly become parties to mortgages, thereby obligating themselves for large amounts to their subsequent financial sorrow. This occurs when purchase is made of a property on which there is an existing mortgage. If the purchaser accepts a deed in which there is a statement that the grantee (the purchaser) takes title to the property "subject to encumbrance of record (or that mentioned in the deed) which *he hereby assumes and agrees to pay*," he becomes, in effect, an indorser of the original note, or bond, for which the mortgage is security. In case of a default in the payment of amounts due under the terms of the mortgage not only may his property be disposed of at foreclosure sale, but, should the proceeds received from the sale be insufficient to repay the loan, he may be held personally liable for any unpaid balance. This is a particularly risky undertaking when the property is encumbered by both first and second mortgages, or by a large first mortgage, the amount of which represents a high percentage of the total value of the property. If a prospective home-buyer desires financial safety, the words "assumes and agrees to pay" should be omitted from his deed.

Sometimes unavoidable and unforeseen circumstances make it impossible to remit promptly a payment of mortgage interest, or principal. If this emergency arises, nothing will surmount the difficulty more readily than for the property-owner to go at once, before the payment is past due, and have a personal talk with the lender. Many foreclosures have resulted solely from the failure to resort to this simple, but sometimes none too comfortable, expedient. Telephone calls, messages sent by others, and evasive letters soon wear out a lender's patience; which is quite natural. The delinquent borrower should explain his situation as it really is. If the stringency in his money market is temporary, he should name a date when he is *certain* that he can make his payment and ask for an extension of time. In nine cases out of ten he will receive a cheerful compliance with his request. He should remember that his interests and those of the lender are identical. The lender is no more anxious to press matters than the borrower is anxious to have him. What the note owner wants is his money. It is only the unusual lender who is willing to profit by another's misfortune.

A borrower's financial circumstances may change so that he finds that the demands on his income exceed the supply. Again his remedy is a talk with the lender, or, if he has two mortgages on his property, with the holders of both obligations. He should outline his difficulty and ask for a revised arrangement that will conform to his capacity to pay. If this concession is not granted, and it may not be, he should ask for a suspension of his payments for a sufficient length of time to permit him to dispose of his property to some one with greater financial resources.

A rough measuring stick by which the size of a loan may be gauged is the rule that the purchase price of a home should be not more than two and one-half times the purchaser's annual income. But even with this rule in mind it is well to be conservative. Unexpected contingencies should be considered when making calculations. Better a modest home whose financial charges are carried easily as other obligations increase, as they are almost sure to do, than one of more pretentious size which, while presenting a brave front to the outside world, contains within a multitude of financial troubles.

A home should be one of the greatest contributing factors to a person's happiness, not a source of worry and grief.

Telling the Family Fortune

(*Continued from page 89*)

Group Two includes the items of expense over which the wife has direct personal control. They are usually provided for by the portion of the family income which the wife takes weekly or monthly for her personal expenses, and the running cost of the household and family.

7. *Food.* This should not include the husband's lunches. It may, or may not, include meals eaten outside the home, depending on the agreement between the husband and wife.

How much should a family of two, three, four, or more with an income of $2000, $3000, $5000 or whatnot, spend for food? Anyone who can set such a figure authoritatively should be able to predict who will be the next President. Food prices vary widely in different localities and in different sections of the country. Personal tastes and personal appetites have a profound effect upon a family's food requirements. So does the profession or occupation of the wage earner. So do the number and age of the children. So do half-a-dozen other factors. The only general rule that holds true is that the smaller the income, the larger the share of it that must go for food.

Every family should have good, wholesome food in sufficient quantity and variety to maintain health and good dispositions. Anything less than this is poor economy.

8. *Miscellaneous household supplies,* such as soap, mops, brooms, and the like.

9. *Maintenance of household equipment and furnishings.* This would include a new cord for the electric iron, getting a dining-room chair mended, new living-room curtains to replace the ones with holes in them, and so forth.

10. *Help.*

11. *Wife's personal expenses.* These should include: (1) Clothes. (2) Doctor and dentist. I know it is usual to make this a family budget item, but I really don't see why. If there is anything more personal than medical attention, I have never heard of it. (3) Club dues. (4) Amusements. (5) Miscellaneous.

12. *Children's personal expenses.* These, in addition to (1) clothes, (2) doctor and dentist, and (3) miscellaneous, should include (4) school.

13. *Group Three* is made up entirely of the money which the husband takes for his personal use. The items in this division are, I think, obvious and do not need to be detailed.

Group Four holds the family's future hopes and reflects its success or failure in the management of its finances. It usually represents money put in the savings bank or invested.

14. *Additions or permanent improvements to house and furnishings.* The distinction between this item and Item 9 should be emphasized. Item 9 is to take care of what you have to buy to take the place of something you already have. A new saucepan to replace the one that somehow got a hole in the bottom should be paid for out of the funds reserved for Item 9. But if you add a wing to your house, or buy an extra upholstered chair for the living-room, or a radio, you are adding something to your more or less permanent possessions.

15. *Savings.* How much should a family save? I believe that depends entirely upon the individual family's needs and circumstances. I certainly do not believe in saving at the expense of health, comfort, or a reasonable amount of recreation. In the last analysis, the proportion of its income a family saves should have some relation to its plans and ambitions for the future. In other words, don't just save—save for something. Whether it's a fund to take care of you in your old age, a house, a car, a trip abroad, or something else, have a definite objective in your saving plans.

Most standard budgets include life insurance under the heading of savings. The primary purpose of life insurance, however, is protection for the income provider's family, and it should be bought solely with that purpose in view. To be sure, a life insurance policy has an ever-increasing cash value which can be withdrawn and used just as money can be taken out of the savings bank. But if this cash value is withdrawn and used, the real purpose of the insurance is at least partially destroyed.

There is one factor in budget making that is more vital than any plan or set of figures yet devised. A budget must be a partnership proposition. Giving the wife an allowance, or an arbitrary sum of money under whatever name, is as behind the times as a knee-length skirt. A budget simply won't work unless it represents mutual agreement, mutual consideration, and mutual compromise. There should be a thorough and honest understanding between the husband and wife as to just what items of expense she is to be personally responsible for, and what items he is to be personally responsible for, and what items are to be paid for out of the family checking account. If this feeling of real partnership and cooperation exists, even a poorly planned budget has some hope of success. If it is absent, the best budget in the world becomes in practise merely a scrap of paper.

A New Scene In an Old Setting

(*Continued from page 85*)

Bake in a moderate oven of 400° F. for forty minutes. Serves six.

For *Eggs Baked in Cheese Sauce,* melt three tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine, add four tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-half teaspoonful of paprika. When smooth, add two cupfuls of milk and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Shell eight hard-cooked eggs and cut in halves lengthwise. In a buttered casserole arrange a layer of sauce, a layer of eggs, and one-fourth cupful of grated cheese. Repeat until all are used, having one-fourth cupful of grated cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for fifteen minutes. Serves six.

For *Casserole of Lamb and Vegetables,* cut in small pieces a shoulder of lamb weighing about two pounds. Add two and one-half cupfuls of cold water to one-third of this meat and simmer over a low heat for one hour, for stock. Roll the rest of the lamb in flour seasoned with salt and pepper and sauté until golden brown. Cook twelve small peeled onions ten to fifteen minutes, drain, add one teaspoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of butter or margarine. Cook until slightly brown. Cut carrots in small strips to the amount of one-half cupful and cook ten minutes. Put browned meat and stewed meat in casserole. Add fat to the pan in which the meat was browned to make three tablespoonfuls. Add four tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until smooth and add two cupfuls of stock. Stir until the mixture thickens slightly. Pour over the meat in the casserole. Cook in a covered casserole one and one-half hours in a moderate oven of 400° F., then add onions and carrots and cook one-half hour longer. Serves six.

For *Casserole of Meat and Rice,* melt one tablespoonful of butter or margarine in a skillet. Add two small onions minced and one-half cupful of white rice. Cook, stirring occasionally, until golden brown in color, then turn into a buttered casserole. Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat in the skillet, add one-half pound diced raw meat and sear on all sides. Add this to the casserole with two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one cupful of water, and one cupful of stewed tomatoes. Cover and cook in a moderate oven of 375° F. for two hours. Serves four.

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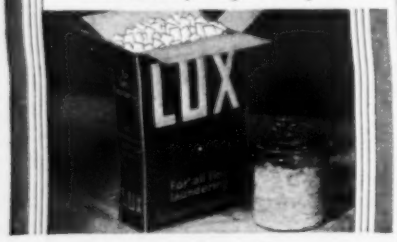

Never Spank A Fretting Child

A Whimpering Child Is Often a Constipated Child

When a child is restless and pettish and goes whimpering about the house for apparently no reason at all, it may be a constipated condition. An adult can tell when he or she needs a good purging, but a child cannot. The fretting may be but the plaints of a half-sick little body.

Ask your doctor and he will tell you that when a physic is needed there is nothing better than Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. It is pure, fresh castor oil, full-strength, simply with the castor oil taste and odor removed. It moves the bowel gently but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives. It does the work without upsetting the stomach or causing nausea or other bad after-effects. And in addition to its physic action it exercises a healing effect upon the mucous membrane of the bowel, which is desirable after a thorough purging. No ordinary drug or physic combines these important effects. And children take Kellogg's willingly.

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(Advertisement)

Your Underweight Child

(*Continued from page 35*)

just as in his case, several of them are found to exist in a single instance.

Take, for example, Charles, whom the doctor has just examined. He told Mrs. Green that there was nothing organically wrong with the lad; that is to say, that there were no Physical Defects (Class 5); but he could not have said this with full assurance unless he had made at least a rough approximate test of his vision. For defective eyesight may cause such strain, both physical and emotional, as to bring about this very condition of malnutrition from which he was suffering. Defective hearing, likewise, may result similarly; it may be caused by hypertrophied adenoids, or it may result from some more serious cause. Naturally, such defects, or any others that a careful examination brings out, should be corrected, if a malnutrition that they have caused is to be cured.

EVEN though Charles happened to be free from any demonstrable physical defect, however, he was not free from the other groups of causes. Take for example his Food Habits, Class 1. He ate when he wanted to, what he wanted to, where he wanted to; and he left alone what he disliked. *What* he preferred was chiefly sweets; *when*, was any time of the day except mealtimes; and *where*, anywhere but at the table. To make matters worse, his parents had fallen into the reprehensible habit of perpetually nagging him about his eating, the one thing on earth that could possibly have made him any worse about eating than he already was.

As to Class 2, his Faulty Health Habits, they were too many to be enumerated, like those of so many of his fellows who are suffering from the same condition, whether recognized or not. His hour for going to bed was scandalously late; his "movie" nights were over-numerous, and the shows themselves were over-hectic; his playtime out of doors was far too short, and his hours indoors were far too long. A still more careful and exhaustive history-taking would doubtless have elicited still more faulty health habits, to judge from the records of the majority of these youngsters.

And how about Class 3—did he suffer from School Strain? Most assuredly he did! And so do hundreds of thousands of other underweight boys and girls who are held in school for five and a half hours a day, or even longer, at the ages of ten, nine, or sometimes even less, whether they break under the strain as Charles did, or whether their native stamina is sufficient to enable them to "get by" without at once showing the evil effects of such over-long hours of confinement.

Another cause of school strain in his case, as in so many other children's, was the unproductive and disheartening home work that was being heaped upon him. This had caused not only the boy himself, but all the rest of the family as well, to labor fruitlessly to accomplish what he himself instinctively, and rightly, felt was an impossible task for him in his depleted condition. Hence he balked at it, and hence also the teacher added still more to the weight of his school strain by endless bickerings over the impossible task of making a tired child learn. Worst count of all in the indictment, perhaps, was the utterly indefensible "keeping in after school," and depriving him of his recess periods—and so doing away with any possibility of his bearing up under the hopelessly overpowering burden.

As to Class 4, Home Strain, is it to be wondered at that home contributed its quota of emotional strain to the rest of the picture? Pestering about home work to be done; about school work in which he was falling behind; about eating at the table, which was a three-times-a-day squabble, ever renewed, never productive of results that were anything but harmful; about his eating between meals, his peevishness, his lack of respect for his elders, and his lack of appreciation of what his parents were doing for him—in short, about everything that a tired, half-sick boy is prone to do that is annoying and irritating and maddening to the grown-ups with whom he is brought into unwilling association. All of these, working together, bring about fatigue; and fatigue just as surely brings about underweight, and all the rest of the picture that accompanies it.

Analyzing the situation in a sympathetic, common-sense way, it is easy to see that the cure of such a condition is not, rightly speaking, a medical one at all. It consists, on the contrary, in so reorganizing the youngster's day, his duties, and his pleasures, that they are capable of being carried on without producing a state of fatigue so unbearable as to register itself in the diminished weight, and all the rest of the evidences of malnutrition, that Charles presents.

Suppose we run over these with the doctor and Mrs. Green and see just how practical a regimen he was able to prescribe, and how cordial a reception she gave to these suggestions. We may go over them just as he did, by classes, and see which of them are removable, and how.

Fortunately, in this instance we have no physical defects to correct or remove, so that we have no strictly medical or surgical procedures to consider. The first thing that does come up, however, is every bit as difficult as facing a surgical operation would have been; and his mother at first dreaded it almost as much as she would have dreaded the operation, if not even more! This is the question of his eating. And yet, if she will only carry out the doctor's orders, this will prove the simplest thing of all that she has to do. What are these orders? Let's listen to what he says.

"Charles is to have four meals a day instead of three. He is to be *offered* four, that is; it makes not the slightest difference whether he takes any of them or not, so long as he comes to the table and sits there quietly for a few minutes. No comment whatsoever is to be made as to what he eats or what he leaves untasted; remember this, for it is vital to the success of the method. These meals are to be the three regular ones—breakfast, dinner, and supper—plus a mid-afternoon lunch timed to come three hours before his evening meal.

"What is he to have? I am much more interested in what he is *not* to have. He must be given no added sugar whatsoever; no jellies, jams, sirup, pie, or cake; and he must have nothing between meals except the mid-afternoon meal just described. If you will stick conscientiously to this, I'll promise you that your food and appetite problems will disappear completely within three days at the outside—and probably considerably sooner.

"WHAT about Faulty Health Habits? Bed at eight; no movies until he has gained eight pounds, and then only one show per week; out-of-doors all the hours of daylight, except while actually in school; and plenty of exercise whenever he gets to the point of wanting it—though none until he does, for exercise taken in this fatigued state is productive of still more fatigue, instead of relieving it. Last of all, he is to take a rest period—if possible, a nap—of an hour every day, in a darkened room, with shoes removed and clothing loosened, immediately after the midday meal."

"But, Doctor, how can he?" comes the distressed objection. "He is in school until three o'clock every day!"

"He won't be, if you follow my advice in dealing with Charles, who is just as truly a sick boy as if he were suffering from one of the more commonly recognized of the acute infectious diseases. I'll write a note for you to take to his principal, telling him that Charles is not well enough to attend the full session, and asking that he be excused from school one

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Your Underweight Child

hour before the rest of the children are let out. This may be sufficient to lighten his school strain. If it does not prove sufficiently helpful, and his weight and general condition at the end of a month do not indicate enough improvement to satisfy us three—the principal, you, and me—I shall ask him to shorten the school day for Charles still more. It is not at all uncommon, in severe cases, to find that it is necessary to have the child excused from the whole of the afternoon session for the remainder of the year. In such an event he not only gets the benefit of the shorter day and the longer playtime out-of-doors, but he is enabled to partake at his leisure of a hot noontime meal, instead of having to depend upon the more or less hurried school lunch that is all that so many children have to carry them over from a hasty breakfast until their six o'clock dinner.

"AND here is something that will surprise you; in fact, you will probably remain quite unconvinced of the truth of the statement until your own experience verifies it for you. Charles will do far better in school, and will have a far better chance of being promoted to the next higher grade in school, at the end of this term of lessened schoolwork and shorter school days, than would have been the case had you persisted in keeping him there for the full, fatiguing day. For this lightening of the emotional load, together with the tabooing of all home work—which I shall similarly arrange for with his principal—will make possible a rested approach to his studies each morning which will enable him to accomplish far more in the educational battle than was possible so long as he went to school each day unrested after the fatigue of the preceding day's toil.

"No, this is not an experiment; and I can promise you that the teacher and the principal will be glad to cooperate with me, as they have been doing for years with other children for whom I have been recommending such a lightening of school strain. I have yet to see one of these children fail to advance after a term of this shorter but more effective schooling, who had even the remotest chance of being promoted on the old, fatiguing regimen. You see, Mrs. Green, the educators are quite as much concerned with this problem of fatigue and underweight in the children who attend their schools, as you or I can be with our individual problem cases. In fact, they are even more concerned as a class than are the doctors, many of whom still treat with tonics and tonsil operations these overburdened youngsters whose chief need is less strenuous lives. They are not permitted to make this change for their whole group; but as you know, a doctor's certificate covers all sorts of things, and this variation from the school routine comes well within its scope.

"And now, Mrs. Green, what do you think that you yourself can contribute toward the reduction of his home strain?"

"Why, Doctor, there won't be any strain left to reduce, if we do the things you have told me to do. No more teasing him to eat, no more scolding about buying candy and sweets and drug store drinks, no more urging him to do his home work, no more reproaching him about his poor work in school—for if he is really sick, as you say he is, his father and I shall not feel humiliated about his poor progress, and so we can let him alone with a clear conscience, as we could not do before, when we felt that we were somehow the cause of his failing to do good work. And we shall not be constantly picking on him for 'talking back,' and being sulky, and all that; for if you can cure him of this 'sickness' you talk about, which seems so rational and easy to understand the way you explain it, much of that will simply disappear as he gets better."

"Of course, it will. But you may have to exercise some firmness about the hour for going to bed, the 'no-movies' rule, and the 'no-sweets' law. But if you let him know at the start that you and his father are going through with it, and resist the temptation to nag and repeat your orders, this will all come about far more easily than you can even imagine in advance.

"It will help a lot if you will take Charles into your confidence and let him know in advance what it is all about. Tell him that he is to be freed from all the disagreeable situations that have been arising, but that in return for this you want his help and cooperation. Then make a record form or chart on which he is to record his weekly weights. Some small reward, in recognition of the efforts that have caused him to make the gains the chart will show, will work wonders out of all proportion to the small cost in money; in fact, it is the recognition rather than the actual reward which is effective."

Can the doctor really promise results as definitely as this doctor did to the harassed mother who brought her problem child to him? In most instances the doctor who promises results is a quack; but with cases of this sort, results follow so promptly and so surely in the wake of honest effort on the part of parents who have made up their minds to go through with the whole program, that the doctor is well within the bounds of safety in making such a definite promise.

There must be no mental reservations on their part, however. Many a parent is bitterly disappointed because her children, who have been keeping all the rules about diet, have had their physical defects corrected, and are going to bed early, fail to make the promised gain in weight. She may be doing everything that has been required of her—extra meals, carefully computed calories in the diet, and all—and yet have failed to cut down the strain of twentieth-century living, the strenuous day's rush that was at the bottom of the trouble in the first place. And one of the easiest changes to make, but one that many conscientious, ambitious parents find it hard to bring themselves to initiate, is the slight shortening of the long school day that we have found such an important factor in bringing up underweight.

THE technique thus briefly outlined to this mother can be applied successfully by any mother and any doctor working together. If the father joins in, speedy results are even more certain. It is, however, extremely difficult for a mother to bring about a cure without the doctor's help; for the doctor to succeed without the parent's help is manifestly out of the question. Together they can veritably accomplish wonders. And any one who has seen one of these youngsters, who started out with all the symptoms that little Charles Green presented when he first came into the doctor's office for treatment, change as Charles did in less than six months of faithful adherence to the sensible regimen laid down, will be quite ready to admit that nothing less than a wonder has indeed been brought about. The change is startling; better still, it is permanent, except in such instances as occasionally develop, where parents work hard to get their children up to normal, and then relax all vigilance and allow them to slip back into the same old rut. Naturally the strict regimen can be modified in such a way as common sense dictates, when the gain back to normal is attained; but it would be folly not to realize that vicious conditions which brought about the original underweight will, if allowed to repeat themselves, cause the same thing a second time.

We have come to recognize the important fact that underweight, with all the train of bad symptoms that accompanies it, is quite unnecessary. It can be done away with permanently whenever doctors, teachers, and parents recognize it for what it is, make up their minds to banish it, and then attack the problem sanely, wisely, and consistently.

The High Cost of Giving

(*Continued from page 43*)

on my tree for your teacher," she said gaily. "*Five pounds*—or I'll eat my new hat! I'll stack all these other things on top of it. Get something nice in your grab-bags, G. G.?"

That young person looked hard at the oblong package . . . *Yes sir!* Miss Claire Watson was a-telling a good tall one, *she* was! Didn't that card a-hanging down say, 'To dear Miss Watson from Vee Challoner'? Hm'm.

"Well," she answered soberly, "from the funny ha-ha one I got a box of tiddledy-winks, and I don't tiddle worth a cent. I don't see no fun to it, neither. And in the Golden Rule bag the things was all gone before it was my turn to grab. *Somebody skun*, and said they brang somepin when they never. I put in a *nice* thing, too, but that's the way Christmas mostly always *is*. You gotta give away what you want your *own* self."

"You never spoke a truer word," agreed her visitor, hastily pulling Vee's card from its crimson ribbon and crumpling it. "There! Now we're all set. I think, sugar, I'll just park these heavy nuisances in the drug store and trot along with you. A Christmas vacation in a boarding house won't be exactly a scream of joy for your teacher. I'm off for home to-night, so I'll drop in on her now and chirp my sympathy. Mumps, G. G., are no joke. Don't breathe it to the youngsters, but that's what ails her. If you've had 'em, get your auburn mop inside that spiffy white beret, pronto, and we'll let the janitor struggle with the rest of this. The fat goldpiece all the teachers gave him ought to keep him from having apoplexy over it. That your suitcase? Then let's step."

THE New Teacher, a gay scarf tied about her convalescent jaws, and wrapped in an even gayer mandarin coat, lay upon a massive couch in the pre-Victorian parlor of the boarding house and smiled faintly at her callers.

"It's most awfully kind of you, and I *think* all danger is over. But are you *sure* you ought to risk it?" she urged. "Genevieve Gertrude, are you *positive* you've had mumps?"

"Didn't I have to live on i-scream a solid *week?*" countered her pupil promptly, gazing with interest at the patient's ruffled hair and flushed cheeks. "*Both* sides, I had—somepin awful! A punkin had nothing on me a-tall. Here's the two hankerchuffs what I brang—they're *real* linen, anyways—and here's Phelpses' present. The kids guessed maybe it was a wrist-watch."

"His mother has been *so* interested," the New Teacher said eagerly, her fingers pressed upon the gift of that "long drink of water," Phelps. "She has visited us almost every morning. I suppose she feels grateful—"

The cute little Miss Claire Watson stopped powdering her nose. She shook her pretty head. "Keep ca'm, old dear," she advised. "I had an heir-to-millions once, also, and *his* mother was deeply impressed with *my* work. What do you suppose they bestowed upon me at the festive Yule-tide? Dolling, their liveried chauffeur delivered at my humble abode one folding aluminum drinking cup—in case I went traveling. I've never been the same since."

"Just what did you expect—a house and lot?" demanded the invalid, sitting up among her pillows and tearing the paper from the small, square parcel. "Of course, it isn't the *value* of a gift we look for. Still, when people are so immensely rich—"

The trickle of words stopped. Three pairs of incredulous eyes focused upon the contents of the box.

It was Genevieve Gertrude who got her breath back first. She swooped upon the card which had covered the tiny, blue-cloth pincushion, the celluloid thimble, the spool of white cotton, and read aloud the message on it:

"*Merry Christmas from Phelps, who hopes his teacher may find these articles useful when the children tear their clothing.*"

"My country 'tis of thee! And there some of the kids guessed a *di'mond ring!*" marveled the youngest of the stricken trio. "Well, *sweet mama!*"

"What did I tell you?" wailed Miss Claire Watson, closing her eyes. "But oh, my poor aluminum drinking cup! You held the world's record, and you're licked now. I can *never* boast of you again. Get a glass case, teacher dear, and keep this treasure in it. Don't part with it to your dying day."

The New Teacher's hand had gone to her swathed throat. "Serves me right!" she said thickly. "But I really was fool enough to expect something nice after all my extra tutoring. Don't let's talk about it. When I'm well of these beastly mumps, I shall *scream* every time I look at this box. What I'm ready to bawl over is that the doctor won't let me go to the Senior League today."

"Bawl?" echoed the petite Miss Watson, sniffing her yellow rose. "They had their nerve to stage a lecture the day before Christmas. Nobody'll go, even to hear Charles Pemberton Harvey."

"He's *Tod* Harvey to me," insisted the victim of mumps. "My *lord!* That I should live to see that fat, freckled imp of a Tod Harvey as the author of a best-seller! I hear all the women in the country are making idiots of themselves over him. Pooh! *Tod* Harvey! I was dying to go today and remind him of the fight we had behind our barn in Old Orchard. He biffed me in the eye with an exceedingly decayed apple, and I scratched his face with my finger nails, which he swore I kept long on purpose. *Tod Harvey* reading from his best-seller! Why, my heavens, I *always* wrote his compositions for him. A heap of spoiling he'd get from *me.*"

GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE'S eyes were like twin moons at the full. . . . Say! You'd never think she was a *teacher*, would you? A-jawring and a-jawring 'bout a *man*, just like all the housekeeping ladies, and not a-stopping to sort over words for the best ones the way teachers mostly always done, even when they yelled at you. Hm'm. And quite a *little* pretty when her face got red, too. Prob'bly if she didn't like sarcasticks so much she could catch a husband. Lots of ladies, what could use their face to stamp New Year's cakes with, *did* get real good-looking ones, but sarcasticks would scare off the Old Boy hisself. Yes, *sir!*

From somewhere in the gloomy old house a strident-voiced clock struck two, and the sapient observer of life and love promptly slid from her seat on the foot of the bed to the floor. She pulled on her white cap with one sweep of her arm and picked up her patent leather suitcase.

"I gotta go up the hill now," she announced briskly. "It's Friday night, you see, and I'm invited to stay *all* the vacation. *My* shopping's done, but I'm going to help the baldy editor do *his* after supper. Lissen! Don't you care one single smitchereen 'bout Phelpses' ole present. If I was you I wouldn't mend nobody up, neither, but you can take a tip from it: *That must be the way to save up a million!* Goo'-*by*, Miss Watson. I won't tell what was on Vee's card, but I *seen* it just the samey. *Goo*'-by."

She went soberly down the steps and into the snowy street, pausing presently to flatten her nose against the window of a flower shop, where gold and rose and russet chrysanthemums flaunted their loveliness against a backdrop of wine-red velvet, and where a modest little card informed passers-by that the price was two dollars each.

"And I got twenty cents!" mourned their admirer, gazing dismally at two sticky dimes which she had haled from her coat pocket. "I betcha that busting big pink one would make her forget 'bout that bum present, too. Honest, she was most a-crying. She felt somepin

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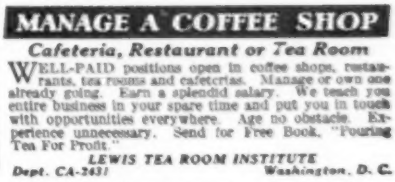

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In using advertisements see page 6

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of her? Would she inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of her? Would you care to introduce her to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

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The High Cost of Giving

terrible— Why, Vee Challoner! Where you a-going to?"

Little Miss Challoner of the kindergarten slipped a confiding hand into her questioner's.

"My mama *said* I could, Genevieve Gertrude! She's over there, watching, but I'm going to buy four *secret* presents my own self. You come with me to the candy store and help pick 'em out. See! I have my purse."

THE candy store was a fascinating place. On one side mounds and mounds of rainbow-hued sweets for Sunday-school boxes made a perfect mountain range. Rows and rows of peppermint canes, from slim walking-sticks to grandfatherly cudgels, hung overhead. White-frosted Santas shouldered their packs; chocolate St. Nicks glistened. All the animals from the zoo, in red and yellow barley sugar, were there, and likewise wonderful things for the Christmas trees—bottles of champagne, cigars, tiny bells—all wrapped in silver and gold paper. Cedar chests filled with bonbons for pretty girls, gilded sewing baskets hiding glacéd fruits crowded the counters, and everywhere hung that delectable odor which is like no other on earth.

The buyer of secret gifts lifted seraphic blue eyes to the pleasant-faced woman in charge.

"How much is this lovely goldy box, please? Three dollars? Oh, that's too much! I just have pennies to spend, you see. Is this choc' lit bar *five* cents? Then I'll take it for my baby brother's stocking. He'll never know the dif'frence."

She snapped open the red purse and looked expectantly inside. After a moment she shook her fluffy, brown head.

"There doesn't seem to be a five cents here. They're larger. Genevieve Gertrude, will you please pay the lady?"

Her shopping companion, with the mien of one indulging a loved child, handed over a dime, received her change, and walked sedately to the next counter where Miss Challoner purchased three more confections—one for Aunt Evelyn, one for Uncle Hubert, one for Cousin Élise—and each time no five-cent coin appeared to rest within the tiny pocketbook.

She was radiant when they emerged into the sharply cold air and waved a gay salute to her mother waiting on the corner.

"I'm all right now, Genevieve Gertrude," she said graciously, "and I like going shopping with you *very much*. I got every one of my presents, and best of all, I still have my 'leven cents. Good-by, and merry Christmas."

Genevieve Gertrude's jaw dropped as she gazed after the wee, flying figure. She opened and closed her empty hand.

"And *me* borned in N'Yawk!" she muttered. "Now I ain't even got my twenty cents. Say, Vee Challoner, if you wasn't just a baby—five a-going on six—I'd call you *some* flimflam artist. Anyways, them Rockfellers and Vanderbilts better look out. You'll have more millions than them before you're growed up, I betcha."

She plodded slowly up Mayflower Hill, her solemn eyes gloomily noting the branches of holly on people's doors, the dwarf pines strung with lights, ready to blossom into radiance with the coming of dusk on Christmas night. Her heart felt like a stone. . . . Yes, *sir*. This was a-going to be a heck of a Christmas, just like Peter said, for most everybody. There was the New Teacher with the darn' ole mumps, feeling awful 'bout that measly mending outfit, and mad as hops over that writer man what had pasted her in the eye one time; and Miss Claire Watson what had had to give away that whopper box of candy she wanted her own self. Hm'm. Nothing nice in school, neither, and all the other girls ast a-skating and to lovely parties where you *wasn't* ast, and things so dear in the stores you had to give meany presents like quarter handkerchuffs, and your mother fit to be tied 'cause you wouldn't go with her to Aunt Mayme's in N'Yawk, and a-saying well, then, you shouldn't have no hockey skates—when all you wanted *was* hockey skates—and then skun out of your last twenty cents by that mizzable Vee Challoner, and you couldn't squeal to her mama less'n you was yellow, 'cause she was only a baby— *Oh, Fido!*

Like the chief mourner at a funeral she walked up the box-bordered path to the Hardinge porch, and instantly the door flew open. A feminine cyclone in a smart beaver coat and a clever copy of Le Monnier's latest model in hats seized her and swept her into the house.

"Where *have* you been, snail?" demanded the tornado, unstrapping the suitcase. "Here I've been dancing up and down like a cat on hot bricks for the last hour. Out of that dress, quick, and into your best bib and tucker. Thank heaven your face is clean, and your shoes will *have* to do. Stand still till I give your hair half a brushing— There!"

"It—it looks like we're a-going some place," ventured the snail, shaking down the brief skirt of her spanking, best blue velvet. "I hope it ain't to buy *presents*, that's all."

Mrs. Robert Ellsworth Hardinge, *née* Hewitt, caught up gloves and handbag. "*Presents?* I haven't cash enough left to buy a *yeast cake!* We're going, G.G., to get our minds broadened by listening to a great literary lion. The secretary, lucky 'ooman, has the grippe, and they wished on me the thankless job of reading her report. You're trailing along because I can't leave you here alone—too near Christmas. Hustle into your coat, hon-bun. Leaping Lizette's on the drive, rarin' to go, if she isn't frozen with all this waiting."

The little brown car sailed down the hill and up another, impudently nosing ponderous trucks and portly limousines, and flashing by them with a derisive squawk from its horn.

"To-night," said Isabel Hewitt Hardinge grimly, as she swung into Main Street, "you have your work cut out for you. I *thought* I'd sent a card to every person under the shining sun except the Prince of Wales and Mary Pickford. But this afternoon the postman dumped in *twenty-nine* elaborate missives from people I'd forgotten all about. Not a decent thing left in the stores, either, and no mail delivery to-morrow! You can make a list of 'em, G.G., and we'll remember 'em with New Year's greetings. That's the *best* I can do—and I'd a lot rather wring their necks instead. Well, here we are!"

The social secretary elect gazed wide-eyed at the crowd of beautifully-turned-out women going up the steps of the club house, and sudden misgiving smote her.

"Who—who *is* the lion what's a-going to make our minds more broader?" she murmured.

Mrs. Hardinge shut off Lizette's motor and slammed up the driver's window. "Harvey—and a three-ring affair like mine, Charles Pemberton Harvey. *Quite* a mouthful. Hop out, lamb. Here's a letter from your precious lame lady. You can read it in the little anteroom while we have our business meeting. There's something nice in it for you."

"Tod!" whispered the lamb to the back of the beaver coat, as she followed it to the marble portico. "*Sweet mama!* If it ain't *me* a-going to see that Tod man 'stead of the New Teacher!"

THE large auditorium was packed. With coats thrown over chair backs, the rows of women, in bright silk or velvet frocks, resembled a huge formal garden. At a long table in the front of the room sat the officers of the League, and in their exact center loomed the florid, handsome face of the one male present—the guest of honor.

The president arose and tapped her gavel on a bronze ashtray to still the buzzing.

The High Cost of Giving

"Ladies, gentlemen, and *others!*" she said with terrible archness. "Tee hee! I will amend that remark. Ladies, gentleman, and *one* other, will you come to order? *Please!*"

The one other, swinging her slim legs from the edge of a too-high chair, stared sourly at the speaker. Say! When a lady was taller'n today 'n' tomorrow, she hadn't ought to giggle at everythin' she said. It didn't match.

"Ladies, gentleman, and *one* other," went on the president, "we have now come to the *grand* event of the afternoon. Sitting modestly between the present speaker and your efficient vice-president is the famous author, Mr. Charles Pemberton Harvey, who will presently address you. *But*, ladies, gentleman, and *one* other, Mr. Harvey, distinguished though he be, is not the *only* one present who has written a book. It may surprise some of you to learn that your president has achieved that honor, also. More than that, ladies, gentleman, and *one* other, this book was accepted *before it was written*, and in this your president thinks her case is absolutely unique."

A murmur and a stifled sound came from somewhere behind the one other. That young woman glanced over her shoulder severely . . . . Honest, lots of them ladies, dolled up so awful swell, didn't know how to behave theirselfs out anywheres, a-groaning like they felt sick and a-mumbling—and every last one of 'em had on too much rouge, too. Faces like barnfires!

The president leaned forward and tapped the guest of honor's shoulder with a playful finger.

"Yes, ladies, gentleman and *one* other, your leading officer went bravely into the office—perhaps she should say the *sanctum sanctorum*—of a famous publisher and said to him, 'I wish you to put my book on the market, *but*—it is not written.' 'My *dear* lady,' remarked the publisher blandly, 'we do not do business that way.' 'Ah, but you *will!*' cried your president. 'When you have read these seven pages which *are* written, you will beg me to sign a contract.' *And*, ladies, gentleman, and *one* other, that is just what happened. Your president walked out of that office, having signed on the dotted line. But *don't* ask her to write another book! She never, *never* could. Now, ladies, and *one* other, I present for your delectation the sole gentleman present—Mr. Charles Pemberton Harvey, author of 'Veiled Horizons.' Mr. Harvey!"

The writer of a world-wide best seller, his face a study in rich magenta, got slowly to his feet. A little rustle moved like a wave through the audience. Down in the seventh row a flaming-haired young person in a blue velvet dress, both hands clasped about her knee, cocked an attentive ear and leaned forward. The New Teacher's Tod was about to begin his mind-broadening process.

"Fellow readers," began Mr. Harvey firmly, his gray eyes chill behind his glasses, "it seems to me that your—*gracious*—president has said all that could or should be said. I have no parlor tricks whatever, and the papers have printed many articles about my very prosaic history. If you will excuse me from reciting these stale facts, I'll get down to brass tacks, which is to explain the purpose behind this book."

GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE'S foot sought its mate upon the floor. She slumped in her seat. . . . Huh. No betterer than the old super'tendent when he got a-talking *and* a-talking. If *that* was the way Tod stretched your mind! Them ladies wasn't paying no 'tention neither. They was a-thinking whether the hats was French, and what was that simply *terrible* 'fum'ry, and wouldn't you s'pose her husband would be ashamed to let her go places in that tacky rig, and was that *another* new ring or just her 'gagement one set over, and myheavensabove her hair looks *lavender* in this light—if she *must* dye it why not go to a *decent* shop—and things like that, 'cause that was how ladies *always* was. Men was dif'frent. They had good times. They laughed all over, not just with their teeth, and they matched pennies to see who'd pay for the cigars, and they didn't know if the man next had a rubber collar, or no necktie, or was his suit blue or brown. They just had *good times*.

She sighed profoundly, and her hand went for comfort into the big, square pocket on her skirt. Faintly a certain letter there rustled, and a smile lighted the one other's oddly gold-flecked eyes. . . . No, *sir!* It *wasn't* a-going to be such a heck of a Christmas after all.

FROM that pleasant borderland between day-dreams and sleep, a prolonged spatter of applause brought her back with a jerk, and she opened reluctant lids. The New Teacher's Tod had finished talking, and the president was again on her feet.

"Ladies and *one* other," she began with a coy smile, "it now becomes my delightful task to auction off this *autographed* copy of the marvelous volume which has been so beautifully interpreted for us. Think—think what it will mean in years to come, and *bid until it hurts!* What a Christmas gift it will make! And *may* I, *can* I, *dare* I say that a—a *kiss*—oh-h—from the distinguished writer goes with it?"

Mr. Charles Pemberton Harvey bounded up. "In the name of heaven, let me out of here!" he blurted desperately.

The Amazonian president seized him by his shoulders and forced him down into his chair.

"Tut, tut! Why, you're a bachelor, aren't you? *Aren't* you? You're a *bachelor*. *Stay where you are!*"

"Good God!" whispered the famous author weakly and mopped his wet brow with his silk muffler.

Low murmurs immediately swelled into a crescendo.

"—not a blessed cent with me"—"at *Christmas*, of all times"—"strapped *absolutely*"—"never expected such a thing"—"bought an express wagon for Junior on my way down"—"won't bid under *such* conditions"—"check-book in my other bag"—"don't read what's in the house *now*"—"awful for *him*, I should think."

"Ladies!" The gavel came down with a crash. "What am I offered for this valuable, this *autographed* copy of 'Veiled Horizons'? Its usual price is two-fifty. Three dollars? Don't forget the *kiss* that goes with it! The young lady in green bids three dollars. Three-fifty! Four! Four dollars I'm bid for this priceless volume. Shame on you—with the author looking on! *Five* dollars! More like it, ladies and *one* other. Think of a sick person, a shut-in, who'd be charmed to own this book. Five dollars I'm bid. *Five* wretched dollars."

A sick person! The mandarin-coated figure of the New Teacher, doomed to spend her lonely Christmas on a couch in a boarding-house, rose before her pupil's inner vision. . . . Oh, dear! She'd had such mizzable presents, too. That Phelps and his ole mending box! Got the mumps besides, and prob'bly couldn't eat no turkey even, and nobody with any money left to buy her a pink chrysan'thum neither. She must of kinda liked that Tod man, if she'd wrote his English papers for him. Prob'bly she was just a-dying to see his best-seller, if she *did* jawr 'bout him. P'raps—p'raps you'd ought to give up thinking of them hockey skates and get— Oh *dear!*

"Come, come!" cried the sprightly auctioneer. "This will never do. The Senior League is in need of funds. Mrs. Hardinge, your husband is an editor, is he not? Surely he'd prize this *autographed*— Six dollars? Thank you, Mrs. Hardinge. *Six dollars!* Will you make it seven, Mrs. Kincaid? Seven it is! Ladies, and *one* other, this is the chance of a lifetime. *Don't let it slip.*"

Genevieve Gertrude turned solemn eyes

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The High Cost of Giving

toward her perennial week-end hostess where she sat, rather flushed and tight-lipped, in the absent secretary's place at the long table. . . . Well, say! A-bidding six whole dollars when she didn't have enough money left to buy a *yeast cake* even! No wonder she looked terrible red. If you didn't have *none*, why six dollars was a whopping lot of coin—most all you needed to pay for them ritzy hockey skates. Yes, sir! But—but, of course, if you'd only gave the New Teacher two quarter hankerchuffs—and worser'n that, you hadn't *wanted* to bring them—and her *sick*—

Her gaze shifted to the grim countenance, the folded arms, of the guest of honor. . . . Hm'm. *He* looked kinda sick, too—like that dying duck in the thunder shower what the baldy editor was always a-making his wise-cracks 'bout. Maybe he was nice, even if he *did* laze 'round the country, a-reading out'n his own book. It was just too darn' bad the New Teacher'd had to go and get the ole mumps so she couldn't—

"Eight!" The clarion tones of the auctioneer broke in upon the troubled musings of the one other. "*Eight!* This will be a day to be boasted of in the life of some lucky woman present. A salute upon the lips from a famous author! Do I hear nine? Ladies, *and* one other, our time is short. The tea hour is at hand, and afterward our distinguished guest has a train to make. Nine, Mrs. St. Claire? *Nine dollars!* Going—going—going at nine dollars to Mrs. St.—"

GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE, her mouth a straight line, pulled a letter from her blue velvet pocket. She got slowly to her feet. "*Ten!*" said the one other soberly and drew out a crisp greenback from the envelope.

"Ten dollars! Do I hear any more? *Ten dollars!* No? Ten dollars I'm bid. Going—going—*gone*, ladies, to the *one* other—the little girl in blue."

"That child!"

A ripple of laughter stirred the audience, and the secretary *pro tem.* jumped up.

"Madam president! I don't think Genevieve Gertrude *quite* realizes—"

The young person mentioned vigorously nodded her flaming crest. Her eyes had darkened. "Well, I hope to tell the world I *do!*" she announced with asperity. "More'n *anybody* else in the world, too. Here! This lady can pass the money up, but that man can keep his s'lute upon the lips. *Some* of us ladies don't care 'bout being kissed in clubhouses front of other ladies."

The guest of honor, book in hand, had left his place at the table. He came swiftly down to the seventh row, and the eyes behind his glasses no longer frowned. "It was in the bond," he said gravely. "I'm afraid I shall have to play Shylock and exact—"

He bent his dark head, and his lips just brushed a triangle of white forehead where the shining curls parted above it.

Genevieve Gertrude put up an exploring finger and rubbed the place. "Well," she decided dubiously, "if you *had* to, why then you *had* to. I didn't mind it so *much*. It was like the way Irma's best uncle kisses you. Now, if I *could* have the book, so as to get it to her before dark—"

"You're not giving it away?" stammered the astounded scribe. "You're not paying *ten dollars* for a book to give to some one else? My sainted aunt!"

The purchaser winced. With the speed of a humming-bird she dipped into her coat, her hat. "I gotta," she answered firmly. "I just *gotta*—to make up for the bum presents us kids give her—and her *sick*. Goo'-*by*!"

He caught up with her at the foot of the long flight of steps and swung her about, his hand on her elbow.

"I promised your Mrs. Harding—no, *Hardinge*—to bring you back. She's to pour tea, and she wants you right there."

The runaway lifted her soft chin and tucked her costly book still more firmly under her arm. Dusk was falling. In the northwest the sky held that oddly tender green which betokens colder weather. Above the cross on a near-by church burned one splendid star.

"Lissen! I don't tea *a-tall*. The health book in my school learns you better, and I don't like them skinny sandridges they have neither, even if I *didn't* get no lunch."

"No lunch?"

The famous writer of a best-seller shot a quick glance at the bundle-burdened, hurrying crowds. Between their heads he caught a glimpse of a glaringly lighted window on the other side of the street, where a fat and smiling chef in a snowy cap and apron wrought delightful miracles with a griddle, a flapjack turner, and a pitcher of batter.

"Aha!" said the noted Mr. Harvey, inflating his chest. "Now *that* looks like a man-sized meal—and to the dickens with the calories! I have often piously wished that my publishers could be drowned in the infernal tea they've made me drink. Can we cross here without stopping to warble 'I Would Not Live Alway' before we leave the safety of the curb?"

"The baldy editor always sings 'One Sweetly Solumn Thought,' " objected the young lady at his side earnestly. "You know—'I'm Nearer Heaven To-day Than I Have Been Before'—but if you're *real* good at dodging you can get acrosst all right. Say! Do you mean you and me's a-going to eat *flapjacks* 'stead of tea?"

"Me and you *is*," stated Mr. Harvey with emphasis. "My adoring public little wots of my low tastes. Now, then—one, two, three—and the good lord lend us the soles of kangaroos!"

GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE put away four steaming brown cakes, a hot fudge sundae, and a glass of milk. The famous author went her considerably better with *eight*, a generous wedge of apple pie, and a cup of coffee.

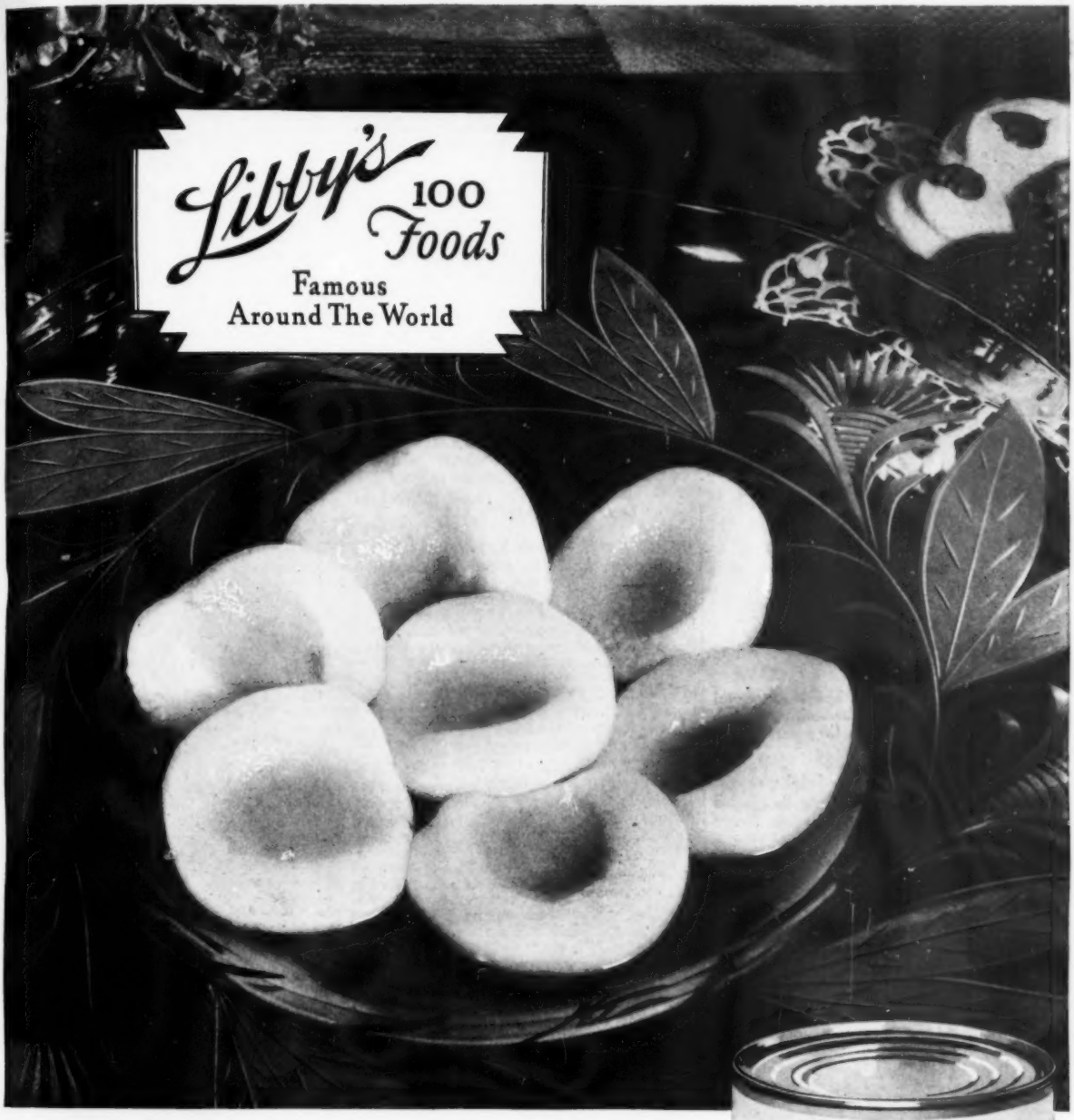
"You know somepin?" sighed the feminine member of this amicable team, pursuing a last bit of cream to the edge of her plate. "Well, you don't seem one single smitchereen like you just went 'round a-reading out'n your book to club ladies and a-being spoiled. Not *now* you don't, anyways."

Mr. Charles Pemberton Harvey scowled through a perfect smoke ring. "You don't suppose I *admire* myself when I'm at it, do you? My publishers insisted on it. They said it would boom sales. But I've quit—*absolutely*. Great day! I wouldn't go through another such afternoon for all the gold ever minted. Now we'll toddle back, rescue your ten dollars, and tomorrow you can take the book to your little friend with my compliments. You must think a lot of her."

"Say, I wisht I did! If I'd brang her a *nice* present in the first place 'stead of a kinda meany one, I could of kept my ten dollars what the lame lady sent me. But I *didn't*—and she's sick—got the ole mumps—and Phelpses' mother sent her one of them little mending sets when the kids guessed a *di'mond ring*. She 'most cried—and she *can't* go home—"

Her host raised puzzled brows. "Do flapjacks produce brain storms?" he murmured. "Just *why* must this child have my book?"

"Oh, *Fido!* Men don't never understand nothing, do they? Well, if you want to know, it's 'cause you biffed her in the eye once with a rot—I mean, a very *old* apple, and then *she* scratched *your* face. She used to do your English for you, too, and she calls you '*that Tod*' like she was mad at you, and how you *ever* done a book is a deep, dark myst'ry, and you can bet your sweet life you won't get no spoiling from *her*. That's how she *talks*, but you could see she was just crazy to have your ole story. She ain't no little girl. She's the New Teacher, and she *couldn't* come today. You see, she's got the mumps."



To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

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PEACHES PEARS APRICOTS ROYAL ANNE CHERRIES
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Fascinating series of radio concerts—"Around the World with Libby." Famous artists, Libby Concert Orchestra. Tuesday evenings, coast-to-coast network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company: 8:30 Eastern Time; 7:30 Central Time; 6:30 Mountain Time; 5:30 Pacific Time. And Wednesday mornings over the same N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY MCNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

In using advertisements see page 6

Won't You Join Our Rainbow Club?

If you need Extra Money for any Purpose you will be Welcome

Miss Miriam Schaefer, Wisconsin

EVEN if you are a busy housekeeper you may take care of your Rainbow Club work without neglecting social and home duties or the babies.

All of you who are members of clubs, or college women interested in adding to a fund for the benefit of your organization or for your Alumnae Association, will find in our Rainbow Club a congenial method for meeting your pledge.

It may be that you are interested in adding to your Hope Chest or in purchasing a trousseau. It was for this purpose that Miss Schaefer joined us. Perhaps you are a home girl wishing for more spending money, or a business girl anxious to increase the weekly salary; a widow who is the sole support of the family—even a "shut-in" confined to room or chair. Our magazine work is possible for you all. Let us pass our opportunities on to you and show you the way to the Fairy Pot of Gold.

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Helen Willard, Director, The Rainbow Club
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57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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The High Cost of Giving

The lounging figure opposite suddenly straightened. A gleam lighted the novelist's narrowed eyes. "I haven't been called Tod in a thousand years—not since Old Orchard days! And there was only one girl who ever did my themes for me, lazy little cuss that I was. Lord, lord, how we used to fight! So she's got the mumps at last, has she? Serves her jolly well right. She was too contrary to take 'em from me. Laughed instead. Where is she? I want to go and *gloat* over her."

His companion rose and held out her ten-dollar volume. "Say, if I was you I'd say it with pink chrysan'thums, then," she advised. "They're two dollars. I *had* twenty cents toward one, but I got buncoed out'n it. And if you're a-going to see her, p'raps you can take this to her. Tell her Genevieve Gertrude sent it."

"Not on your life!" said Tod firmly. "Something whispers to me I need your protection on this visit. Didn't I impress upon you how she *fights*? Where's a florist's shop? If the pink chrysan'thums soothe her savage spirit, perhaps we can eat dinner together, and I can tactfully explain how I managed to write those three hundred and fifty pages without her help. Lead on, *one* other."

THE boarding-house hallway was lighted only by the feeble glimmer from a red-globed bulb at the foot of the stairs. From behind the rows of closed doors came the scents and sounds of life as it is lived even on Christmas Eve. Some one ran scales on a raucous violin. Some one's stew, in a housekeeping suite, had burned—fatally. Some one's laundry had not come home in time for a pre-holiday dinner. In fact, as a masculine some one was bitterly informing the world, thanks to the criminal shiftlessness of the wife of his bosom, it hadn't even *gone!*

The conspirators stole along on tiptoe. Genevieve Gertrude carried the pale green orchids in their silver box. The mass of pink blooms held over Mr. Harvey's shoulder brushed their rosy cheeks against the dingy wallpaper.

"Lissen!" breathed the guide, applying an ear to a certain oblong of dark oak. "She's in here *yet*. Sounds like she was a-crying. You take this box and the book and go in first, and don't you be yellow and start somepin. *She's down!*"

There was a long moment of silence after the cicerone had applied her slim knuckles to the panel; then a smothered voice answered.

"*Now!*" hissed the New Teacher's pupil. "Yes, ma'am. It's just Genevieve Gertrude come back and—"

"*Tod!*" said that well-laden gentleman cheerfully, advancing into the room. "Hello, funny-face!"

The door closed noiselessly, and the red-haired damsel on the outside sped like an arrow toward the street entrance.

It was darkish in this old-fashioned quarter of the little town, but presently she emerged into the brightly-lit shopping center.

"Hm'm," reflected the giver of a costly present, gazing drearily at the community tree blazing in the park. "Betcha they don't even know I've went! Well, honest, I hope *this* time it *takes*. Didn't I get her that ole Mr. Oswald Jenkins, and she let him slip through her fingers—and him with a nice house, too! Yes, *sir!*"

She sighed profoundly and moved on, pausing again before the window of a sport goods store where, on a pond of white cotton, the slim, shining blades of hockey skates were displayed. "*Some shoes!*" mourned the observer, clenching dry little fists. "The only things I wanted! *Just* like Irma's and Anne's. And now I s'pose I'll get loads of ole *books*, and scads of wool stockings—*homebly ones*—and pencil boxes, and umbrellers, and a gold-piece what I *gotta* put in the bank. Sweet *mama!* I wisht—"

The shrill yawp of a well-known horn suddenly rasped her ears. She turned.

Parked at the curb in the disreputable old flivver scorned by his wife and dubbed, among his intimates, Delirium Tremens, sat that long-suffering husband and good friend, Robert Ellsworth Hardinge, known to Genevieve Gertrude as the baldy editor.

"Town crier's out for you, young woman!" he said severely. "Where have you mislaid one high-priced author with whom you were *seen* by every gossip in town to elope from the clubhouse? Hop in, pronto, and tell me all about it."

"Huh!" retorted the eloper with spirit. "I know *just* where to put my hands on him if folkses thinks he's lost or anythin', but I want to *leave* him there. I got my reasons. Have—have you done your shopping yet? It's a-getting real dark."

"A *nice* time to remember my shopping! You and the missus left me entirely to my own devices, so probably I've bought all the wrong things."

He gestured carelessly toward the heap of packages on the back seat, and his passenger opened wide eyes as she took stock of them... Say! *Wrong* things was *dead* right! Honest, half of 'em looked like rolled Turkish towels!

She was silent as they rushed up Mayflower Hill. Lights had blossomed in all the little homes, but the Hardinge house on the summit was dark and still.

"Mum's the word, sister," cautioned Delirium Tremens' driver, swinging a vicious but expert circle toward the back door. "I guess those tabbies are yowling, but short of committing murder I don't care *what* you've done to the honorable gent. Perhaps you'll feel like talking it over tomorrow. Lend me a hand with these things—stow 'em away behind the hatboxes on the guest-room shelf—and I'll phone the missus you're with me."

GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE, her arms piled high, went slowly up the stairs, her feet leaden, her heart a ton weight in her breast.

From the little store-room at the end of the hall she dragged a wooden stool and mounted it, her red head drooping, her lips beginning to quiver, as she pulled and pushed at the things in the top of the closet.

This—this was what you got handed when you tried to be nice to folkses what you didn't even like much. Everybody mad at you or else a-laughing. You paid out all the money what the lame lady sent you for a darn' ole *book*, and then all *you* got was— *Sweet mama!*

A vicious tug had dislodged a bulky parcel, gay in trappings of crimson tissue-paper and sprays of holly. As it struck the floor, there was the unmistakable ring of *metal!*

Bliss, pure and undefiled, welled in the eyes of the dour maiden on the stool. She picked up the fallen bundle, turning her eyes resolutely away from a brightly nickeled runner which had cut through its covering, and tucked the secret present securely away again.

"Hm'm," she murmured, "now *maybe* that Tod and her done all their scrapping when they was little. Anyways, I guess it ain't a-going to be such a *heck* of a Christmas after all!"

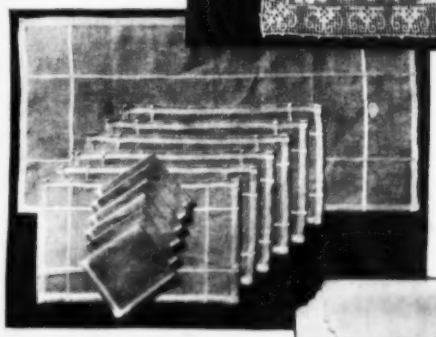
The Nicest NEW YEAR'S GIFT

Good Housekeeping is making to its child readers is the new series of animal stories by Mrs. Martin Johnson, beginning in this issue with the story of Bad Boy, the little rhino baby. The illustrations are by James Swinnerton, whose Near-to-Nature Babies delighted the children all last year. You will find these stories in Good Housekeeping every month now, until August

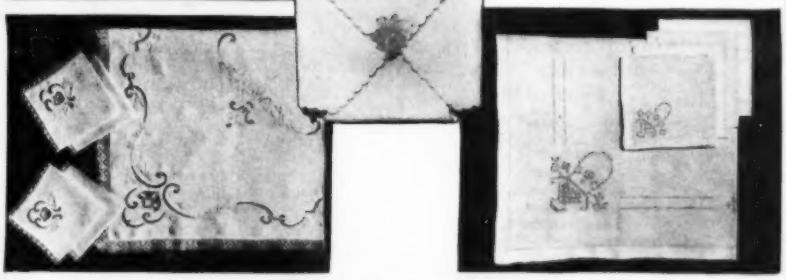
Lovely Linens for Gifts
At Rare Values

For your buffet the lovely set of ecru Tuscany lace at the right, with its formal border and design, is just the thing. It consists of three pieces, the large one 12" x 18", the 2 smaller ones 8" x 12", and costs only $2.75

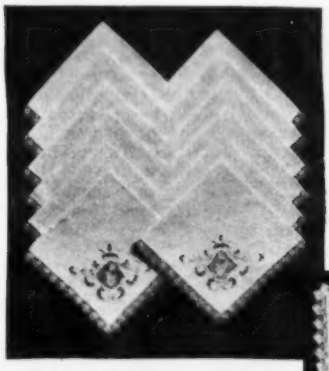
Cool, green linen with white cross-bars makes the smart luncheon set at left below, consisting of a runner 18" x 36", 6 doilies 12" x 18", and 6 napkins 12" sq., $5.90. In the center below is a useful toast cover of linen; scalloped borders, appliqué motif in color, 75c



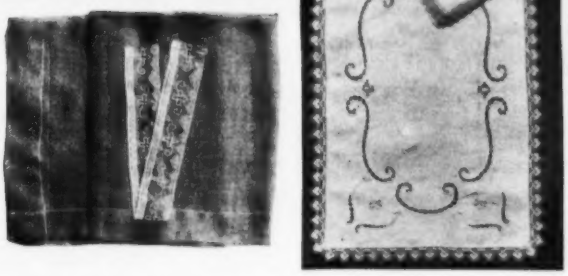
For bridge parties or teas what could be more charming than the set below at the left! It is made of fine white linen with cut-work, lace inserts, and filet edges; cloth, 36" sq., 4 napkins, 12" sq., $8.50. Just below it are some filet and cut-work napkins in a similar design, 12" sq., which might be used with it, $2.75 for 6. Directly below is another bridge set of slightly heavier, white linen with a mosaic design; cloth, 36" sq., 4 napkins, 14" sq., $3.85 the set



Pure linen theatrical gauze in blue, green, rose, natural, or gold, embroidered in white, 16" x 36", makes the unusual bureau scarf below, $1.25



Curtains of pure linen theatrical gauze, hemmed, in same colors as bureau scarf, with embroidered tie-backs to match, in center below, 36" x 2¼ yds., $2 pr. Sandwich set below, consisting of tray cloth, 12" x 18", 6 triangular napkins, of cut-work and filet on linen, $2.50



To order, address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C.

I am a NONE SUCH Pudding

"Well! Here I am just crammed with luscious fruits and spices—waiting for five hungry spoons to get busy! Everybody's getting acquainted with me these days. They say I'm both a delicious treat and a nourishing food."

AND so easy to make is this steaming None Such Pudding—as many a good cook knows, and as the recipe below will prove to *you*. It's perfect for the youngsters, too—a wholesome dessert and one they'll like.

Why not try one today? Just 'phone your grocer for None Such—in tin or package, as you prefer. And don't fail to send for your copy of None Such Recipes—delightful new ways to serve this old-time favorite.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Inc.
350 Madison Avenue, New York

★ ***None Such Pudding***

1 cup finely chopped suet; 1 cup molasses; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 cup sweet milk; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 package None Such Mince Meat; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 2 1-2 cups flour sifted; 1 egg.
Method—Mix and sift dry ingredients, keeping some of flour for mince meat. Whip egg, add molasses, milk and suet; combine mixtures and add finely broken floured mince meat. Turn into greased molds and steam three hours. Serve with Hard Sauce or any liquid sauce.
Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

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Conducted Tours ALL EXPENSES $450
See England, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, $450 (including Passion Play at Oberammergau). Other tours $350 to $750. Canadian Pacific Steamships via St. Lawrence Sea-Way. Motoring, hotels, meals, sightseeing, all included.
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In using advertisements see page 6

KitchenAid

Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

The Modern Way of Preparing Meals

Contrast the old way of "getting meals" with the new electric way! At the snap of a switch, KitchenAid performs *all* the tiring, time-consuming tasks connected with food preparation . . . and leaves only the *pleasant* part of cooking. Cake ready for the oven in three minutes. Potatoes whipped to creamy fluffiness in a minute. Juice extracted from citrus fruits almost instantly. Ice cream frozen while you are at dinner.

There is new savor, too, in foods prepared by this wonderful electric servant . . . and fewer utensils to wash, as well. More varied, more delicious menus are made possible . . . recipes always "turn out" the same.

Where cooking is entrusted to a maid, KitchenAid not only assures more appetizing meals, but relieves the drudgery that so often creates a "servant problem" and releases the maid's time for other services.

Occupying only one square foot of space KitchenAid plugs into any outlet and operates at a cost of but one cent an hour . . . may be purchased either with or without cabinet.

If you wish to read the fascinating story of the new model KitchenAid . . . and desire details of our unusually liberal Household Budget Plan, mail the coupon below.

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.
211 Olive Street **Troy, Ohio**

Subsidiary of The Hobart Mfg. Co., builders of food-preparing equipment for over 30 years.

Sales Agencies in principal cities—consult telephone directory

Distributing Agencies: 173 King Street, East, Toronto, Canada; 38 Charterhouse Street, London, E. C. 1, England

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Beats
eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles, etc.
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cream (little or much)
Mixes
dough for bread, rolls, biscuits, pies and pastries
Strains
fruits for butters, jellies, sauces
Sieves
vegetables for soups, and purees; pumpkin, etc.
Slices
potatoes (thick or thin), vegetables, firm fruits
Chops
meats (cooked or raw), nuts, raisins, figs
Freezes
ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties
Grinds
coffee and cereals
Shreds and Grates
vegetables, cheese, cocoanut, chocolate, etc.
Extracts
juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit, limes, etc.
Makes
mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)
Chips Ice
Shreds Cabbage
Mashes Potatoes
Creams Butter
All these things—and many more

(127)

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Please send me complete details about KitchenAid, without obligation.

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KitchenAid
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

The Christmas That Came Alive

(*Continued from page 27*)

cloak, and then the little, sweet hood, he had looked so adorable that they were suddenly overcome at having him—at having each other and their great happiness—and there was no place in their hearts for estrangements or quarrels or misunderstandings. Loving some one greatly makes you forgive everyone everything! They had turned to each other impulsively with the same words upon their lips,

"Let's take him home to his grandmother and grandfather."

Pride and memory of hard words were washed away. "Mother—father—*here's our baby!*"

Two pairs of hungry old arms gathering him in, tears rolling down old faces. It had never been a matter of love; only pride—that fatal Courtney pride.

How happy they had been! Her father had reached in his pocket and got out a little rattle—white and pink celluloid. It was the most pathetic thing. He had been carrying it about, perhaps, since he knew of the baby, his old head held high, looking straight before him when he passed them on the street—never giving in, never speaking . . . and carrying the little rattle in his pocket. There it was now. She knew its very smell of celluloid, and the blunt sound the shot inside made when you shook it.

"See how he turns his head when you rattle it? Mother, do you think there's anything the matter with his neck that he can hold his head back so far?"

Little Donnie!

BESIDE the cloak hung the second Christmas—a woolly lamb, chewed and loved and taken to bed, and dragged all over the place by a leg; such a disreputably jaunty and worn little lamb! There was a bear, too, but the lamb had been the favorite. And here was the next one—a cloth A B C Book, a train with its string of small, brave cars; a little iron man who sat so remarkably erect upon the seat of a gig drawn by a dashing, high-stepping pony.

Another little cloak and hood—Dave's. And on down the line. Rubber dolls, velocipedes, ships, a doll buggy, and Sylvia's first real doll. Cap pistols, that funny old monkey with the stiff hair like a coconut, air guns, a real rifle (how quickly they grow up!), a canoe paddle; skates and scarfs and boxes of discarded treasures; yellow old gloves flung away and rescued by her to put in her collection; college pennants, sweaters with large letters, a tennis racket; a campaign hat, a Sam Browne belt, an iron helmet—a little silk flag that waved forever over this. . . .

But beyond (she went swiftly past that and back to the row of Christmases) were the gewgaws of happiness again. Cobwebs of beauty once belonging to Sylvia. Plumed fans, laces and lovely trinkets from France. A shawl from Spain; a mandarin coat from Japan. Here, the coming-out dress, and here the plain, heavy satin in which she had been presented at court. Lovely Sylvia! All the beauty, the charm, the grace, the brave traditions of two proud and ancient families come forward in one exquisite flowering of young girlhood. The darling of their hearts, and famous for her beauty from Charleston to New Orleans. Every chance on earth hers; fitted to reign as a queen in an establishment of dignity.

And Sylvia had tossed it away—turned her back on her home, her rearing, her ancestors, her own mother, the memory of her father; disgraced them all and broken her mother's heart. Sylvia had run away—not with the chauffeur; that could have been quite dignified, but—the *yard boy*. The irony; the awful comicalness of it! There was the unforgiving thing. The hurt to family pride.

"But, Mother, you don't understand. He's studying law nights."

"Very commendable of him to desire to

The Christmas That Came Alive

better his condition, but it couldn't possibly have anything to do with a Courtney."

"I tell you he's just doing this landscaping to put himself through law school. And when you think of it, it's rather beautiful work in itself—the science of making things grow magnificently. He's going to be a lawyer. But it will take time."

"Then wait—time. Five—six years. See what he is then."

Six years! You might as well ask eternity of youth!

Sylvia's eyes—Courtney eyes—had flashed. "Wait until he's had the struggle and the fight and the hardship all alone, and then go forward and claim the honors, share the successes? I'm not *that* kind of poor sport. Besides, some other girl might get him."

"Sylvia! Outrageous! Why, when I was a girl, even if I had had such a bold thought, death itself could not have wrung the admission from me."

"I suppose not." Amused.

"What do you know about this day laborer? About his family?"

Sylvia drew a deep, quiet breath. "I know—" she said, her voice clear and sure upon the words, her lovely eyes looking straight into the picture she drew— "I know he's fine and true and noble. I know he's honest and ambitious. I know he came from healthy, strong, clean stock—poor but hard-working. Happy stock! And simple-hearted. I should like sons of mine to have these ancestors with my own—strong and sturdy and forward-looking in their quiet strength. I can see them building nations—building races! Oh, I've danced and played about with the men of our crowd—easy-going boys and men. Too much money; too much play. They drink and they pet and they gamble, and they have their little trick games. A few of the serious-minded sit in their fathers' offices a couple of hours each day. Soft! Where's the manhood—the vision? They aren't my kind. I know my kind when I find it!"

WHAT could you say to such logic? What had any one ever been able to say to a Courtney?

"If he were all this—all you think him—do you suppose he would dare to lift his eyes to a Courtney? Dare ask you to marry him?"

"He didn't. I asked him."

"Oh, shame—shame! A daughter of mine. This low fellow—this upstart—this fortune-hunter . . ."

There had been the fatal word. "Mother, don't say that again."

"This fortune-hunter . . ."

"We don't want one penny of the money. You couldn't give it to us. We can live happily without."

That man—that hired hand—had come to her, tall and dark and handsome, and not at all awed. Standing in a pressed suit and a clean shirt (that was how she thought of him), bending his head a little, a look in his eyes. She saw at once what it was that had swept poor Sylvia off her feet. The man could talk! His words had a curious strength—a lawyer's trick at phrasing. Coupled with a pair of handsome eyes, it was little wonder that Sylvia had found magic here. But she had turned a stony face to his pleading.

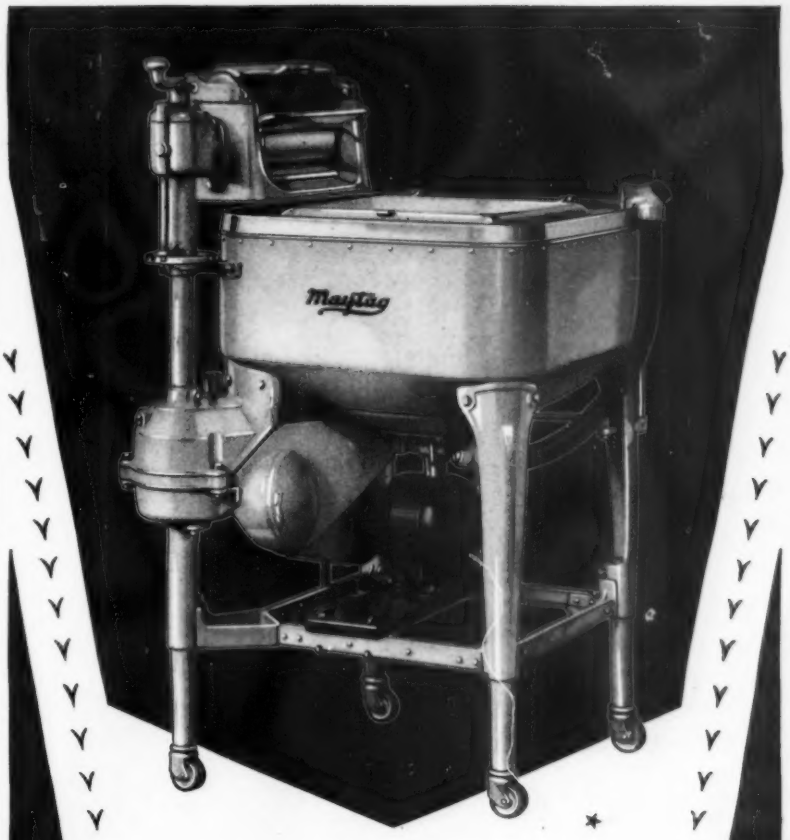
"I never want to see either of you again."

"*Mother*—you don't mean that!"

"When you go with him, you cease to be my daughter."

"Very well, Mother. We'll always be loving you—ready to return. But you will have to ask us. You must understand we aren't after the money."

They had gone away down the garden path together. All that beauty and exquisiteness going away with the yard boy to grace a working-man's shanty and fill his dinner pail! It had been quite late as they moved out—their shadows going farther and farther away and



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Maytag accomplishments over a period of years have brought an expression of public confidence which has made Maytag one of the world's greatest institutions . . . . confidence born of many years' adherence to quality standards . . . . confidence inspired by the many outstanding Maytag achievements in washer design and performance . . . . confidence broadcast by a million and half satisfied users of Maytag Aluminum Washers.

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Founded 1893
The Maytag Company, Limited
Winnipeg Canada

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet — "Better Methods of Home Laundering."

Maytag
Aluminum Washer

In using advertisements see page 6

THE LAST THING AT NIGHT BRUSH THEIR TEETH with BAKING SODA

ONE important use of Baking Soda is for cleaning teeth. It is recommended by dentists. It removes stains and film and neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay.

Teach children to use it regularly as a dentifrice and mouth wash. It will go a long way toward assuring them beautiful, healthy teeth. For cleaning teeth, pour Baking Soda in the palm of the hand and pick it up on a moistened brush.

For a refreshing mouth wash, dissolve a teaspoonful in a glass of cool water. The mild alkalinity of this wash sweetens the breath and thoroughly cleanses the mouth.

Buy Baking Soda from your grocer. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

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CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.

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Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

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Name ..... Address .....

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The Christmas That Came Alive

forming one shadow that stretched backward to her—fell upon her—enveloped her. Did they pause at the turning to look back at the devastation they had wrought? There came the click of a gate latch . . . Darkness closed down. The stars' rich glory, and the soft, wild call of some night-singing bird, and the drenched sweetness of the old garden had washed over her—alone now—deserted. They could go like that—sufficient, and wrapped about, and swept along by the mystery of each other . . .

". . . *And forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him—so long—as ye both—shall live.*"

BUT it was not Sylvia's voice saying, "I will," but her own. That night of storm and shattered tradition when she and Donald had defied her parents and run away to the rector's to be married, she carrying nothing with her but a nightgown pinned on as a bustle.

The cozy, bright sitting-room at the rectory; the cat curled on the hearth asleep, never knowing the vows that were said as he slept. A kettle singing. The rector's wife crying over her.

"You're so young, my dear. I'm hoping you'll be happy, and make him a good wife."

That was what they said in those old days of simplicity. It was what every girl said to herself when she married, "I hope I'll make him a good wife." (She must have. "Never an unhappy day, Molly." That was what he had said to her at the last. "All these years together, and never an unhappy day.")

Coming away from the brightness of the rectory in the sweet, falling rain. "Darling, I'm frightened with what we've done. Frightened for you. Are you sure you won't regret it? You're used to so much, and we shall be poor for a time. Think what you are giving up."

"Think what I'm getting!"

But her mother had never forgiven her. No—that was not right . . . her thoughts becoming confused, losing their way among the many years. No, it must be *she* who had not forgiven some one, refusing to open letters, shutting her heart forever and forever against that fortune-hunter. Because *her* mother *had* forgiven. That Christmas day when they had taken the baby home—walking right in unannounced. "Mother—Father—we've come home!"

There! She had got back to the first Christmas.

On the floor at her feet was a great box of Christmas-tree trimmings. She leaned forward and ran her hands into them, cascades of frost and silver slipping through her fingers. A little candy angel waved a bright wing at her; a Santa Claus sent her a half-smile from behind a cornucopia. So gay and gallant, and never to adorn another Christmas tree.

She slipped down on her knees before the box of heaped-up, glittering tinsels. Why shouldn't she have a tree for the little ghosts that lived in the attic—the little ghosts that she had kept locked away for so long because one must if one is to bear things? All day they had kept darting into the kitchen as she cooked, begging for a gingerbread man or a raisin; they had blown past in the streets just now, vague in the misted snow.

She looked up and spoke to them—her little lost children: "Come out, my dears! We'll have Christmas together!"

There was movement from the shadows. A soft breath sighed along the row of Christmases, from the cashmere cloak to the little silk flag—and the dim old attic came quickly to life!

A little hushed, rushing sound, a chorus of husky shouts, and they were flying across the long, dusty years—across the attic floor, and crowding about her. Their little, soft bodies pressed against her, their kisses warm and moist upon her face, their arms in the tight, quick hug of childhood.

"Oh, darlings! How happy I am to have you back!"

Sylvia's long, yellow curls and her little, darting, escaping feet; the bright beauty of her—a little humming-bird. Donnie, the rascal, the cut-up, that funny swagger, irrepressible, rampant boyhood. Dave, grave and sweet, his solemn head full of ideas.

Back and forth they flew in a storm of delight and wonder at the long-forgotten toys, the old, cherished treasures.

"Look—this train!"

"And here's the funny old doll."

"And these old building blocks."

"And our books . . . A-B-C-D. I can remember when I just knew to G."

"Hello, monk! See his funny face. Mother, do you *see* this old lamb? I muster chewed that hind leg off. His name was Epidemic."

Roars and shouts. "Are we going to have a tree? May we help trim it? Please let us. Please . . . please!"

"Of course, we'll have a tree." She rose at once. "Now I'll carry down the trimmings, and you children get what toys you want. No, Donnie, don't try to bring the box. It's too heavy. We can make a second trip back, and Gibbs must bring the step-ladder. Be careful on the dark stair where it turns. Donnie . . . look where you're going. Don't push, Sylvia. Catch her arm, Dave."

DOWN the stairs they went with a great hullabaloo of shouts and a fine clatter of little shoes. It was no wonder Sarah and Gibbs came hurrying into the hall to stare up. How idiotic they looked with their faces lifted and their mouths dropped open!

Gibbs said, "Shall I help you, Ma'm?"

She waved him back.

"The children are helping me."

But Gibbs went to the attic anyway and brought the ladder and the box of trimmings and the heavier toys. Then she put him out, and Sarah, too—shutting the door on them so she could be alone with her children.

Oh, the wonder—the happiness! How the room lived again, and the walls smiled broadly, and the fire snapped and sparkled! She stood on the top of the step-ladder, and the children handed things up; the candy angel with its jaunty, intrepid wings; the Santa Claus and his undying smile; tinsel ornaments, and cornucopias, and the big white star topping it all. There were no electric bulbs for the tree, but —so much sweeter—little, colored, tin holders that you clipped against a stem and stuck a little candle in, hoping it would stand straight. She struck a match and lighted them one by one. The children stood back and clapped their hands at the fine sight, and the tree sent its myriad yellow flames up to the high, bright star.

The larger toys were grouped on the floor about the foot of the tree; the velocipede and train and soldiers and iron horses. And everything was quite, quite perfect. But the children could not leave them in order. They must drag things out, play with them.

"Choo- choo-o-o-o . . . here comes No. 6 backing up!"

"Look out for the fire wagons . . . clang . . . clang . . . clang!"

She was tired. (I'll rest on the sofa a minute and watch them.)

The firelight danced on their faces; on Sylvia tossing back her yellow curls, wearing that little challis with sprigs of flowers; Dave, his head held to one side, taking the blocks very seriously; Donnie and his monkey-shines.

"Here's Old Mother Goose," cried Sylvia. "Listen!

" 'Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?

I've been to London to look at the Queen.'

"When I grow up, *I'm* going to London to look at the Queen."

"Here's a new kind of bridge," announced Dave. "I'm gonna build one like this that'll reach all the way to India."

"Half across the world? Why, Dave, you *can not*."

Rip Van Winkles

© 1929 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

REMEMBER Washington Irving's lovable, irresponsible Rip Van Winkle? How persistently he tricked himself! Time and again when temptation was too strong and nature too weak, he would lift his glass and say, "I won't count this one".

THERE are many Rip Van Winkles in the world right now—some are weak in self-control; some are sadly behind the times in a matter of vital importance to them. They are the unfortunates among the million diabetics in the United States today.

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* * * *

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The Christmas That Came Alive

"Well, then, I'll *go* there, and build a bridge." And Donnie:

" 'The King of France,
His horse did prance.'

"*I'm* going to France—a gay country. That's where I'm going!"

On the rug with the soldiers, turning and marching them to France!

The fire must be dying down, because the little faces were growing indistinguishable in the half-light. Their voices sounded far away, like the voices of singers passing from sight. She tried to reach a hand to them, she tried to hold them with her gaze—but her eyelids drooped. She must not let herself go to sleep. If she did, they'd go away—slip back into the land of shadow, under the heavy years.

She tried to rouse herself. And could not. She was an old woman, going to sleep, unable not to.

"Don't go! Stay a little," her heart begged.

But she knew they could not. When she awoke, the little bright ghosts would be gone.

BUT when she opened her eyes, they were still there.

The little, serious-faced boy; Sylvia and her golden curls; Donnie playing with the soldiers—drilling them on the rug in the firelight.

Sylvia spoke, "I think these are the sweetest toys I ever saw, Mother."

"Hush—you'll waken her."

Why, that was another Sylvia speaking—a tall and grown-up Sylvia—beautiful!

She must have moved. They turned and saw her looking at them.

Across each face a single expression swept—a look of embracing arms. There was a rush across the carpet, and three little, soft bodies flung themselves against her; moist, warm kisses rained on her face; little arms held her in the tight, quick squeeze of childhood.

"You're our Granny!"

"Mother — Mother, darling — we couldn't stand it any longer! I've brought them home to you. We've come back. All of us."

That man—right there! That fortune-hunter—that hired hand—who had ruined her life, taking from her what could never be returned. He stood on the rug, looking down at her out of eyes to stir any woman's heart, and a face (she had known this all along, but she would not admit it) of extraordinary kindness and character. He had her hands, holding them tightly between his.

"The children need you. They begged for you."

There—there! She must be old indeed to be taking it so hard!

In the confusion of embraces, of tears, and murmured little words of love and soft, small hands that wiped the tears from her face—in all this confusion there came a strange clarity of vision. She remembered that she hadn't got the dress for Annie. And then she wondered—she wondered if Sarah hadn't known all the while—if Sarah hadn't been decorating and beating cakes and listening, all the while, *for these.* Hadn't Sarah and Gibbs, perhaps, maneuvered about a dress for Annie, knowing that if once she went to the attic—if once her heart was opened to the past—the living could return?

Why hadn't Sarah and Gibbs thought of it before?

SHE spoke first to that fellow. There was something that must be done.

"You must send a cablegram for me. A message to Davey. He'll be alone, far away in India, and all of us together here!"

"What shall I say?" Bending over her.

"Why, say—" the old, worn words took on tremendous meaning — "why, say — '*Merry Christmas, Davey!*' "

When a Man Goes Culinary

(*Continued from page 91*)

encounter when this bland meat is served.

To begin with, you need garlic vinegar. This is easy to make. Remove the "shells" from a cluster of garlic and cut each clove in half. Then bring a half-pint of cider or wine vinegar to the boiling point. Toss in the garlic and let cool. Then pour it into a bottle for use later.

Now mix one level teaspoonful dry mustard, one-half teaspoonful salt, and one-quarter teaspoonful paprika with one tablespoonful of garlic vinegar. Add five tablespoonfuls olive, vegetable or salad oil. Stir or blend well and pour over six thick rib chops or English mutton chops placed close together on a platter. Do this an hour before broiling. Turn the chops three or four times, so that the oil mixture permeates both surfaces of the meat. Then broil the chops in the standard way. Don't rush the broiling, and turn frequently. About twenty minutes is necessary for the English chops, and twelve to fifteen minutes for inch-and-a-half French or rib chops. Remove to a hot platter, and if you have any of your oil dressing left—a tablespoonful or two—pour it over the sizzling chops. We'll leave you to bring in the verdict. What garlic vinegar does to lamb chops can be known only by those who eat them.

A Novel Way to Broil Chicken

First, make this dressing, even though the idea is strange. Mix one-half teaspoonful salt and one-quarter teaspoonful paprika with two teaspoonfuls of garlic vinegar. Then blend well with one-third cupful of olive or vegetable salad oil and you are ready to broil the chicken.

Put the split chicken—meaty side up—on your broiler after first greasing it. Be sure that each half of the chicken gets an equal amount of heat, and have the top of the meat about two inches from the flame. Just before you push the broiler under the fire, brush the surface of the chicken well with your dressing. Watch closely and don't let it broil too fast.

When slightly brown, brush again with the dressing and then turn a moment later. Better use a fork and pancake turner to prevent tearing the meat. With the bony side now up, brush heavily with the dressing so that the shell-like cavities hold some of it. Baste frequently—especially on the wings and legs. What you want to avoid is seeing the meat on the drumsticks separate from the bones, making them look like lollypops. At least twenty minutes of the watchful broiling and basting, with each side being exposed to the heat three times, is necessary for two-pound broilers.

Now comes an important step, which makes for complete success. In a covered roasting pan place two or three tablespoonfuls of water and one tablespoonful of your basting mixture. It is a good idea to put this roaster in your oven when you start to broil, so as to have it good and hot inside. Then take your chickens from the broiler when they are browned and "done," and put in the roaster, basting them again just before you cover them. Keep your oven going, and here is what happens: There is just enough heat to do a gentle steaming job that makes your chickens moist. What's more, it keeps them hot if your guests are late or if you have several chickens to broil. When ready to serve, put on a platter and pour over your chickens what liquid is left in the roaster.

If you have deplored the way fried or broiled chicken has gone dry, this is the recipe that will make you buy broilers every time you see them. Talk about juicy, tender meat—and when it comes to flavor—well, praise yourself for the watchful basting and give the little garlic vinegar a hand!

Alibi

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Go get it," Haddonfield said over his shoulder to Berry.

Tower's voice and gesture halted the trooper.

"Oh, no, you don't," he said. "Not by a long shot. I'm just the least bit unwilling to have evidence planted."

"You mean to hint," the corporal exclaimed with more of triumph than affront in his voice, "that you think we're crooked and that's the reason we can't look at that rifle?"

"No," Tower corrected. "I didn't hint anything. I merely said it. If you want to inspect the gun, you can come down to the Burrow and do it in my presence, that's all."

Haddonfield stood up suddenly. "Come on," he dared, but the voice of Eli, who had sat rocking thoughtfully, now rose.

"Hol' on," it bade. "How in tunket, Corporal, could Johnny here have shot Homer, mebby a little more'n an hour ago, an' been back in his house when Gordon here went down to see him? It's a good hour'n-a-half hike from here to the covered bridge. How'd Johnny git back? Do it in one jump?"

Ashley straightened up and spoke on the heels of the query. "It's more than an hour since I went down there, Corporal. He was sitting at his typewriter then."

"Gun there, too?" Haddonfield asked.

Gordon looked doubtful. "I'm not—why, yes, I think I saw it."

The policeman shook his head stubbornly, yet relented a trifle, observing the serenity of Tower's face.

"I'm accusing no one," he offered in a faintly placating tone. "I only want to see that rifle and make sure."

"No one's preventing you," Tower pointed out. "Let's go. You coming, Gordon?"

"You bet," Ashley said, fervently following them out into the thickening gloom.

The owner of the Burrow groped in the darkness, located the lamp on the table, lit it, and directed the corporal with a nod toward the far corner of the room.

"Help yourself," he invited.

Haddonfield picked up the rifle and, while Gordon watched in a tense interest and Tower in lurking amusement, advanced to the table.

"Smells all right," he granted, sniffing the muzzle. "And not loaded either," he added, throwing open the breech.

Tower grinned. "Now, Corporal," he mocked. "A little more intelligence, please. Look at the dust on that barrel. Look at your hands. Could any one carry that five miles through a storm, kill a man, and bring it back looking like that?"

The frank amusement in his eyes struck an unwillingly responsive glitter from Haddonfield's. He laid down the weapon and dusted his hands.

TOWER drew a cloth from the table drawer and wiped the rifle clean, while he offered:

"If you'll take a tip on top of everything else, Haddonfield, I'd find out where Adoniram Doty was this afternoon."

"There's a general alarm out for him now," the corporal retorted. "I phoned from Avery's."

The two considered each other with evaporating animosity.

"I'll take back," Tower said at last, "about 50 percent of what I called you, a while ago."

"You'll take back a hundred and fifty before I'm through," Haddonfield returned. "Adoniram got away from me this morning and took a 30-30 with him. I've been just checking up on yours."

"Because I talked out of turn," the other interpreted with a grin, that vanished all at once as he added: "Homer was afraid of Adoniram. He told me so this morning."

"I wish to God," Haddonfield returned, his hand on the door latch, "that I could have warned him. Have you any idea why he went to Madison?"

Tower, looking up from the rifle, caught the earnestness in Gordon's eyes. The big man shook his head almost imperceptibly. His cousin mimicked him.

"Not an idea," he reported.

The policeman departed. Tower turned inquiringly to Ashley.

"Why not?" he asked.

The other stirred uneasily and then grinned. "Just a hunch," he confessed. "You said we'd dig into this together. Tell him, if you want to."

"No," his cousin said thoughtfully. "I'll go down to the airport myself first. Adoniram Doty can't be—Number Three, unless—"

"Unless what?" Gordon asked with eagerness, but Tower, crossing to replace the rifle in the corner, did not reply.

CHAPTER XIV

LONG before the last wet glimmer of light had trickled out of the Doty kitchen, the charitable night had hidden its squalor in interstellar darkness. The rain sounded upon the shingles and, penetrating a crevice, tapped on the floor above like a blind man's cane. The house creaked as the storm shouldered past, and the man who sat in utter blackness, revolver on his lap, shifted his position cautiously and counted the fall of drops overhead. On his third or fourth thousand, he turned to wrestling with a dwindling fortitude against desire for a smoke.

Midnight, he considered, must be long past. Too much to expect a man to remain silently vigilant without the solace of tobacco. And Haddonfield and Berry had assured him they would be here by ten. Unanswerable argument had moved Trooper Bulloch's hand toward his uniform pocket when he stiffened, holding his breath.

A fingernail scraped thrice against the outside of the door. He tiptoed toward it, groped for the knob, and opened the portal upon blackness only less intense than that which filled the room.

"Right," he whispered to two more opaque blots against the flat obscurity of the night and, closing the door behind them, muttered aggrievedly, "And a fine time you took gettin' here!"

"We said we'd make it by ten," the voice of Haddonfield came cautiously through the gloom. "It's still quarter of. Anything stirring?"

"Wind," Bulloch reported, "and rain and nothing more. I been here a week. That hillbilly'll never come back."

As the corporal and Berry stumbled toward chairs, the voice of the former commented:

"Can't go anywhere else. Every road watched. He'll come back or drown."

"Or ride off in a plane," Bulloch grumbled.

Haddonfield answered: "Don't believe he ever rode in a street car, but we've found the auto that gave him a lift over toward Turin today. Had a rifle with him, too. That's that."

The relieved sentinel buttoned his raincoat and asked uncordially, "Anything more?"

"Back to the barracks for you," the corporal returned. "We're staying here till tomorrow night on sandwiches and sentry duty. If we don't trap him, we'll be relieved after dark. No one's to come near here till then. Beat it before your motorcycle washes away. Our car's parked just below it on the so-called main road. Watch you don't ram it. So long."

"Sweet dreams," Bulloch wished them and departed.

Muffled gruntings and faint noises sounded in the Stygian kitchen, as Berry prepared for slumber by stretching on the floor and covering himself inadequately with both raincoats. Presently only the buffeting wind, the marching rain, and the drip-drip-drip of the leak disturbed the blackness in which Haddonfield with feline patience sat through his four-hour watch.

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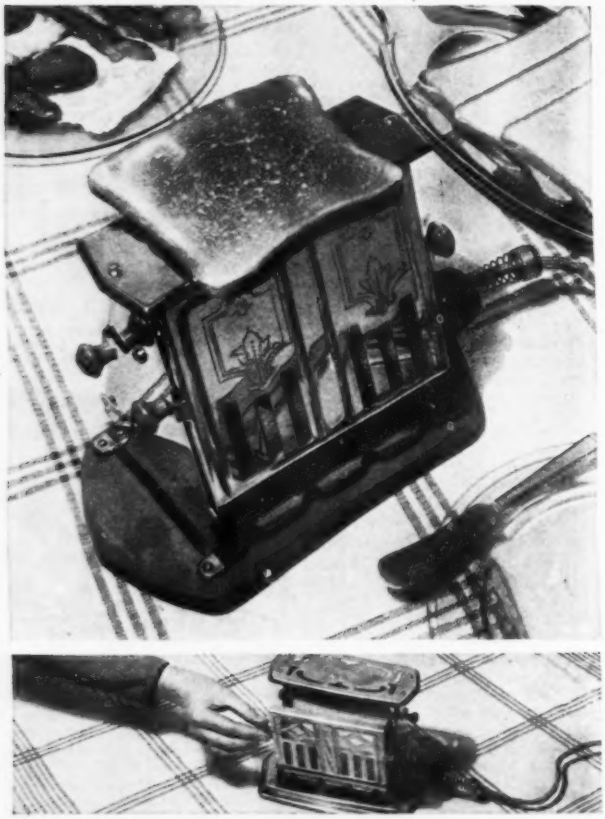

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Alibi

Kindred sounds accompanied the wakefulness of Eli Avery, brooding with a thrifty remorse over the death of Holloway and the departure on the morrow of the bulk of his remaining patrons. Time and again the storm sounded resurgent in Cynthia Kent's ears, as she woke from fitful, dream-haunted sleep. Once she sat quickly up in bed and listened breathless, for it seemed as though in the chamber overhead Gordon paced the floor. Only the wolf howl of the wind and the multitudinous throbbing of the rain came to reward vigil. She slept again, more tranquilly than most of her fellow patrons of the Outlook Hotel who, hearing in the storm the shuffling feet of murderers, covered their heads with the bedclothes and prayed for daylight and the deliverance promised by the already summoned bus from Madison.

GORDON, after breakfast the following morning, striding through the rain-sick woodland toward Tower's cabin, encountered its owner midway in the trail.

"You look," Tower commented, observing his cousin's nervous mouth, the bruised look about his eyes, "like something inadvertent and reprehensible. What's the trouble? Gals at Avery's too wild for you?"

"Sufficiently," Gordon smiled wearily. "They're going this morning before some one murders them in their beds. Young things can't be too careful."

"Cynthia, too?" his cousin asked.

"She's sticking," the other said shortly.

"She would," Tower agreed. "You're a lucky guy, Gordon. They don't come like her in pairs."

"Yes," Ashley agreed in a strained voice. "I know it." He marked the puzzled attentiveness in his kinsman's eyes and apologized with a wan grin. "I didn't sleep much last night myself."

His shoulders sagged despondently, and the grin, quickly fading, left his bronzed face flaccid and shamelessly unhappy. For all his stature there clung to him the candidly woebegone air of a miserable small boy. He stared at the wet-matted weeds, at the sad fall of the rain between stained tree trunks, and shivered.

"What's riding you?" Tower asked abruptly.

"What isn't?" he retorted and added with difficulty, "What have you done with that—will?"

"Hidden," his cousin informed him in a tart voice. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," the other droned. "Only that's one of the things that rides me. There are plenty more. You'd think I was an omnibus."

He managed another grin, and the steady pressure of Tower's eyes squeezed explanation from him.

"It worries me, Johnny. Suppose some one should find it. I appreciated last night how nasty things would look for me, if they did."

"You've an alibi," Tower jerked.

"I have," his kinsman agreed dully. "And how long will the Doty person stick to it in jail, if Haddonfield starts suspecting me again? Not that my bright existence means so much now!"

"Means?" Tower echoed, a clinical attentiveness on his sharp features.

Sour mirth twisted Gordon's lips. "Wait," he returned, "until some one digs up another will of our prolific uncle's and bing go all *your* pretty air castles. You'll understand, then."

"You have," his cousin announced, wielding his voice like a scalpel, "less guts in that big bulk of yours than an empty barrel. You've Cynthia, haven't you? My God!"

He subdued a spasm that troubled his face, paused, and asked in a quieter tone, "When is the engagement to be announced?"

"Engagement," Gordon echoed bitterly, checked himself, and shrugged. "I haven't told her—about the will. I don't know when; I suppose, when I find myself able to support a wife."

"Now, listen, you sap," Tower commanded with acrid kindness. "Before the banns are cried, we'll consolidate Uncle Seabrook's wills and strike an average. You'll have enough to support Cynthia—or more than a million and a half, anyway."

"I can't do it," the other mumbled.

His cousin snarled with a gesture of exasperation: "I can, if you can't. Buck up, Gordon. You look like the spirit of pernicious anemia."

He turned and plodded toward the hotel.

"It's not a morning for gaiety exactly," Ashley offered in apology, falling into step beside him.

"Maybe what I'll find at the airport will cheer you up," Tower commented sardonically, "Nothing like an unveiled murderer to brighten melancholy."

Their feet slithered and sucked through the mud. Trees clasping hands overhead strained the dull light through glistening foliage and filled the dim vista of the woodroad with a bilious gloom. The cold apathy of the rain, the steady clatter of drop-smitten leaves harried Ashley.

"God," he exclaimed with a strange animus, "what a rotting foul dump the world is!"

A wavering grin offered atonement for the outburst. His companion shot a quick glance at him and nodded with grim tranquillity.

"That," he said gravely, "is the beginning of wisdom. You're learning, Gordon. Pessimism is the apple Eve stole. Absorb it and you're invulnerable. Nothing can happen that you don't expect except bright, pleasant things. And when these come, there's the added kick of surprise. Why not," he added, "ride down to Madison with me? Bouncing in and out of ruts and puddles will stimulate the liver."

Gordon shook his head with decision. "No," he returned. "Haddonfield might think I was fleeing the wrath to come. Are you—armed?"

"Armed?" Tower echoed. "What for?"

"I don't quite know," the other replied nervously. "It's just that I'm jumpy, I suppose. There was Holloway—"

His cousin shook his head. "I'm a suspect, not a constable, and whoever's running wild with a 30-30 isn't going to think me worth wasting ammunition on."

They hesitated on the edge of the trees' inadequate canopy and watched the stubborn rain slant between them and the long, gray bulk of the Outlook Hotel.

"When do you expect to get back?" Gordon asked, masking a yawn.

"Not before late afternoon," Tower returned, glancing at his wrist watch, "and not then," he concluded with vigor, "unless I stop gossiping and start."

He nodded and sloshed away to the shed that sheltered his shabby roadster and his cousin's big car. Gordon watched him for an instant and marched gloomily into the house.

THE batteries, Tower discovered with exasperation, had run too low to set the starter turning. He dug out the crank and plied it. The cough and ensuing swelling sputter of the engine were no more smokily evil than his breathless language.

As he leaned into the car and controlled the motor's tumult, a mocking voice repeated his final objurgation. Cynthia Kent, in slicker and sou'wester, confronted him with a diabolical glee.

"Such language!" she reproved. "And in the presence of ladies!"

"Where?" he demanded.

"In the hotel," she nodded, "preparing to flee and leave Eli flat. You look like fleeing yourself, Johnny. A fleeing criminal. You needn't register guilt. I've heard worse swearers and a few better. You're not really a fleeing criminal, are you, Johnny?"

"Ask Gordon," he invited gruffly, resisting with protective rudeness the challenge of her beauty.

Rain had whipped bright color to her face and had curled tight a strand of hair that had escaped between her sou'wester and her

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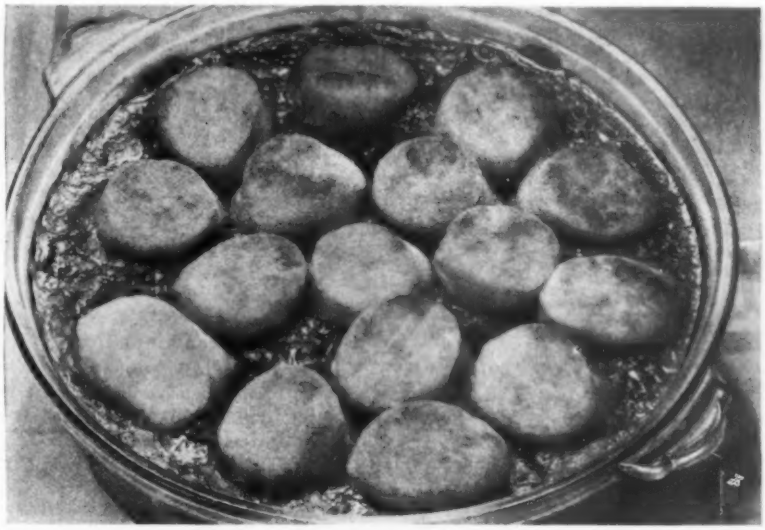

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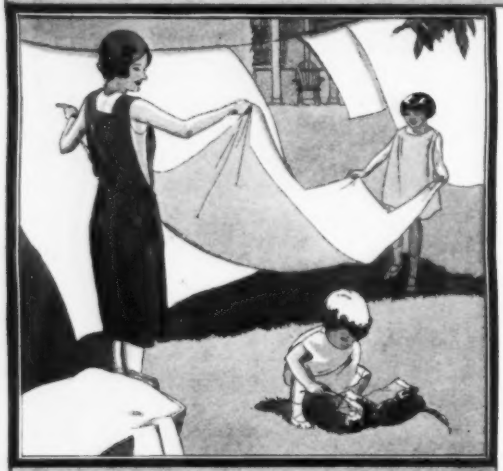

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dangerous eyes. They softened a trifle at Ashley's name.

"I'm glad you've stopped snarling at each other. That's some comfort on a morning like this. You're a pretty good guy, Johnny, at that—being so decent to Gordon. He's been through a lot in the last little while."

The hint of tenderness in her voice smote speech from him before he could check it.

"He has compensations," he retorted, thrusting the crank under the seat.

"What do you mean—compensations?" she asked sharply. "Cash?"

"Money," he mocked with a puritanical whine, "isn't everything, my dear."

"Tell me what you mean," she demanded and, surprising unwonted confusion on his face, crowed: "I know. Johnny made a compliment. You ought to issue explanatory footnotes with them, Johnny."

"I did not," he contradicted, clambering into the car. "I only made a statement of fact—and envy. Move, will you?"

She thought an instant and said in a changed voice, a slender, briar-scored hand clutching the car's side, "If it isn't Gordon's money you envy, it must be his manners, Johnny. You need to. Or if not that, what is it, Johnny?"

Something unwontedly appealing in the eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses impelled her to ask: "You think I'm a shameless hussy, don't you?"

"I know you are," he returned stonily. "Look out."

HE BACKED the car from the shed. She followed, holding fast, until he ordered: "Run along, hussy. I'm not going to be laboratory material for a polyandrous female."

"And what a dirty word that is," she jeered, yet there was a tremulous shyness in her gaze. "Meaning that I've been vamping Gordon, too?"

His face wore a stiff impassiveness. His grip on the steering wheel threw knuckles up into white relief. "Be a happy kid, Cynthia," he bade in a queer voice. "You rate it, if any one does."

"Johnny," she cried, as he jerked the gear shift. "I want you to tell me what you think you're talking about."

He stifled a thousand ridiculous retorts and snarled into her bright, strangely tender face, as he slipped in the clutch,

"Oh, go to the devil!"

He passed with a rasp of gears and a spurt of mud. The car slewed as, cursing himself, he jerked at the wheel and melted away into the rain.

Thoughtfully Cynthia returned to the hotel, and sought, not her own room, but the chamber where her aunt sat in the dignity of the thwarted, listening with a chill martyrdom to the confusion of departure in the hall.

Miss Lucy looked up hopefully when her niece entered, and reading no promise of reconsideration in the girl's face, resumed her role of stoic disapproval.

"The refugees," Cynthia said, hanging her sou'wester on a chair and smoothing back her crisp black hair, "are mobilizing, Auntie. You better change your mind."

"You had better change yours," the other retorted severely. "There'll be plenty of room in the bus for both of us, Cynthia, Mrs. Todd assures me."

"Then why don't you go?" the girl asked patiently.

"I have already told you," Miss Lucy said with precision. "I certainly shall not leave you alone in this awful place."

"Alone," her niece jeered, "with no one to look after me but Mrs. Avery and Matilda and poor Eli and Gordon and Johnny. But," she added philosophically, "we've been all over that before. Suit yourself, Auntie."

"I have never done that," Miss Lucy returned, her lips a straight, disapproving line.

"It's time you learned then," Cynthia said composedly. "I won't leave if you hitch the old

bus to me. It's too interesting, and besides I've got another reason for staying. Auntie, I want to ask you something. Did you ever tell any one I was engaged to Gordon Ashley?"

"Will you please tell me," Miss Lucy countered with faint uneasiness, "why I should tell any one such a thing, my dear?"

"Because," the younger woman pursued, "I think that's something you've wanted to happen, isn't it?"

She considered her aunt's mounting confusion a long instant and then asked,

"When did you tell John Tower?"

"I told him," Miss Lucy bristled, sitting more indignantly erect, "in confidence. That only proves, Cynthia, what I've always said about John: he is untrustworthy. A man who will betray a woman's—"

Exasperation left her speechless. The girl's short laugh seemed to rob her additionally of breath.

"I wasn't sure," she told her aunt. "I just guessed. Johnny never mentioned it to me. You'll never learn how to stand a bluff, Auntie, will you? You knew I wasn't engaged to any one. Why did you tell Johnny? To scare him away?"

"Nonsense!" the other said, rallying with difficulty. "I don't really believe, Cynthia, that I ever told him in so many words. I have hoped you'd accept Gordon. He's an excellent *parti* and desperately in love with you, poor boy. John Tower probably misinterpreted something I let drop. That must have been it."

"Must it?" Cynthia jeered, and then, because Miss Lucy in a reddening confusion seemed about to weep, leaned over, laughing, and kissed the trembling mouth. "Now, listen," she threatened. "When I come and tell you, you'll know I'm engaged to someone, and until I yelp it in your shell-like ear, you'll know I'm not. Don't you try again to hurry on the evil day, honey. There are lots of nature's noblewomen who never marry at all. Look at you."

Below, a motor snorted, and voices cried out excitedly in the hall.

"There's the bus," the girl went on. "Let's go down and speed the parting guests with predictions of murderers in the bushes all the way to Madison."

CHAPTER XV

THE erstwhile patrons of the Outlook Hotel boarded the rescuing bus and climbed out again upon suddenly recalled errands, reentered, and clambered forth to supervise the stowing of their baggage. At length, after they had caused more confusion and spent only slightly less time than an army corps in embarkation, the harried and apoplectic driver slammed the door upon the miraculously completed group and looked as though he earnestly desired to lock it.

For a half-hour he had bawled increasingly fervent appeals for haste. Cold River was up over the approach to the covered bridge and still rising. He had barely got through that morning and would have to return to Madison the long way. If they hesitated much longer, they would miss their train. Permutations and combinations of these statements had not perceptibly hastened departure. Even now, as the bus lurched from first to second speed, Mrs. Delancy Todd cried piteously:

"Stop, stop. I forgot to tell Mrs. Avery goodby."

"Write her a letter, gol-ding it," the driver advised with a snarl and threw the motor into high.

Miss Lucy stood on the porch, waving to the departing with the sad resolve of a marooned seaman. Avery, clumping in out of the rain, lingered by the hammock in which Cynthia sat and offered, smiling wryly:

"Don't know whether I'd ruther lynch that murderer or the weather man. Where's Gordon?"

"I haven't seen him," Cynthia recalled with surprise. "I suppose he ran madly into the

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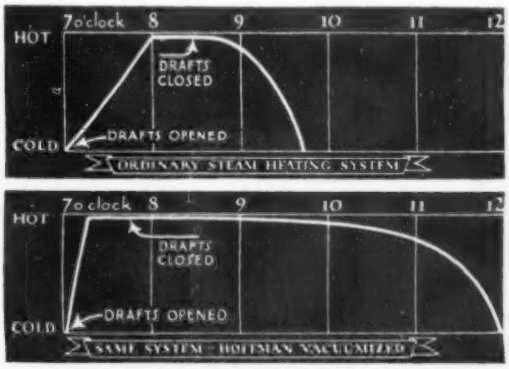

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woods rather than see your friends leave you."

"By the time they got started," Avery confided, "I was real relieved to see 'em go, myself. Well, 'twill be like old times in the old house, Cynthia—you 'n' Miss Lucy 'n' Gordon here an' Johnny around, too. Yonder comes Gordon now."

He nodded toward the opening of the wood road from which Ashley came striding.

The girl laughed. "Just as I said," she told the hotel proprietor, "he hid in the woods."

Eli departed, holding the door open for Miss Lucy to precede him. Cynthia, relaxed in the hammock, watched Gordon's approach, idly at first, and then with quickening interest, for the big man's face was abstracted, and she saw that his hands were soot-stained. He came up on the porch with the stiff gait of one who fights the impulse to hurry.

"You look," the girl hailed, "as though you were sorry you missed the bus. What's the matter?"

His smile was a nervous flicker of lips across his teeth. His eyes jerked to her face and away from it, hurriedly, and fell to his blackened hands. "I'll tell you," he promised, "when I've washed. I—"

Within, the dinner bell clanged. Cynthia leaped up. "Food!" she exclaimed, "I'm becoming addicted to it in this everlasting rain. It's the chief excitement of the day—when the police don't call."

She lingered and surveyed him dubiously.

"Will the conference keep till after dinner?" she hesitated.

He smiled, as though the postponement brought a certain relief. "It will," he asserted. "Maybe then you'll go for a walk—a short one. There's something I want to show you and get your—advice about."

ARMORED against the storm, Cynthia waited on the porch for Gordon to appear. After a silent meal he had withdrawn to his own room, and Miss Lucy, muttering something about sleeping during the day if one must lie awake in terror at night, also had gone upstairs.

The girl had shouted up the stairwell to Ashley and had received his assurance that he would be with her in a moment. Yet he did not come. She sat in the hammock and watched the gusty wind deploy its regiments of rain. The long-enduring patience of the storm seemed broken. The drops slackened, almost ceased, and then, on a raw blast of wind, came roaring down to limit the radius of her vision by a trembling curtain of steel.

Thrice, while she waited, the paroxysms of rain recurred, passionate, all-obscuring, relapsing suddenly into the failing drizzle out of which they had been born. Overhead, between the downpours, Cynthia could see the contours of tortured cloud, and once or twice a glimpse of brightness between.

She believed that at length it was clearing, and her spirits rose at the thought. She had laughed when her aunt had spoken of a menace in the atmosphere. Not until now, with relief apparently at hand, had she admitted even to herself the presence of this sinister miasma. It was passing with the last convulsions of the storm. She smiled and rose almost gaily as she heard Gordon Ashley come down the stair.

"Have a nice nap?" she asked ironically.

His weary smile only emphasized his gravity. The abstracted gloom of the dinner hour had settled into solemn resolution, stamping his boyish face with a sudden maturity. He looked from her to the blue fog of the drizzle and spoke as though his words were ponderous things.

"I've been thinking, Cynthia. Hard."

"Always up to something new!" she marveled, but the jeer rebounded from his heavy armor of seriousness.

"I want you to come down to the Burrow with me," he ordered. "I've something to show you—and ask you about."

"What?" she asked with a sudden qualm of uneasiness that grew when he shook his head.

"It's better," he said, "not to talk about it here. It's something I've tried to understand, and now—I wish I didn't, somehow."

"You sound," the girl flung at him, "like a human crossword puzzle."

The big man did not smile, but turned toward the steps. "Please come," he bade her, and she followed him into the wood road with a mute, growing fear.

He held open the door of Tower's cabin for her to enter, but she hesitated and regarded him with eyes in which a trace of anger stirred.

"We've no business," she told him, "barging in here."

"Quite!" Gordon agreed with an ugly inflection. "And I doubt whether we'll please my cousin by coming."

"Then, why—?" she began, but he gave an impatient shrug and waved her in.

"This is more serious than a question of etiquette," he returned harshly. "Come in."

THE shadowy room was filled with the litter of Tower's hasty departure that morning. The stove sputtered faintly, and as Cynthia, bewildered, approached it with Ashley, she saw the baby rabbit huddled tight in a corner of his box and marked how Deborah in her tub flared at their approach into a stiff chrysanthemum of grizzled spines. How tender, how fine Johnny was, inside his shell of pretense! Protest against this intrusion rose hotly in the girl, but was checked by the dismal voice of Gordon who, bending over an ash-filled scuttle, said:

"I came down just before dinner, and it was so raw and wet in here that I started a fire. I thought he'd need it when he got back. Only—I found this."

His eyes held hers fast as he picked a charred bit from the top of the scuttle and displayed it—a length of stitched leather, blistered by heat, holding at either end a twisted metal ring. He laid it on her palm. She stared from it to him stupidly. At last he said in a quiet voice,

"Peter's briefcase was burned up in that stove, Cynthia."

"No!" she cried instinctively.

He shrugged. "There's its handle. I found it when I shoveled out the ashes."

The whisper of rain upon the roof quickened, swelled into a roar as another fierce shower swept through the woods. Gordon waited, ominously patient, while the girl turned the fire-scathed handle over in her fingers. She said at length, voice straining against the tumult of the downpour,

"I don't believe it."

"I do," Ashley returned unhappily. "I've fought against believing, every step, but it's licked me."

"Has it?" she said at length.

Her voice was so coldly hostile that he flinched and begged:

"Cynthia! Please! I'm not accusing. I'm asking your counsel. We've been Johnny's friends. I want you to tell me what to do."

She sat down so cautiously that she seemed to dread the chair might not support her weight, and turned from the damning, blackened bit to Ashley's unhappy face.

"How do you know," she asked, forcing her words to be steady, "that this is Mortimer's?"

"Why else," he countered, "should a man burn up a satchel in a stove? That isn't all, Cynthia." His sad voice seemed to shrink away from full disclosure.

She laid the charred handle on the table as though it were foul and said simply, "I'm waiting."

He drew a long breath and went on: "I find Mortimer lied to me about the will he had found. It did not cut Johnny off. It left him everything. Peter must have intended to blackmail me—or Johnny. Now he has been murdered, and—Johnny has the will."

"That's a lie," she returned, challenging him to match her anger, but he only shrugged wretchedly.

"I wish to God," he said, "that it was!"

Above the drum of the rain Deborah's quills rasped as she stirred in her tub.

"I've seen the will," he went on, standing

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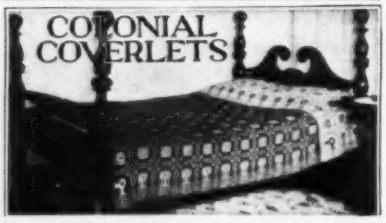

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Alibi

bleak and stiff before her. "Johnny has it hidden somewhere in this house. He showed it to me."

"Then—" Cynthia interrupted, but the drone of his voice went on:

"He claimed he found it in Mortimer's room. He offered to share the estate with me if I kept quiet about it."

He hesitated, rubbed his forehead with the heel of his hand, and went on drearily. "I believed him. He told it plausibly, but—" He nodded toward the table where the handle lay. "But now," he concluded, "I—don't know."

"Know what?" she snapped with a gesture of overstrained patience.

"What it means," he returned carefully. "Do you?"

His sorrowful voice, his meekly suffering face, soothed her resentment. Recollection of the ordeal of suspicion through which he himself had passed checked her angry retort. She blinked back tears with an exasperated toss of her head and asked more gently,

"What do you think it means, Gordon?"

He spread his hands with a weary hopelessness. His stalwart figure drooped, beaten, abject. "I think it means," he muttered, "that Johnny killed Mortimer."

AS THOUGH the profession had relieved some inward pressure, before she could drive her defending voice against the accusation, he went on more confidently:

"Think for yourself. Johnny hated Peter. Johnny tried to drown Peter. Mortimer must have offended him. Perhaps already he had tried to sell the will to Johnny. Mortimer seems to have been the crook Johnny always said he was. By chance or plan, Johnny met Peter on Cold River. Peter was to meet me there, presumably to blackmail me—only I got lost. But Johnny met him, and you saw him coming home with blood on his sleeve.

"It wasn't blood," she exclaimed, begging relief from the cold vice of his logic. "The police took that shirt."

"The police," he corrected grimly, "took a stained shirt he gave them. Are you certain it was the same shirt, Cynthia?"

"I won't believe it," she said mutinously between clenched teeth. "I won't; I won't."

Gordon frowned slightly at the resistant quiver of her taut body and said at last in a gentle voice, "What are we to do, Cynthia?"

She met his grave face with tragic eyes. "Where," she asked, "did Johnny go?"

He shrugged. "To Madison—or so he said. It's possible, of course, that he won't come back. He may have felt I—suspected him."

"He will come back," she returned in a self-reassuring voice.

"And if, or when, he does," he asked, watching her carefully, "what are we to do?"

"Do?" she echoed. "Ask him. About that handle. About everything."

The demurral in his face made her voice firmer, more earnest. She leaned forward, as though at shorter range her appeal would be effective.

"That's the fair thing, isn't it?" she queried. "Tell him what you think, and get his answer. We aren't policemen, Gordon. We're Johnny's friends. Aren't we?"

"Yes," he granted. "But if we—I—am right?"

She rose, rejecting the possibility.

"Then," she pointed out, earnestly. "we can decide. Gordon," she begged, laying a hand on his arm, her face tremulously lovely, "will you do that—ask him as soon as he returns?"

He raised his arm and kissed the hand that clung to it. "Have I told you," he asked, "since yesterday that I would do anything on God's green earth for you, Cynthia? Anything."

She smiled uncertainly and patted his arm. "Then—you will?" she persisted. "And say nothing to any one till then?"

He drew a long breath of resolution and looked slowly about the room. "I won't stir out of here," he promised, "until he comes."

At sight of the hotel, looming with a gray semi-desertion through the thinning trees of the wood road, Cynthia checked her stride.

Anxiety that she might not lighten by imparting made the prospect of contact with Miss Lucy, or even the Averys, an ordeal from which she shrank. She dreaded the thought of conversation, or questions to be answered, or pretences to be maintained while her brain was fogged with foreboding. She went softly up to her room and paced the floor. Her body cried out against being penned in four close walls with the questions that leveled fiercely at the enduring things of her life—faith, loyalty, friendship—something more than friendship that amazingly had sprung to life at Gordon's accusation. She resisted a long hour and then stole out again.

The puddle-spaced road beckoned to her. The wet dangling of branches, gray clouds capping the half-seen darker gray of hills, promised isolation and spoke in harmony with her distress. She wheeled and set off with a long, swift stride, seeking only to walk into subjugation the turmoil of her mind. It was not until she had tramped a mile through the greasy slickness of the mud that she recalled that Tower, returning from Madison, might come into view at any curve.

The thought spun her around, urged her to step into the concealment of the forest and work her way back through sopping undergrowth rather than risk the ordeal of meeting him. He would see the anxiety on her face. Much as she resented Gordon's accusation, much as she longed to see the man, made suddenly dear to her by his peril, her sense of fairness shrank therefrom. Were she to meet Johnny, could she keep from asking him the questions Gordon waited in the Burrow to offer? And to ask them, with Ashley absent, would not be fair.

She lingered, irresolute, and in the hush between showers heard beneath the manifold flat chimes and tinklings of draining water, the far, deep voice of Cold River. Recollection brought reassurance. The apoplectic bus driver had been compelled to take the longer route to Madison because the flood had cut off the covered bridge. Tower, returning, would be forced to use that same road. She walked on, fast, hard, lulling her mind with the steady one-two-three-four of her pace.

Beyond the bald crest of Busby Mountain, the sky blackened with promise of another imminent shower. She welcomed the prospect. All that troubled and bewildered her longed for the kindred turmoil of the downpour. She marched ahead, crossed a bridge that spanned the tumbling swiftness of a brook, and climbed a slope. There, an instant, she paused, breathing hard. The beach beyond the curve was a measured five miles from the hotel. She would go that far and return.

EARTH lay languid and exhausted after its long-continued beating by the storm. Sky was saturated blotting paper, and mist, creeping through the fields, rising into the treetops of the forest, blurred form and dulled all color save a leaden green to which water was kin.

Beyond the curve of the road some one swung an axe with slow, unevenly spaced blows. These and the voices of river, of brook, and a hundred impromptu rivulets were the only sounds in a sodden, faded world.

She breathed more easily and marched on toward the curve beyond which the sound of chopping rang dully through the mist-clogged air. She passed the turn, looked down the straight length of road ahead, and paused, staring. The abrupt noise was repeated, nearer, sharper. She recognized it now. It was not the blow of an ax. It was the bark of a rifle. With a cry, she ran forward.

(To be concluded)

The White House Gang

(*Continued from page 29*)

in single file, we went to the top of the second-floor stairs, where Q, thrilling with excitement, halted us again. Noiselessly—a great achievement—we crowded up behind him on the stairs and peeked over his shoulder.

There, through the open door of the bathroom, we saw four white boys watching a fifth, who was colored, unscrewing a faucet with a monkey-wrench. They were stealing hardware! Presently one of them spotted us, froze, clutched the boy nearest him, who turned and cried out. Then the whole crowd burst from the room, and the fight was on . . . all over the second-story hall and rolling down the stairs while the house shook, the boy with the monkey-wrench trying his best to use it whenever he saw a head to strike.

IF THERE is virtue in fighting, this was one of the most virtuous fights the Gang ever found joyful. The enemy's first idea appeared to be that we were a species of hijackers—that we had come to take by force the spigots and various fixtures they had ripped loose. When they discovered that such was not our purpose—that our objective seemed to be fighting for fighting's sake and had no bearing upon the loot, realization weakened their morale, and we finally succeeded in forcing them from the house.

Q looked over his command. Sailor Dick's eye was beginning to look puffy. Walker White's nose was oozing crimson. Q himself had a wide welt across his forehead. I had lacerated my hand on human teeth.

"By buzzard!" Q said. "Wasn't that wonderful!"

"I bet they'll beat up the kid for letting us get by him at the door," Dick remarked.

"They *must not* be allowed to do that!" Q said with finality. "He's too small and too scared! He shouldn't have been put there in the beginning!"

The Gang agreed.

"Something's got to be done about him right off!" Q decided. "We've got to follow up and help him somehow."

Rushing to their bicycles, the Gang unlocked them and rode off in various directions. Q presently was seen to wave frantically at the juncture of Twenty-first and G Streets. He had caught a colored youngster, but was uncertain as to his identity.

"*That's* not him!" Dick pronounced.

"No, I ain't—I been tellin' him," pleaded the prisoner. "I ain't had nuffin' t'do with it, I swear I ain't."

Q looked at him once. "I can't be sure myself, I fear," he admitted with reluctance.

"Leave me be, white boy," the colored lad insisted. "Go 'long yo' bizness. I ain't hurtin' a fly, I ain't!"

"Of course, you're not," said Q placatingly; "but if you're the kid we think you are, you're in for a lot of hot water from your own gang."

The child had turned almost white by this time, and the mention of hot water made him cringe in Quentin's grasp to such an extent that it was painful to behold. His captor flushed with the shame of it.

"I don't mean *boiling* water at all," exclaimed Q. "Doggone it, why can't you understand what we aim to do?"

He turned to the Gang.

"Anybody got any money?" he asked abruptly.

Our communal resources yielded a total of forty cents.

"Let's give it to him," said Quentin, and the black face visibly brightened.

"Now listen to me," said Q magisterially. "If you aren't the boy, we're giving you this money because we've held you unjustly. If you *are* the boy, it's being paid to you to keep away from that bunch you were with as many days as there are cents here—just forty."

"I di'n't have nothin' t' do with 'em, no*sir*," the boy repeated, "but jus' as you say, I'se keepin' enti'ly away from 'em from now on!"

"I don't exactly like the way you say that," Q criticized, "but I haven't time now to argue with you further. Did your bunch see which way you ran?"

"*No*sir, no*sir*, they di'n't—but I di'n't been with no bunch."

"By buzzard!" Q cried, greatly aggravated. "I don't know what to believe! You ought to be made to swear an oath—hope you die! Dick, give us the chain and padlock, and we'll fix him so he won't get into trouble."

Dick, not so excited as his leader, demurred.

"Give us the chain, I say," Q insisted. "Quick, before anybody—least of all, that house-breaking bunch—sees what we're doing!"

The chain and padlock were promptly handed over, and to the boy's great terror his hands were put behind his back and securely fastened with the chain and locked with the padlock.

"How'll he ever get out?" Dick questioned.

"He'll have to get somebody to *bust* him out with a hammer," Q replied. "You don't suppose I'd give him the key of the lock to put in his pocket, do you? That would be a dead give-away.

"Now," said Q, addressing his prisoner, "I know this is going to be a lie, but you look as though you've told lies before, and telling this one won't hurt you, I'm sure. Go back to your bunch and tell 'em we jumped you in the vestibule, choked you, beat you, and fastened your hands with this chain before we came upstairs. Understand?"

The boy nodded; whether he understood or not was not clear.

"Oh! I forgot!" Q said suddenly. "We must tie a handkerchief around his neck as though he'd been gagged. That, of course, is why he couldn't yell after we left him."

Walker White promptly contributed his handkerchief. Soaked in the gore which had flowed from his pounded nose, its further use was but negligible.

"Now, don't forget what you're supposed to say," Q advised, relaxing his grip upon his captive.

The youngster ran off as fast as his short legs would carry him. We watched him go—a black streak of terror flying down G Street. Twice he fell, probably because of having his hands chained behind his back. But he continued on his way.

"I wish I really knew," Q sighed, "whether we caught the right one—or one like him."

Needless to say, this adventure was regarded as one that had better be given no mention, domestically or publicly.

"It wouldn't be wise *po-lit-ically*, either," Q remarked later. "Just imagine the sort of story the Democrats would make of it!"

But the story we made out of it, ourselves, was enough. We had encountered a tough, plundering, rival gang of our own weight and age. We had met them in open combat. We had fought with a new unity and fierceness. We had won and had been magnanimous. Our morale was high. We went back to the White House, nursed our wounds, and permitted our minds to dwell much upon our valor. We had vanquished a band of toughs and felt tough ourselves, and thoroughly enjoyed the new sensation of independent power without help or favor of any sort. We were soon to learn, however, that we had become just tough enough to be brittle.

CHAPTER XV

THE higher the morale of the Gang, the greater, of course, its daring—which led us up to the dizzy roof of the White House which under our feet seemed almost to be blotted out by the snow. There were great drifts of it in the inside gutters. The sharp outlines of the balustrade and the two rows of square chimneys were softened and blurred.

The Gang mushed trails all about the "bridge," stepped off upon the virgin purity of the snow and on to the gently sloping roof above the old attic. We slipped and slid and fell and divided up for pitched snowball battles from one balustrade to the other. From this height it was our special delight to drop large snowballs, the centers of which contained old electric light bulbs. This could be done only on rare occasions; great strategy was needed to get the bulbs; also the excitement it caused among the White House Staff took time to abate; for when the bulbs struck the concrete of the areaways, causing loud pops which reverberated as sharply as pistol shots, policemen, Secret Service men, and attendants came on the run from all directions.

ON THIS particular Saturday this sport was suggested but vetoed, so instead we packed big snowballs on the level walkway of the "bridge" and rolled them.

"By buzzard!" Q cried. "Something's got to be done with *this* one. It's too good to waste!"

He put his head out between the side balustrades of the *porte-cochère* and looked down. Then he withdrew it and gestured. The Gang looked over the edge of the cornice and could see the figure of a policeman away below. He was standing like a statue, on fixed post, a few feet from the center columns of the *porte-cochère*, and facing it with the greatest—and, to us, the most unreasonable—solemnity. At his right the carriage-drive went under the *porte-cochère;* at his left the side steps led up to the main entrance.

"I'm not sure," Q said, "but I *think* it's John Jamerson!"

"All policemen have big feet," Charlie commented.

"No matter," Q said. "Even if it is Jamerson, I can't help it."

So with a single thought and a united effort the Gang rolled the snowball—big enough, now, for the body of a snowman—along the inside of the balustrade. By dint of tremendous exertion accompanied by much grunting, five small boys managed to get the enormous ball up on the wide shelf of the balustrade, where it wobbled perilously for a moment and then of its own weight decided to balance there.

"I saw him first, and the whole thing was my idea," Q said, demanding the honor.

There could be no argument; besides, we were afraid the policeman might move.

Q, held upright by members of the Gang cradling his feet, placed himself directly behind the snowball, gave it a vigorous push to propel it over and beyond the projecting cornice, and—gravity did the rest.

The aim could not fail. It was a straight-down drop, and the huge snowball landed directly on top of the policeman's helmet and broke into fragments. The officer sat down upon the pavement suddenly and with pronounced finality. His crushed helmet rolled into the gutter of the driveway; his hands clutched at the snow piled about him. We drew in our heads from the balustrade, hugging ourselves and weeping with joy. We had attained the paramount peak of ambition known to boys the world over—we had flattened a cop!

But below, under the *porte-cochère*, something else and other was happening. There—the first coachman, attired in blue coat, white doeskin trousers, high boots, high hat and all, sitting upon the box and holding the nervous horses in check, and the footman, with his lap-robe ready folded upon his arm—was the President's carriage. At that moment (as thoroughly explained to us later) TR put his foot upon the step to mount into the carriage. Then down crashed the great snowball not fifteen feet away, in the sight and hearing of all.

The horses jumped and lunged. The coachman stood up and, pulling on his reins with all his strength, held them in. The footman, tossing away the lap-robe, clutched at TR.

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4 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup Baker's Coconut
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
6 tablespoons sugar
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
½ cup Baker's Coconut

(All measurements are level)

Combine flour, sugar, and salt. Add milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer. Remove from fire; add butter, vanilla, and 1 cup coconut. Cool and pour into pie shell. Top with meringue, made by folding sugar into egg whites. Sprinkle with ½ cup coconut. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes, or until delicate brown.

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The White House Gang

Members of the Staff at the door leaped to interpose themselves between a startled President and the pavement, or to save him from falling under hoof or wheel. There was sudden, confusing, and unprecedented interjection of a vastly disturbing factor into the usually formal and smooth-running drill of seeing a President of the United States safely on to the cushions of his carriage.

The Gang had its first hint of all this when a wrathful President, rushing from under the cover of the *porte-cochère*, assisted a dazed policeman to his feet, then turned, hatless and with eyes blazing, in the direction of the balustrade and shook his knotted fist vigorously. Then, in a voice that must have been heard as far east as the Treasury, and west as far as the State-War-Navy Building, he cried:

"You! You! Come down from that roof at once!"

Turning to the Staff under the *porte-cochère* he cried:

"Go and catch them! By George! Let not one escape! Bring them all to me!"

"Father!" Q called down. "*Father!*"

"Yes," TR responded, "of course—Quentin! *Quentin!*"

"I want to explain," Q went on.

"No explanation received or considered from that height, young man," TR returned. "Come down!"

WHEN we appeared before him—in penitential formation, as aforetime—we were amazed to find him not furiously angry. We imagined him as having the right to be quite as angry as he chose.

"Well," he began, "fortunately for you, you haven't broken his neck—as might well have been expected."

In the greater crime of endangering the President, we had forgotten all about the policeman.

"I'm darn glad, I'll say," remarked Brom with obvious sincerity.

"That's good!" Dick breathed.

"We didn't think of that, sir, honestly," Charlie explained.

"I'll pay for his helmet out of my allowance, Father," Quentin offered with eagerness.

"Don't becloud the issue," TR interrupted. "Such side-concerns are virtually irrelevant. You haven't hurt the officer, luckily, but by George! you've done something quite as reprehensible—you've hurt his dignity in front of *me*. That policeman had just started to salute when your enormous snowball descended upon him out of the unknown. Think of his amazement! Think of the shock! Think of the humiliation! Think of his chagrin! Finding himself upon the pavement before me and covered with snow! Think of his feelings! He saw that I saw the whole business, from beginning to end. He saw even that I laughed. I shouldn't have done so, of course, but how could I help it? It *made* me laugh! It was *terrible!*

"Now, please understand this. Never do *anything* calculated to hurt another's dignity, unless—unless—you are sure that, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his dignity is an utterly false and foolish thing. Even then, look well to yourselves, first, and try to discover what superior claim *you* have to expose his, or any one's, silliness. If you do, you will never, never do it.

"This policeman, as I happen to know, has a long and honorable record. His post is a place of honor and responsibility. Don't you see? He has a well-earned right to be proud of the trust reposed in his loyalty and judgment. At this moment he is not so proud of it; he can not help but watch, out of the corner of his eye, for another avalanche from the roof. Therefore, until he is assured that nothing of this kind will occur again, he is not so good a Presidential guard as he should be, or desires to be.

"Each of you—beginning with Quentin—will apologize separately, and as well as you are able, to this officer. But not, however, immediately—just to carry out my orders. We don't want that kind of apology. You are

now to go into session, and talk out the things I have just said to you, among yourselves. If you do not agree, you will come to me and explain, clearly and distinctly, just where, and why, you do not. We will then proceed to a reconsideration of the whole matter. If, however, you decide it to be a matter for no further argument—that my suggestion is equitable—you will go to this policeman in just that spirit—knowing you should do it—and tender him an apology, not perfunctorily offered, but handsomely and in real sincerity."

"Thank you, Mr. President," little Walker White boomed in his resonant voice.

"You're quite welcome, sir," TR responded, walking away slowly, and with unaffected dignity, to his carriage.

There was hardly any discussion among the Gang regarding the justice and equity of our orders. Within a quarter of an hour we had apologized, individually and collectively, to the policeman, who before it was over became quite embarrassed by our sincerity, and the difficulty he found in adequately meeting our flood of apology.

SHORTLY afterward Q involved himself with another policeman—Sergeant Shillon. One morning Eddie Norris came up out of the boiler room for a breath of fresh air. Great icicles had fallen from the cornice, down into the west areaway. Q picked up one of these jagged fragments and, seizing a favorable opportunity, hurled it at Eddie. But Eddie, alert and watchful, ducked, and Sergeant Shillon, standing directly in the line of fire, was struck on the forehead by the missile. The splintery ice opened a sharp wound, and the blood ran immediately into Shillon's eyes. Every one—most of all, Q—looked at the Sergeant's shocking condition in startled amazement. Shillon appeared to be badly hurt.

TR had not witnessed the incident but, looking in our direction just afterward, immediately understood that it was Q again.

He came forward at once, while Shillon was staunching the blood with his handkerchief, and peremptorily demanded an explanation from Quentin.

"Father! *Father!*" Q cried, as his habit was when in real trouble.

Shillon explained to the President that it was entirely accidental and that the ice had been meant—in pure fun—for Norris, who had dodged. Moreover Quentin had amply apologized.

"Sergeant Shillon," said TR, "may I add my apology to Quentin's?"

"Mr. President! That makes it worth while happening, sir," Shillon said. "The boy didn't mean it."

"Yes, yes," TR said. "I understand—and you understand—exactly. Thank you, Sergeant. How long have you been on the force?"

Shillon told him.

"Why haven't you been promoted?" TR asked abruptly.

Shillon gave the President some reasons which he supposed had influenced the run of affairs.

"I must see your record," said TR briefly.

The next morning Sergeant Shillon had gone forever. In his place stood Lieutenant Shillon.

"Think of that!" said Eddie later. "Shillon certainly owed his promotion to Quentin. That was a lieutenancy that hit Shillon—not an icicle at all!"

The Gang was rather more surprised by Shillon's sudden promotion than any other official Presidential act. The whole transaction had about it a gesture of majesty. TR apparently could do *anything* which seemed good for him to do. Wonderful thing, that!

Not long after, a startling chapter in White House history nearly came to be written. So shocking, indeed, was the whole affair that its chief actor must remain nameless.

In the beginning, it is highly probable that this boy was influenced, in the questionable action he took, by tales of fireman heroism, such as make the blood of all boys tingle in their veins, and their hearts beat faster than here-

Brown Cottage Pudding

Cream ½ cup butter. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift 3 cups flour, 1 heaping teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, and 1 teaspoon each ginger and cloves. Add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup sour milk. Last stir in 1 cup raisins, slightly floured. Pour into buttered tube pan and bake in moderate oven 350° F. 45 to 60 min. Serve hot with light pudding sauce. Grandmother Jordan's Pudding Sauce, lemon flavored, (p. 36, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies") is especially good!

Pineapple Gingerbread Shortcake

Use a good gingerbread recipe. (See page 20 and 21 in recipe book, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"). Bake in individual cakes 20 to 30 min. in moderate oven, 350° F. Cool. Put together with ½ pint whipped cream in which has been folded ¼ cup confectioners sugar and 1 cup shredded pineapple. (Be sure to drain pineapple.)

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The White House Gang

tofore. To be of such heroic stuff—all of us knew we were—and to be able to furnish evidence of the fact were several times made the subject of discussion in the deliberative sessions of the Gang. On one boy this had made a deep impression. He talked of it so assiduously as to become tiresome and to incur the penalty of being bawled out, until he was ashamed to mention it again.

Then the awful thing happened. We had been dodging about a number of metal receptacles, containing paper, which had been moved across the driveway from the garden. On the previous afternoon there had been a Marine Band concert to which the public had been admitted, and enough litter had resulted to fill several of the waste barrels. Some hitch had occurred in the usual prompt policing of the garden, and for an hour or so the waste rubbish had been allowed to remain near the south portico.

Suddenly the contents of one of these receptacles blazed up in a mysterious way. The unnamed member of the Gang quickly vanished, to reappear almost instantly with several small fire-extinguishers, and proceeded to put out the blaze all by himself. So he became a hero, and basked in the admiration of the Gang, although it had to be admitted that the flames had been too far away even to scorch the base of the portico.

Presently we began to wonder at our comrade's celerity and his knowledge of the whereabouts of the extinguishers. Then a careless, boastful remark betrayed him. The Gang immediately tackled him and pressed him to the point where he admitted he had touched a match to the rubbish himself, so that he could have the personal honor and glory of putting out the flame.

Now, here was a major crime! Nothing, within our experience, had ever seemed so criminally shocking. The Gang was more than incensed; it was consumed with raging fury by the thought of what might have been the consequences of a fire at the White House!

Q expressed it best. Trembling with indignation, he said: "Burned by the British and burned by the Gang! That sounds *fine*, doesn't it?"

The honor of the Gang was impugned. We forcibly arrested the culprit and, dragging him up into the living quarters from which he could not escape, proceeded to trial *in camera*.

EVERYBODY of an official character was out that afternoon, so the hearing proceeded without interruption, and with expedition. The criminal admitted his guilt, but was not at all repentant, and continued to regard his action as more or less of a joke. So it seemed necessary to punish him with severity sufficient to vindicate the honor of the Gang, and to convert his amused attitude to one of permanent penitence. To expel him from membership would be to bring the incident to the ears of Mrs. Roosevelt and the President, and that was unthinkable.

The decision of the Gang took the form of locking the door to prevent the intrusion of Wilkins, the houseman, and of lighting a woodfire that was ready laid, and, despite the vehement protestations of the delinquent, of heating a poker in the flames.

"We don't want to be cruel," Q told him, "but the punishment must be made to fit the crime, and you've got to be made to remember this as long as you live, and to have something to remember it by that won't wash off, and that will make you feel ashamed whenever you see it—forever."

"Entirely for your own good," commented another member of the Gang.

But this assurance had not the slightest soothing effect on the criminal, who struggled all the more. He fought desperately, but was subdued with a tentative tap with a fire-shovel, and informed that a continuance of his obstreperousness would lead to his being clouted with it over the head.

The poker in the fire began to turn ominously brown.

"Please!" the offender said, becoming amazingly calm. "Lay off! I'll show you! Let me roll up my own sleeve, will you."

Amazed by his sudden coolness, as the preparations for the branding advanced, we instantly let go, but he made no attempt to break away. We all decided at about the same instant that none of us desired to go through with the punishment, no matter how just it appeared to be. Yet each was afraid to be the first to exhibit softness or to cry quits.

Evidently our comrade had come to repentance and was prepared to take his punishment like a man. "I won't be able to keep from yelling," he said tremulously, "so I'm going to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth."

The poker now glowed red-hot and was taken from the fire. The boy began to weep silently; nevertheless he looked steadily at the poker, as it approached his arm, It came closer and closer—within an inch of his bare flesh—and the Gang tightened their grip upon him . . .

Suddenly Quentin pushed away the boy who held the poker, walked unsteadily across the room to the bed, and lay face downward, with his head buried in the pillows.

Relieved at his unexpected reprieve, the offender almost collapsed, and some of the Gang led him to a seat. The trial by fire was over.

The whole thing was an exhibition of fine courage on the part of the offending comrade, and Quentin, rising from the bed, immediately told him so. He was reinstated at once into full Gang membership, which he had forfeited by conviction. The incident of the waste-fire was to be forgiven and forgotten, and then and there he was presented with the Gang's First Order of Courage. The immediate ceremony temporarily consisted of the bestowal of a ribbon of the Navy colors, from which was suspended a miniature football. The recipient was given the right to wear the Order always, and the injunction to pass it down to his eldest son, and so on, through all time.

CHAPTER XVI

HERE the actual record of the Gang abruptly ends. Quentin went away to Alexandria to attend another school, and the realization of disbandment closed about us like a gray fog.

"Gosh!" I said. "What are we going to do now?"

Q looked at us with genuine understanding. He felt the poignancy of parting, swallowed hard, and finally said:

"You all know the Pension Office—down at the end of F Street? Well, all around that building, you remember, is a frieze-thing—guns and horses, and wagons, and soldiers, and sailors, marching. The best thing for us all to do, is just to try to keep on, like that—marching on forever and ever—"

When the Roosevelts left Washington and the Tafts took over the ruling of its then-known earth, the Gang carried on. But somehow the old days of joyously riotous behavior had gone forever. For one thing, we were growing older, and in some important aspects the Gang just naturally died when the small boy, in each of us, gave place to one of a larger, less spontaneous age and mold. But the story was by no means ended. As a matter of plain fact, it was no end at all, but a beginning, for all of us.

The chronicle of the White House Gang covers only a short period in the boyhood of its members. A similar period in the life of every child is as crammed with a wealth of incident as important as our own. The scene—be it the White House or any other home in America—is relatively of little consequence. In this period, the training, in the school of the gang, is the preliminary to the sterner instruction of the school of life. Yet the school of the gang contains a highly concentrated experience; it moves rapidly forward—as in time of war—from the school of the soldier to the life of the squad, platoon and company.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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The White House Gang

Although greatly daring, greatly talented, greatly promising, Q, except for a few things, was in no way different from any other boy of similar age who is intelligently allowed to grow. Neither the President nor Mrs. Roosevelt saw the slightest harm in Q following the pursuits of a normal boy. There was no disturbance over his spoiling a pair of breeches when entangled in a barbed-wire fence; there was no undue worry about his sobbing breath when he played the "hare" in a paper chase and the "hounds" were hot on his trail; there was no outflaring of indignation when he was discovered with great welts upon his legs where members of the Gang had slapped him with towels; there was no expressed astonishment when, at breakfast, in the sun of the south portico, he put an empty tumbler to his face and sucked in the air. Q's mother and father knew perfectly well that in all, and from all, these things Quentin was learning to be a real boy who one day would grow to be a real man.

THERE was never the slightest question as to the absolutely democratic philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt, or his lifelong application of it, to all his relations with his fellows, and there was never a President of the United States whose utterances were more straightforward, more sincere, more generally known and understood. One of the many details incidental to the understanding he engendered was the small yet important change he made from "The Executive Mansion," to the simpler and hence far more dignified, "White House."

Q once expounded his father's ideas tersely and in words which could not have been other than a paraphrase of TR's own. Accused, one day, of taking up with a boy who was "common," Q flushed with anger.

"My father," said he, speaking with the utmost distinctness and vigor, "says that there are only four kinds of boys—good boys, bad boys, white boys and black boys. What, exactly, do you mean by 'common'?"

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt paid no attention to the bare fact of poverty or wealth; to conventional social position or the lack of it. What they *did* set value upon was ideas and perspectives and their mutual exchange. One may well ask how a small boy—a group of small boys—came to know anything of all this? The answer is short and almost absurdly simple. He saw it working—given full effect—every single day he was privileged, as Q's friend, to set foot in the White House.

Of all that has been written concerning the amazing record of Theodore Roosevelt, and of the wise, sympathetic, and understanding help given him by Mrs. Roosevelt, nothing to me appears finer, more worthy of study and of emulation, than their relationship to Q and the White House Gang. A particular phase of the intelligence with which the Gang was handled was that whenever the personality of the President or Mrs. Roosevelt touched ours, the contact was as casual as that between old friends, as careful as that between new and eager ones.

As parents, this wonderfully understanding man and woman knew it to be an important part of their duty to acquaint themselves with the significance of childhood experience; to enter the province of its thought, to be cognizant of its present and forward-looking complications; to be mindful of changes of mental pace. And they drew their children's friends within the sympathethic circle of their own fine lives. What affected Q and his welfare affected the fellow-members of his Gang. So accordingly the President and Mrs. Roosevelt ordered their influence and attitude.

The world of grown men and women is complicated enough, yet it becomes much simpler, much happier, much more personally satisfactory, when an attempt is made to follow again the way we once came—this time, however, with our own children, as they fight their way through. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt knew this and lived it, and their happiness was reflected

upon us. They were two great souls—rather, one—and Quentin, even at the early age of Gang fellowship, demonstrated that there had already been passed to him, in generous measure, many of the fine traits of his illustrious father and wonderful mother.

No personal contact with the President or Mrs. Roosevelt could ever prove evanescent. The love borne them by the Gang, of which their boy was a member, is among those things that are destined not to die. Of this fact I have been given recent and full demonstration. After the passing of twenty years, recent conversations with various members of the Gang left me shaken with emotion. Yet the writing of these records has given to the members of the White House Gang a great and poignant pleasure—we have been brought together again, even though Quentin is no longer with us. The debt we owe him, and his father and mother, is simply undischargeable. We knew that dimly even as children. We know it better—more fully—now.

EVERY slow advance we have made toward the happiness of a rational, purposeful, joyous life of accomplishment has come from just such men and women. Their greatness of spirit gave us standards at which to aim. Quentin succeeded in these attempts at Groton and at Harvard. When he was only twenty, during the World War, he became one of that courageous company of airmen—perhaps the last real order of chivalry the world may ever see—fighting eagerly, gayly, impetuously, in a righteous cause.

I hope perhaps Q may have looked down over his cockpit upon an infantry officer in the mud at the same instant I was looking up at the gleam of the sun on the wings of a fighting ship of the air, and wondering what knight was riding out to battle.

Winging high up in the blue over the fighting lines, Q finally went out on his last patrol, to his rendezvous with death. Where he fell, on the field of honor at Chamery, is the simple inscription in French,

"Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, Escadrille 95, Tombé glorieusement, En combat aerien, Le 14 Juillet 1918, Pour le droit, Et la liberté."

But his spirit goes "marching on forever and ever" in our hearts . . .

[THE END]

Is It Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute?

(*Continued from page 83*)

of the accuracy and authority of Institute editorials. They have learned to depend on them implicitly.

To make available to readers all the current information we have accumulated on a given subject, we compile it in the form of bulletins. These bulletins cover a wide range of subjects all the way from "House Wiring and Lighting for Service," to "Desserts in Variety." At the present time we have about three dozen different bulletins, each a treatise on its particular subject. They are well illustrated and are printed on good quality paper so that they can be saved for frequent reference. The complete list of these bulletins will be found on page 206, or a copy can be secured free from Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, N. Y. City, and any bulletins wanted may be purchased at the nominal sums which you will find stated in the bulletin list.

When you are planning to purchase any household equipment whatsoever, it would be well to send for our approved lists. If you do not have a list when you are making a purchase, look for our Seal of Approval, for it will assure you that the product on which it is found has been carefully and thoroughly tested, and that in our opinion it will do its work satisfactorily and give you value received as an investment.

"And .... did you notice the bathroom?"

At that moment the hostess re-entered the room. She just barely overheard. But it was more than enough. She began talking about Junior, about bridge, anything — but like chain lightning her mind reviewed the bathroom. She saw it suddenly as a guest must see it, saw the one detail that positively clamored for criticism. She vowed to change it immediately — to make a simple change that thousands have discovered does more than any other one thing to improve and modernize a bathroom—replacing the old-fashioned wood toilet seat with a handsome, new, all-white Brunswick.

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In using advertisements see page 6

Our Unseen Guests

(*Continued from page 41*)

"Eureka! Even obvious, now you suggest it. The two midgets, smallest and cunningest of their respective classes, must be bracketed together. It remains only to complete the list, so far as our regular and dependable bird guests are concerned, by the inevitable pairing of the two aliens, house sparrow and starling, with their fellow immigrants, house mouse and common rat. Then your tabulation is complete."

"I hadn't thought of including that quartet at all," said Felicia. "But of course they are all our guests, even if they are less welcome than the others." She paused a moment, reflecting. "But it is astonishing that after we have named an animal guest for every regular winter bird guest, there should be a whole group of animals left over, including the biggest ones—the deer, the two foxes, gray and red, the raccoon, the mink, the muskrat, the flying squirrel; even if we don't include the ones that are asleep in their winter retreats, like the bat, the chipmunk, and the woodchuck."

"To square the party," I suggested, "we might bring in some of the doubtful bird visitors, like the redpolls and crossbills and pine grosbeaks and snow buntings and shorelarks and pine siskins."

"But we haven't seen a single individual of any one of those species this winter," Felicia objected.

"Neither have we seen a single member of most of the animal guests you have listed," I reminded her.

Felicia laughed. "True enough," she said. "But all the same we know that these invisible guests are here, do we not? Their signs are often quite as convincing as if they themselves were seen."

"There can be no argument about that," I admitted. "Indeed, the signs are often more definite than such glimpses as we might get of scurrying bodies. A fleeting glimpse of a brown streak in the underbrush may mean anything from a mouse or weasel to a raccoon or fox. But there is no mistaking the track of one animal for that of another."

Many other animal signs are equally unequivocal, and observation of such signs gives us knowledge of the presence of many an unseen guest of which we should otherwise have no inkling. For instance, along woodland trails we find sprouts of oak or birch or maple or hickory cut off as sharply as if the incision had been made with a knife, and we know that deer have browsed along the trail. Or we find the bark of a tree slashed into ribbons, as nothing could fashion it but the antlers of a buck. For weeks or months together these may be the only evidences of the presence of deer in the woodland; but this evidence is absolutely convincing.

Signs of other types are, among many, the familiar upheaved tunnel of the mole in lawn and garden; floating reeds or strands of coarse grass in the lake, cut by the unseen muskrat; the body of a trout marked with teeth of the mink; bill holes probed by woodcock in the mud of a woodland swamp; wings and bones of a large fowl that only the great horned owl could have carried to the woods; and the voices of many a bird and beast—whippoorwill, yellow-breasted chat, owls of four species, foxes, shrews—whose presence may not be otherwise attested.

BUT of course the sign-bearer *par excellence* is a coating of snow, spread evenly over the surface of the earth and undisturbed by the wind. Of a preference it should fall in the early evening, so that the generality of night-foragers will be abroad after the storm is over. There must be no crust-forming sleet. And for the best effect the snow should be neither too shallow nor too deep—say four or five inches.

At last, after we almost despaired of it, such a snow came. It fell so gently, in the late evening, that we were unaware of it; and it was with surprise that we looked from the windows at dawn to find the whole world draped in a pallid coverlet. No raggedy patches of earth showing now on the hillsides, but a uniform sheath of plastic alabaster.

"A real tracking snow at last," cried Felicia, in a tone that might have heralded some momentous discovery. "Let us not waste a minute."

Nor did we. Almost before the sun came above Moosehead "mountain," we were off for a five-mile hike.

The footprint record began at the very door. A track showing the heel (not the toes merely), as if made by a human infant, led from the foot of a pear tree ten feet away, out across the flower garden.

"A raccoon!" cried Felicia. "Now we know what becomes of the suet in the pear-tree cage. But who could have believed it?"

We followed the raccoon track along the lane to the outlet of our Lake of Dreams. Then we turned to cross the lake; its surface, where two days before we had skated, now covered with a five-inch layer of snow. Though the ice may be fifteen inches thick in general, the inlet is always open, the brook being fed by springs all along its course, from the woodland source less than a mile away.

THE snow near the open water bore the waddling trail of a muskrat, with knife-edge furrow along its center, where the flattened tail had dragged. We had thought there were no muskrats in the lake this winter.

Near by was the queer, double-line, "staggered" trail of a skunk—as unique as the animal that made it. Along the stone walls were furrows where the meadow mouse had floundered; and dainty chains beaded on strings that represented the slender feet and long tail of the deer mouse. A gray fox, with dog-like footprint, had traveled along the top of a wall, and then up over the hill.

We took up again the baby-foot trail of the raccoon at the outlet of the lake, and followed it over the hill and down into the valley of Third Brook. Through the old orchard there, and on up the brook into the swamp of alder and birch, the trail meandered (for his coonship, well fed with suet, was in no hurry), to terminate at the opening of a large burrow under a boulder.

We continued up the brook, which comes dashing down a never-ending incline much too swiftly to freeze over, though picturesque masses of ice had formed at its borders, and even partly covered occasional small pools, making snow-covered shelves on which various seekers of water-borne food could find footing.

On one such shelf there were two curiously incongruous sets of bird tracks—one perhaps four inches long, with narrow-spreading, incurved toes, instantly known as the signature of the crow; the other a tiny etching, which we could name as the foot-work of the winter wren only because of its miniature size and its location.

The winter wren is a wee morsel of a bird—the house wren seems big in comparison—and so rare a visitor that we do not see an individual of the species oftener than once in three or four years. Despite our searching we saw nothing of the one whose tiny footprint so excited our interest. But that it had been there within the hour, there could be no question.

Another bird sign hardly less interesting was shown in the scattered fragments of winter buds of the alder, beneath one of these shrubs not far from the water's edge, intermingled with midget bird tracks that could not have been identified, were it not that we knew there is only one species that would come in a flock to feed on the alder buds in midwinter. This is the exquisite little red-poll linnet—a hardy northerner, not unlike his cousin the goldfinch in general appearance, but with distinctive rosy cap to set off his modest garb of brown.

I knew the red-poll intimately in earlier days, out in the Middle West. But Felicia had never had the good fortune to see one of these exquisite birdlets near at hand, and to our regret the flock that had breakfasted on our alder buds had vanished and did not reappear. Happily I can report that they came to the alder shrubs by the lake a little later in the season and were so tame and confiding that we had every opportunity to make their full acquaintance.

AS WE went on up the brook, where now the thickets of birch and alder were supplanted by rugged growth of giant maples and hemlocks and hundred-foot ash trees, we still saw no living thing. But the signs of animal life were so abundant that we felt as if in the midst of a veritable zoological garden. Trail of deer, fox, raccoon, skunk, and weasel; the curious imprint of the gray squirrel, like a large capital W; and its replica made by the red squirrel; an odd, floundering intaglio where a flying squirrel had made a few bounds between tree-trunks; the dainty chain that is wrought by the feet of the partridge in winter snowshoe webbing; still daintier lace-chains of the wood mouse; and everywhere, in intricate network, the distinctive tau-bone pattern that only members of rabbit family can register—here mostly reporting the presence of the familiar cotton-tail, but occasionally also telling of the larger and much less abundant northern hare, or "snowshoe" rabbit.

In the yet deeper woodland, back from the brook, where black birch and oak and hemlock preponderate, the animal signs were still abundant, but no longer so clearly distinctive, because the freshening wind, by us unfelt, had shaken loose snow from the branches in such quantity as to obscure their sharper outlines, though by no means to obliterate them. So we made a short cut through the heavy timber, to reach the open territory at the eastern border, where we knew from earlier experience we might expect to find our unseen guests—or their signs manual—in supreme profusion.

We were not mistaken. But some of the signs that were awaiting us were of such character as almost to make us regret our coming—bringing home to us too cogently the fact that our unseen guests do not live together in such state of amity as might be hoped for in what we like to think of as a bird and animal sanctuary.

The first of these unwelcome signs met our eyes almost at the moment we came from the border of the woodland, upon a terrain vestured with clusters of huge laurel shrubs and scattered birches and hemlocks and junipers, with undergrowth, here and there, of sweet fern and blackberry brier.

In the open, on the smooth snow, lay a cluster of large gray-brown feathers, instantly recognized as tail feathers of the partridge. Tail feathers only, happily, which meant that the bird had escaped with its life, perhaps not badly injured.

The marks of wing tips, wide-spreading, and obscure snow-prints of great feet feathered and taloned, told that the assailant had been a gigantic owl. We had heard rumors in recent days, but had scarcely credited them, of an Arctic snowy owl in the neighborhood. Here was evidence that the rumors were authentic.

That was bad enough. But worse was to follow. Fifty yards beyond, I had stooped to examine the footprints of a pheasant—like that of a barnyard fowl—and the wing-tip marks where the bird had taken to the air, when a subdued but expressive "Oh-h!" from Felicia's lips, and her extended hand, brought me to attention, and I saw just ahead, beside a clump of sweet fern, a cluster of gorgeous feathers that told a story of tragedy. This time the quarry had not escaped.

"The snowy owl again?" Felicia queried.

"I think not," I said. "To strike down a

Our Unseen Guests

pheasant in full flight is too large an order. I know of only one bird that could have done it."

I inspected the mass of feathers as I spoke, and presently my eye lighted on one that I knew was not the feather of a pheasant. A small, curved breast-feather, with wavering bands of gray and black across it.

"Here is the answer," I said, holding up this telltale souvenir. "It was brushed from the vandal's mantle in the mêlée. That feather grew on no bird other than the goshawk."

"A goshawk!" Felicia repeated, in consternation. "How dreadful! Now not one of our partridges or rabbits will escape. What *can* we do?"

"Perhaps he has only paid us a visit in passing," I said, "and will move on farther south for the rest of the winter. Otherwise the case calls for peremptory action. We will keep a sharp lookout."

THE steep slope leading from the woodland down to the head waters of Little Brook was once a pasture and is now overgrown with a conglomerate tangle of shrubbery.

Here we found a veritable network of trails. A family of deer had come to browse—the buck known by his broad toes, the doe by her slender ones, the fawn's intaglio by its size. Mostly they had wandered slowly, but once they had broken into a gallop and dashed toward the woods, only to stop abruptly and rush back for a hundred yards or so, before discovering, seemingly, that their alarm had been needless, and resuming their leisurely gait.

Foxes and hares and deer mice had pursued their devious ways, and along the brook a mink had hunted, leaving a record that might have been mistaken for the track of his cousin, the weasel, but for the larger size of the individual and collective impressions.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, were the records of the presence of innumerable shrews—unique records, not of tracks, but shown as little ridges at the surface of the snow, running hither and yon in the open spaces, and connecting into a network. The little animals had burrowed and tunneled through the snow, as moles do in the earth, coming to the surface but rarely, and then only for a moment, probably by inadvertence.

Seeing these never-ending series of tunnels, one realizes that the shrew merits its name of "common." The marvel is that a creature more abundant, perhaps, than any other quadruped in many regions should be able to remain unseen, and its existence often unsuspected. Most farmers appear not to know the shrew even by name. And I have talked with a good many who had no explanation to offer of the snow-tunnels that are the shrew's sign manual, or of the cracks in the snow surface that take the place of the ridges when the snow begins to melt. If they explain the latter at all, they conceive them to be frost effects, like cracks in ice.

If by chance they ever catch a glimpse of the shrew itself—diving like a little meteor across an open space—they mistake it for a mouse. But the shrew is really a quite unmouse-like creature in habit. It is a fierce, fearless little carnivore, and it kills and eats mice larger than itself with audacity and ferocity equaled only by the weasel and its allies.

Odd that the smallest of mammals should be the fiercest—just as the smallest of birds (the hummer, of course) is the most combative and cantankerous.

But of course the ferocity of a creature no bigger than your little finger is relative. And so small a fragment of muscle and fur and fury must of necessity be constantly on the defensive against predacious beasts and birds of ordinary size. This aspect of the matter was brought home to us that morning, when, toward the bottom of the hill, we came beside a hawthorn bush that bore the impaled body of a shrew—victim, of course, of a shrike that was known to be in the neighborhood. That was unusual; but it must be the more common fate of the little burrower to be snapped up by a prowling fox in spite of its defensive musk-glands.

Wise Reynard is by no means scornful of such small deer. In fact, you have but to follow his track—as we followed many of them that day—to become assured that a large part of his attention is directed to tufts of grass and piles of leaves that could harbor nothing larger than a mouse.

There was one fox abroad, however, among those whose tracks we were scanning, that was not confined to such meager fare. The record of this fox's accomplishment, as we presently came on it, proved certainly the most interesting, as it was by far the most exceptional, of all the revelations of that night's tracking snow. It told of a tragedy that surely is not duplicated many times in a year—or, from the standpoint of the aggressor, of such a success as probably does not fall to the lot of most foxes in a lifetime.

We had crossed the brook and made a long detour toward the northeastern border of our property, and were at a point where an old barbed-wire fence marks an otherwise ill-defined line between a supposititious pasture, mostly covered with birches, and a heavy growth of oaks and hickories and white pine.

Here, in the shelter of a big black birch that served, incidentally, as a fence-post, a red fox had lurked, directly beneath the barbed wire, ready to leap in either direction. He had seen a great jack-rabbit approaching, with leisurely bounds of four or five feet, unaware of danger—headed almost directly toward him.

IT SHOULD perhaps be explained that the great leaper referred to, universally known hereabouts as "jack-rabbit," is not really entitled to the name. It is in reality a large European hare, imported into this country some years ago, which thrives moderately in our region, though not, we are told, in most others.

If tracks go for anything, this is the commonest of all our largish mammals. We had seen its trails everywhere in the open that morning, from garden and dooryard and the region of the lake to the remotest hill tops. Everywhere its trails intermingled with those of the fox, with no evidence of flight or pursuit. Crafty Reynard knows that he is no match for the long-limbed alien and wastes no energy in fruitless chasing, though he would give short shrift to any cotton-tail that likewise ventured into the open.

Despite its relative abundance, this hare is almost never seen in winter. It has a genius for invisibility. Though its tracks were everywhere, we scarcely expected to see the creature itself that morning.

And of course we were not seeing it now. We saw only its trail. But the record was clear as print—and so was the record of the fox that crouched back of the black birch.

The folly of the hare was no less clear. When perhaps fifty feet away, it had seen the fox, or perhaps scented it. Instead of turning about and running in the opposite direction, to certain safety, it held its enemy cheap, trusted too much to its own superior speed—and came a cropper.

It had not run directly into the jaws of the fox, of course. But it had turned only at a moderate angle from the homeward way it was pursuing. With a stupendous bound, covering sixteen feet, it cleared the wire fence. A second bound of the same length carried it far up the slope. A third brought it abreast the black birch, perhaps thirty feet to one side. One more leap would have carried it to safety—careening over the hillock, and down the slope beyond.

But that fourth bound was never taken. The fox, darting crosswise of the trail, with but thirty feet to cover against its quarry's fifty, joined trails with the hare at the very point of ending of the third gigantic bound—and a single trail down the slope gave the final chapter of the story.

The cumulative effect of this three-roll film of Nature's news reel—tragedy of partridge, pheasant, hare—was too much. Felicia was almost in tears.

"Why, *all* our friends are being murdered today," she expostulated. "And something tells me that this one was dear Jackie Horner."

But for that I had the right answer without a moment's hesitation: "Impossible! We saw Jackie's tracks by the studio, you remember, and they were much smaller than these, as they would be, Jackie being so young. This was probably Jackie's reprobate mother."

Felicia's face cleared. "Sure enough. These tracks are much larger. This can't be Jackie. And if it was his mother, she only got her deserts, for abandoning her offspring in that heartless manner. The fox was quite justified."

Let me hasten to explain this amazing change of sentiment. Jackie Horner is, or was, an adorable little fluff of fur not much bigger than a small puff-ball, with ridiculous ears and great, wistful eyes, who was brought by his mother from the woods last summer, when perhaps ten days old, and left under the stone wall near the studio. Simple justice demands that I should add that this early desertion of offspring is the habit of the hare, and that the infant, despite his diminutive size and kittenish manners, was pretty well able to take care of himself. Doubtless he was safer by himself, under the stone wall, than he would have been with his mother in the woods.

But Felicia, after she saw and lost her heart to the waif, always insisted that the mother was an unfeeling harridan who had instructed the guileless infant to remain where he was placed till she returned—and who had no intention of returning.

Be that as it may, the infant did stay there, and he was almost automatically christened Jackie Horner, because he sat so sedately, hours at a time, in the corner of the stone fence, and munched so demurely the clover leaves we brought him—and in general because he seemed so good and dutiful a little rabbit.

He left us finally, after he was much larger, when a vagrant dog had frightened him. But his memory is ever green, and the name of his mother has not ceased to be anathema.

Hence Felicia's *volte-face* when I made diplomatic appraisal—at random, of course—of the identity of the fox's victim.

ONE other word of explanation. For economy of space, Felicia devises many short-cut phrases for her Line-a-day book, where thumb-nail sketches of our experiences are recorded, to jog our memories. One of the cleverest is the use of the phrase "Witnessed by proxy," or merely "Proxied," to indicate that an "adventure," or observation, concerned a bird or animal not seen "in person," but revealed by adequate evidence—feathers, a deserted nest, gnawed nut-shells, tracks in the snow, or what not. And so that evening, in her Line-a-day book, Felicia inscribed this interesting record:

"First tracking snow. Amazing adventures in woods. Saw no living creature, but witnessed by proxy 26 species of animals and birds. Proxied felonious assault of snowy owl on partridge; *murder* of pheasant by goshawk; and *execution* of Jackie Horner's abandoned mother by fox."

She read me the record, emphasizing the words underscored.

"Shouldn't you say 'abandoning,' rather than 'abandoned,'" I suggested with levity.

"She was both," said Felicia, with barely appreciable smile. "But there was space for one word only, so I chose the shorter one."

"It is not much shorter, but of somewhat harsher implications," I ventured, laughing. "Of the dead, *nil nisi*, you remember."

"It precisely expresses my estimate of that heartless person, dead or living," rejoined Felicia with decision.

But now, of course, she too was laughing.

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Are You Building a Garage?

(Continued from page 46)

basement used as a garage and the other part, or between the house and garage, if these are adjoining. The door connecting with the house should be metal-covered and self-closing.

What type of doors to use is always a difficult question. In deciding it, the owner must bear in mind besides the matter of cost, their appearance, the practicability of the doors in snowy weather, the ease of opening, and whether they are weather-tight. Swinging doors are the most common, and they are all right on a single-car garage, but an impediment in entering or backing out of the double or triple-car space. These doors naturally always swing outward, and in winter weather snow removal is necessary to keep them in operation. To prevent them from slamming in the wind, which causes window breakage and injury to the hinges of the door, one of the various mechanical hold-backs, which automatically lock them in an open position until released by a light chain, should be used.

Another type is the double inside folding door with a track. If it is used, a space of about two feet must be allowed inside to clear the door. This works well under most conditions, but I am strongly in favor of a stock overhead rolling door. It is installed complete by the manufacturer, and while it is more expensive than the other types, it is easier to operate, is space-saving, and is up and out of the way and therefore practical for snowy climates. Snow removal is unnecessary to open the door. To close, it rolls down like a roll-top desk, making a tight joint at the floor. The lock is at the side, where it is convenient.

Sometimes the architectural design seems to demand an oval top door, and when this is so, there seems to be no way out except to have a pair of swinging doors, although in some cases, if the design is carefully studied, it may be possible to use the overhead type. Batten doors have great possibilities for trouble due to sagging, shrinking, etc. The hardware used on any garage door should be high-grade, since it is given hard service.

Drainage Is Important

The drainage of the garage is an important matter. First, the floor should be carefully pitched to the drain, which ought to be generous in size and capacity, connected to an adequate dry well. This should have a 10-inch or 12-inch square grate with a bricked-in pit below, large enough to allow a 4-inch cast-iron pipe with a 90-degree bend to enter and be placed opening down. Sufficient space is then left for the sand and dirt to settle and still keep the line free for some time. Of course, it must be cleaned out at frequent intervals.

If the garage is connected with the house, sufficient radiation should be provided to heat it to about 50 degrees in zero weather. To heat the isolated garage, there are a number of suitable small coal heaters on the market. It is advisable in the isolated garage to put in frostproof hydrants which turn the water off three or four feet below the floor, so that there is no danger of bursting water pipes.

In most cases an outlet and a hanger for the hose are sufficient for washing purposes, but the revolving overhead wash is a convenience and a time-saver. A fair-sized work-bench with drawers and space for a vise is usually required, and a sink is useful.

The lighting of the garage by day should be adequate, especially at the front end of the car, and at night the lights should be so spaced that the inside of a closed car gets the slanting rays. In most cases, near the back wall between car spaces on the ceiling seems to be the best. These lights should be controlled by three-way switches at each entrance. There should be an outside light controlled from the house as well as a trouble light attached to not less than twenty-five feet of wire.

Fair Weather Friends

(*Continued from page 33*)

felt particularly cheated on that point of broken homes. Nobody, in her experience, went through life with the same set of parents with which they started out. As for Terry, even as he faced the knowledge of a fourth step-father, with his own father building bridges somewhere in South America, he tried to tell himself that it didn't matter. Holly was there. Holly would always be there.

They swung their roadster into line behind the other cars. They didn't bother to wonder where they were going. They knew, without thinking, that it would be Chabot's, or Diggity Dogs, or Tenth Heaven. These were their playgrounds, their night homes. There they would find music and noise and the sort of excitement they'd been raised on. And if it was a little mad, if it was a little dangerous, well, it was a mad world and a dangerous one. Their cry was, "May come an earthquake!" In other words, tomorrow we may be gone; today is ours. Only with Terry and Holly and their crowd, it was "Tonight is ours."

But this night things were wrong. Holly felt it. She sensed it by the hot look in Terry's eyes, by the almost physical effort with which he threw himself into the excitement. She watched him, something like pain in her eighteen-year-old heart, and as she watched she found herself thinking:

"That mother of his! Beastly thing, being that sort of mother! Why didn't she die—or clear out when Terry was a youngster and would have forgotten her!"

For that was the way it had been with Holly. Not having the faintest recollection of her mother—a three-year-old baby doesn't remember a person who passes like a shadow from its life—she hadn't the slightest affection for her. A dozen husbands annexed by her mother would have meant nothing to Holly. But with Terry—

SHE was dancing with Terry again, the two of them moving with that limpid perfection that youth puts into dancing, when suddenly, his eyes capturing hers, Terry said:

"Can't stand this any longer, Holly. Got to clear out. Want to come?"

Holly saw that he'd been drinking, and that was one thing Terry couldn't do. He never did, save when something knocked the props out from under him.

"Go where?" It was understood that she would follow him.

His eyes were hot and bright-looking. "To a funeral, darling," he said jerkily. "Want to go to a funeral with me?"

Holly laughed, but even to her own ears her laughter sounded hollow. "Mine? It will be if you don't get me home soon, Terry."

"My mother's funeral, Holly." His face was a white mask. "Didn't you know?—I'm going to kill her tonight."

Holly caught her breath. "Terry—take me home. I'm tired of this. Or for a ride. Anywhere outside, where we can talk."

Terry danced on without missing a step. "Sweet Holly, to try and make me forget. But it's quite true. Oh, she's in Paris, of course, but I'm going to kill her—here." He drew up her hand until it rested against his heart. "Melodrama, what? But that's what makes the world go round. Yes—got to do it. Fed up on step-fathers. Sort of—muddies her skirts, you know. Only way to keep them clean is—to kill her. Kill what I remember. Back when I was a kid and thought Santa came down the chimney. Lord, when I was a kid—"

The dance was over. Holly and Terry were at the door. Then Terry was gone to get his car.

Small Joan, fluttering like a little hummingbird, dashed to Holly's side.

"Darling—if you two dare to elope—"

Holly caught her hand. "Oh, Joan, why didn't she die! The beastly woman!"

"Darling, just which one are you talking

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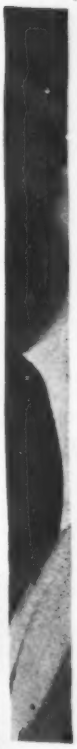

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Fair Weather Friends

about? I know so many beastly women."

"Terry's mother! She's killing Terry! If I could just see her once—for about five minutes—"

"You'd wilt like a lettuce, darling, she's that bee-utiful. That's the trouble with Terry—he remembers how beautiful she is. Like the madonna on those little stained-glass windows. But a modern madonna, with curly golden hair and a 1929 mouth. There's Terry calling you. What's up, anyway?"

Holly darted to the table that held her wraps. "Joan, I'm afraid. If Terry should go on a tear—this particular night, too, when father is ready to put me in a strait-jacket!" A sob of nervousness caught Holly's throat.

Joan, for all her look of a particularly frivolous butterfly, had her share of wits. She patted Holly's arm reassuringly.

"Run along, darling. There's only one road leading into town. I'll gather help and follow. If Terry decides to celebrate his newest step-papa by knocking down telephone poles, we'll do the rescue act and send him home to bed."

Out in the car, beside Terry, Holly found herself caught suddenly in his arms. He kissed her, as a man kisses a woman, and for the first time in his life he spoke roughly to her.

"Holly, if I thought you'd ever grow into something—like her—" he didn't say his mother, but Holly winced at the bitterness in his voice— "I'd send the two of us into Kingdom Come tonight."

Holly's eyes, meeting his hot ones, didn't waver. She lifted her lips to his. "I never will, Terry." It was a pledge.

He kissed her, his strained young face softening. "You're the only decent thing in the world, Holly, dear. The only thing I believe in. I'm not half good enough for you, but I'll never fail you."

THEY drove slowly at first, and Holly breathed more easily. Terry was all right now. As long as he was with her, Terry would be all right. And yet, even as she told herself this, Holly knew that Terry wasn't with her. Oh, the shell of him was there, his shoulder touching hers, but the real Terry was far away, following the hot tumult of his thoughts. His foot on the throttle pressed harder and harder, until the world was rushing by them like a falling star.

Holly was suddenly afraid. Afraid to speak to Terry. Afraid to touch his arm. Oh, why did he have to care like that! Mothers weren't worth it! Holly knew how little mothers were worth it. And yet she knew another thing—it was different with Terry and his mother.

Terry, fighting his own thoughts, roared on through the night. He was no longer alone with Holly. Between him and the girl at his side sat the shadow of a tall, golden woman who smiled at him. A woman who, in years gone by, had meant something to him. Had meant everything. Crazy, that a fellow couldn't forget. Crazy—crazy—but then he'd always been crazy. Even as a kid. And now he was going to blot her out. End thinking—end remembering—end wanting her. He wasn't a kid any longer. He was a man who, if he couldn't forget, could at least wipe the slate clean. Write finis on dreams.

It was Holly who saw the sharp turn first, Holly who screamed. Then there was a crash, a stab of pain that was like a white flame, the sensation of endless falling, and blackness that engulfed her.

Holly woke to find Joan tugging at her frantically, trying to pour something from a thermos bottle into her mouth and spilling most of it down her neck. She sputtered, choked, pushed the bottle away and sat up.

"Joan!" she gasped. "Oh, my head!" And then, remembering, "Terry! Where's Terry!"

Joan squatted like a pixie on her heels. "Terry's all right. Dan and Harley took him home. Twisted his ankle, and Dan rushed him off for hot packs. Oh, Holly, we tried to

catch you, but you smashed first! Are you hurt?"

Holly pushed back her hair with shaking hands. "You're sure—Terry isn't hurt?"

"Groggy, that's all. Quick, Holly, let's get out of here. Dan left his car. And if some speed cop comes along and sees Terry's car, he's going to start looking for the bodies. Sure you're not hurt?"

Holly moved cautiously. "I—don't think so. Only my head. It aches like everything. Oh, Joan, what a mess!"

Joan helped her to her feet. "Thank your stars you aren't dead, darling. For a complete washout, Terry's car takes the prize."

Holly tried to smile. "Talk about washouts, when Dad sees me! Oh, Joan, if I'd dreamed—"

In Dan's car Joan took the wheel, caution in her fingertips. White and shaken-looking was Joan, but she kept up her chatter. It was only when she reached Holly's house that she hesitated.

"Holly, if you want me to come in—"

Holly shook her head. "If anything could make matters worse, darling, it would be for me to limp in on the arm of one of my crowd. And if I'm right about imagining what I look like—"

Joan smiled rather wanly. "Imagine the worst, Holly, and you'll half hit it. You look like bad news that found some place to happen. But I'll be around tomorrow. Put something, an ice pack, on your head. If you feel worse, send out an S. O. S."

Holly snatched her hand. "Joan, you're telling me the truth about Terry? I don't understand—his leaving me—"

"He didn't leave, darling, Dan took him. Swearing like a trooper. With his ankle swelling like a toadstool. Holly—run along now—and don't worry!

Cautiously, one eye out for Holly's father, Joan drove away into the night.

IT WAS eight the next morning when Holly, who had got into the house unseen the night before, heard her father's knock at her door. She sat up apprehensively, felt the room go round before her eyes, and lay back dizzily. Oh, her head!

Her father knocked again, calling her name. "Holly!"

She knew that tone. Might as well face the music first as last, she thought. She didn't know how much he **knew,** but evidently it was enough. She said evenly,

"Come in—father."

He came, white-faced with fury. He'd come to her door half-afraid of what he might find there, and now, when he heard that cool voice and saw her lying there, pale but assuredly alive and as irritatingly impersonal as ever, anger flooded him. In three strides he was at her bedside, flinging the morning paper down.

"Read that," he snapped sharply.

Holly read a headline. "Another Joy Ride Ends In Smash." She didn't read further. She didn't need to.

She looked at her father with eyes that held a hint of childish panic, but he didn't notice. He was pacing the room, beside himself with anger. If there was one thing in the world John Kendrick hated, it was to have his name connected with this sort of publicity. It was almost a mania with him, keeping his name aloof from scandal. His divorce—his various affairs—his recent infatuation for Sandra Dubra—all had been conducted with the utmost discretion. And now this slim, wan girl on the sun-splashed bed, this wilful young girl—

"I *told* you to stay in last night!" he exploded at last.

Holly lifted a shaking hand to her head. "Yes, father, and I told you I was going out. What is there to keep me in this house, last night or any other night?"

It came over Holly, who knew how easily she might have been killed in that accident, that her narrow escape never entered her

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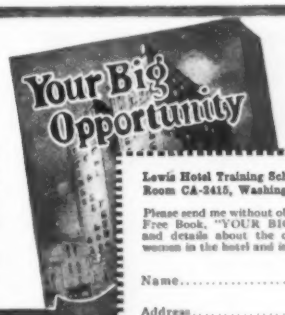

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Fair Weather Friends

father's mind. Only the fact that she'd got in the papers mattered to him. She thought wryly:

"It would have been easier for him if I'd been killed. By the time the funeral was over, I'd no longer have been news."

But she only said, touching the paper, "How did it get out?"

Her father snorted contemptuously. "Your bag! Left in the road by that car! Terry Shannon's car! The one name, above all others, to have coupled with yours!"

He glared at her, at the dark shadows under her eyes, at the tired droop of her red mouth. Sulky, he thought she was.

"Well—what explanation have you?" he demanded.

Holly shook her head. "None—that you would understand."

John Kendrick obviously wanted to say more to her, but he was baffled by her remoteness. He turned on his heel.

"You will stay in your room until I send for you. Tomorrow—next day, perhaps. I'll have no reporters under my roof!"

And he was gone.

Stay in her room? Holly had no desire to do anything else. She rang for coffee, sent it away untouched, then lay with cold compresses on her head. Gradually she realized she was waiting for something. The telephone to ring. Why didn't Terry call? To see if she were all right? And Joan! Why didn't Joan come?

Sometime during the early afternoon she dozed, to wake with a start. Was that the bell? No—but it might have rung.

She sent for her maid.

"Who has called, Marie?"

"Why, nobody, Miss Holly. The phone's been quiet all day. Will you get up now?" Marie's manner was as impersonal as usual.

Holly shook her head. "Have any messages come?"

The maid looked doubtful. "I don't think so, Miss Holly. Your father has been in all day. Shall I help you dress for dinner?"

Holly frowned nervously. "No—yes—oh, I'll call if I want you."

She thought: "But Terry! I don't understand. And Joan said—"

She reached for her phone, called Joan.

The answer came. "No, Miss Joan is not home. Oh, yes, she's been in and out all day, but she's not in now. Any message?"

Holly left none, just why she didn't know. She hesitated, then called Terry's home. The house boy answered.

"Mr. Terry? He isn't in. When will he return? This evening, perhaps. Any message?"

Again she left none. She lay back on her pillows, a queer little look on her face. How strange—Terry and Joan both out and neither trying to reach her! She laughed nervously. She mustn't let her thoughts take after her father's. Of course, it was her beastly head, aching away, that made her imagine things—that nobody was standing by her. She set her red mouth firmly. She wouldn't think such things. But as the dusk sent its long shadows across the room, she lay without moving, staring into the dim corners of the room.

The next two days were an eternity to Holly—an eternity she spent in her room. There was no sign from her father, no word from Terry, no call from Joan. For the first time in her life she began to be afraid of the future. As long as there had been Terry, the future hadn't mattered. Let the world go mad. Let Life be an unsolved puzzle. Let her father turn into a stranger. What did it matter, while Terry was there? But if Terry were no longer there—

IT WAS evening of the fourth day when Holly's father sent for her. He was waiting for her in the library. A strangely numb and listless Holly went down to him. Her head was better now; it was only her heart that hurt—ached with a heavy dulness.

Across the room she faced her father, and somehow he turned his eyes away from her small, dispirited face. For the first time since she'd come home from school Holly's father felt a stab of concern for her—pity, almost. But he put it aside. He was really shaken by what had happened. Holly needed a severe lesson, and he intended that she should get it. It sometimes took the pain of a major operation to effect a cure, argued John Kendrick, and if Holly weren't curbed now, there was no telling where she'd end. These were his thoughts. To her feelings he gave no thought. He was still raw from the publicity that had been given that smashed auto.

HE SAID at last: "I've been waiting for two things, Holly; for you to get over your shock, and for your friends to rally around you. You see, I have been fair in the matter. May I ask how many have come forward to see you through this thing?"

Holly looked at him wearily.

"You know as well as I do, father."

"And Terry Shannon, who got you into this mess?"

For a moment defiance flamed up in Holly. "Whatever has kept Terry from coming or phoning, it isn't his fault!"

Her father looked at her pityingly.

"My dear Holly, Terry Shannon's chief concern during these days, as I've taken the trouble to find out, has been hiding away from reporters and officers."

Holly made no reply. Four days of silence from the outside world had shaken her. She had the feeling that she didn't care what happened now. Nothing made any difference.

"Fair weather friends," her father said tersely. "I named them correctly, you see. Taking cover at the first danger of sharing the spotlight of your publicity."

Holly looked at him steadily.

"You didn't call me down here to taunt me, did you?" she asked him steadily.

He shook his head. "No, my dear. I only wanted to remind you of our conversation the night of your smash-up. Perhaps you'll remember what I said about my name being hurled into print."

Holly lifted her chin. "You said, I think, that you'd wash your hands of me. Melodramatic—but masculine."

Her words had the effect of enraging her father. She was so confoundedly cool about it.

"You may not think it so melodramatic when you experience it," he said hotly.

"You're not—telling me to leave?" Holly laughed hysterically. Why, this was ridiculous—like the movies.

Now John Kendrick wasn't, as a matter of fact, doing quite that. Holly had her own allowance, sufficient if not affluent. And Holly had an aunt—John Kendrick's own sister—who, if not particularly mellow, was at least a haven in a storm. Holly, thought her father, would naturally take refuge with her aunt if he turned her out. And after a week or so—long enough to bring her to realization—he would send for her to return home. However, he didn't point all this out to her. If he did, he thought, where would her lesson be? He merely said:

"I made it clear, I think, that you could not live here and bring notoriety to my name. You have done so in an extraordinarily flagrant manner. It is up to you, I think, to face the consequences."

Holly stared at him. Curious, but she felt he meant it. His pride had been cut by those ridiculous things in the papers. But what of her? Didn't he dream how things were with her?

Suddenly, staring at him, Holly felt something flame up in her—indignation, bitterness. She started to speak—started to say some of the things surging up inside her—but a sense of futility stopped her. Words never changed anybody! If her father could turn her out—

like this—then what was the use of anything!

She flung up her head defiantly. She asked, a curious maturity in her voice, "And where—shall I go?"

It was a little fury from the open doorway who answered John Kendrick—a snorting, sharp-tongued little fury. For there was Joan, apparently coming out of thin air, scowling blackly at John Kendrick, snapping out her words like so many whips.

"You're going with me, Holly, that's where you're going!"

"Joan!" Holly's cry was half a sob, half a laugh. It meant—well, it meant just everything to Holly in that moment to have Joan there, saying that. "Oh, Joan—you came!"

Joan grinned. "Yes, I came—and I heard him—" she jerked her little head towards Holly's father—"rubbing it in—saying everybody had deserted you! A lot he knows about it!"

She tore across the room and faced John Kendrick, her pert little face wild with temper. That look on Holly's face, when Holly asked "Where shall I go?" was something Joan would never forget. She cried hotly:

"You—turning Holly out! Acting as if she were a criminal! Showing her the door, as you would a housemaid caught in some measly little theft! Oh, I wish I'd gone to war so I'd have vocabulary enough to tell you what I think of you!"

John Kendrick was furious. "The feeling is mutual," he said shortly. "If Holly had stayed away from you and your kind, she'd never have found herself in this disgraceful mess!"

"Disgraceful!" Joan teetered maddeningly on her ridiculous heels. "It's disgraceful when one of us gets into a jam, isn't it! But when one of our parents starts acting like a fool—or worse—it's personal liberty. Oh, you make me sick!"

Holly caught her arm. "Joan—please—let's go!"

Holly wanted to go quickly. She felt as if she never wanted to see her father again. But she wasn't through with him. That was evident.

"You will not go with her," barked John Kendrick. "You are still my daughter, remember, and I tell you—"

"You—tell—her!" Joan squared herself combatively, every inch of her five feet ready for battle. "What will you tell her? You've already told her to get out, haven't you? As for remembering she's your daughter—why don't you try remembering you're her father? It works both ways, you know." She curled a derisive lip at him. "Oh, I know what you think of me—I know what you called us. Fair weather friends! Well, let me tell you something, Mr. Kendrick, we may be a wild lot—we may be crazy—we may be making a mess of our lives—but whose fault is it? Our fair weather parents!"

All the resentment of a dozen years was rising in the usually sunny-tempered Joan, and nothing could stop her now, not even Holly's touch on her arm.

"Fair weather parents!" she snorted. "That's what you are, the lot of you. You stick together as long as it's fair sailing, but if you get a little bored—a little tired of each other—it's a Paris divorce for you! And what's left for us? A home? Love?" She laughed shortly. "Fair weather parents! Believe me, I know all about them!"

"Joan!"

HOLLY tugged at her arm, but nothing short of a derrick could have lifted Joan from that room now. She had something to say and somebody to say it to. The combination wasn't to be wasted.

"You think I'm no good, don't you?" she demanded of John Kendrick, squaring herself more firmly in front of him. "You think I'm a wild one. Well, who's ever cared what I was? My father's got a third wife now. Not that I care—I don't remember him. My mother's ripe for a new husband. And I don't care about

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Fair Weather Friends

that, either. She kept me when she got her Paris divorce, but what did she do with me? Packed me off to school until she couldn't keep me there any longer. But now I'm home, is she thinking of me? Does she care a hoot about me? Fat chance! She's too busy being fascinating."

She jerked her bright head in Holly's direction. "And what did you do for her—you and her mother? I'll bet a cookie she doesn't even remember her mother. But you! Why, Holly used to be crazy about you! Silly of her, but she was! Now look at you—telling her to get out because she was in an auto smash with Terry Shannon!"

For a moment John Kendrick had been stopped by that deluge of accusations. Terry Shannon's name, flung in his face, stung him to response.

"Yes—Terry Shannon!" he thundered. "The last person in the world to break into print with! While you're finding whitewash for your friends, find an excuse for Terry Shannon for taking a girl off on a drunken drive and then sneaking away like a cad when he'd landed her on the front page in the scandal columns."

Holly, at his words, looked as if she'd been struck across the face, but Joan for a moment was even whiter. When she spoke it was quietly, a quiver on her scarlet mouth.

"And if Terry did smash up that night, whose fault was it, Mr. Kendrick? Let me tell you something, and if you don't know it, it's because you and your generation are blind—if Terry had killed himself or anybody else that night, it would have been the fault of his beastly mother. Oh—" she flung out her hands in a gesture oddly passionate from frivolous little Joan—"you don't know anything about what goes on inside Terry—or in any of us! You don't care about knowing! You never think we might care—crazy of us, but we might, you know—for these poor imitations of parents God gave us. Look at Holly, caring about you! And Terry—Terry—"

HOLLY'S face was white. "Joan, what's the use! Don't say anything more!"

"I will!"

Joan wore a strange look, the stubborn look all her crowd wore when they were defending Terry Shannon.

"I hardly see," broke in John Kendrick shortly, "how Terry's mother is concerned in this matter."

"Then I'll tell you," returned Joan slowly. "Terry's family didn't go smash until he was sixteen. The rest of us had ours go haywire when we were still such kids we didn't care. But Terry was sixteen—and you feel things when you are sixteen. Terry's mother—oh, you remember her—looked like a saint. Nice saint she was! Devil inside! But Terry didn't know that. Terry—" her voice softened, and John Kendrick in spite of himself found himself listening, "Terry's not like the rest of us. We know that, if you don't. Terry's the sort that dreams—and loses everything when the dream turns out a beastly joke. Terry—well, he worshiped that mother of his. Like God! And what did she do? Went off to Paris with a wormy foreigner without even bothering to get her divorce first! And she's had three husbands since, with Terry going on the rack every time. The night of the smash-up he got a cable. Introducing a fourth husband. That stripped mamma of her last bit of tinsel. Do you get that? Terry went smash because he couldn't stay sober any longer and remember a mother he'd worshiped messing around with a fourth husband. Now—who's the decent one? Terry or that ghastly woman?"

For a moment John Kendrick was silent, thinking of a boy and his mother. Then he caught himself. "He ran away—"

"He didn't!" Joan turned, put her arm around Holly. "Holly didn't know—I was afraid to come before for fear I'd let it out—scare her—because she cares for him—but

Terry's flat on his back, with a broken leg and a crack in his skull. They thought he might die—but he isn't going to! He's going to pull through—because he won't die and leave Holly in this beastly world alone! That's what I came to tell her tonight!"

"Terry!" The cry on Holly's lips startled her father. It was no girl's cry, but a woman's. "Oh—and I thought—when I called Terry's house—"

"He hasn't been there!" snorted Joan. "There's nobody at Terry's house but a couple of servants, to care if he lives or dies. Dan took him home and got into a pretty scrap with his father about it. But Dan told his father it was either Terry there or both of them gone for good, and his father gave in. Dan meant it, and no joking."

Joan turned on her heel. "Come on, Holly, let's get going."

For a moment Holly hesitated. "Father—" she began, but he didn't seem to hear her.

The thoughts of John Kendrick were in confusion. He couldn't quite get this straight in his head. Dan, defying his father because of Terry Shannon—Joan, taking Holly in without a thought for the protest her petulant mother might make. And Terry Shannon—what was this about Terry—and that mother of his? Was it true that a boy might care—like that? When John Kendrick lifted his head, he was alone.

HOLLY'S father did a lot of thinking that night. And more in the week that followed, when he heard no word from Holly. Three words—fair weather parents—began to haunt him. He'd never thought of it that way. But then he'd never thought of Holly's side of the divorce question—or the side of any of these youngsters. Were they right? Were they actually so bitter against the parents that smashed up their homes? What if they did care for those parents? What if Holly cared for him—really loved him—enough to turn bitter against him!

Sandra Dubra. John Kendrick began to wonder if young Joan, who seemed to know so much, knew about Sandra Dubra. And if Holly knew. He remembered the nights he had gone away, leaving Holly alone in the big house, to be with Sandra. He began to see how completely Holly had been left alone—discarded—by the two who had brought her into the world—her mother deserting her when she was three years old and himself deserting her when she was eighteen. Gradually, reluctantly, he began to see himself through Joan's sharp eyes. For the first time in many years he thought of his own mother, and then he thought of Terry's mother, smashing a boy's ideal of her, making him ashamed—bitter—reckless. Fair weather parents! The phrase wouldn't let him rest.

John Kendrick wasn't an emotional man, he was a logical man. Once he'd seen a situation, there was no closing his eyes to it. Which was why, perhaps, when he ran across small Joan on the street a few days later, he stopped her.

He said, "You said a lot of things—the other night—"

Joan's eyes met his staunchly. "I had to learn them before I could say them," she told him.

He considered that. "You shift a lot of responsibility," he pointed out, "you young people."

Joan nodded. "But we won't when we get things straightened out. We're muddled now, you see. We haven't made a world for ourselves. You think so—you people who are our parents—you think we've kicked over the traces, taken the bit in our teeth. But you're wrong. We're too young—too green—to make our own world. We've just taken the one you've built for us—and what is it like!"

John Kendrick looked at her, his eyes begging her understanding.

"And—Holly?" he asked.

"She's going to marry Terry."

Joan said it defiantly, her bright, alert eyes

Traffic Problems in Early America

Are Faithfully Depicted in this Colorful Quaint Toile

BEFORE the pillion had given place to the rumble seat—in the days when wood-burning engines puffed and snorted at the breakneck speed of fifteen miles an hour—when oxcarts creaked lazily over country roads . . . life moved at a more leisurely tempo. This quaint toile, called "Early Transportation," brings into your home the quiet charm of sunny days aboard a canal barge—the refreshing naiveté of the stage coach era.

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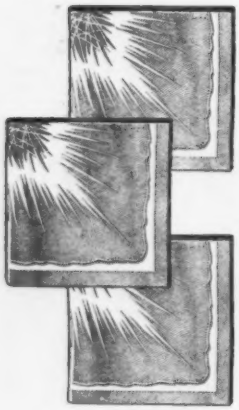
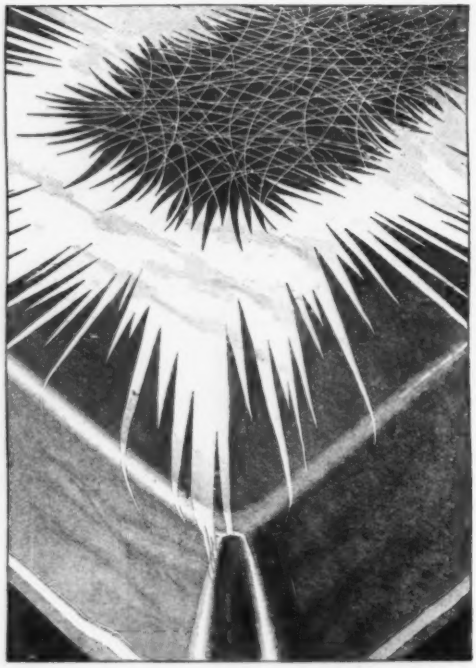
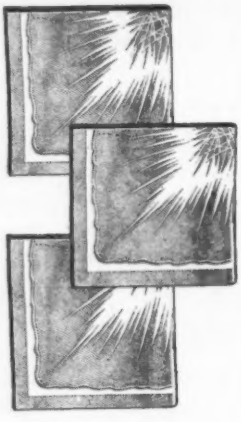
In using advertisements see page 6

LINEN DAMASK
Loomed Luxury for the Table





TO THE EYE of taste, there is incomparable distinction in the subdued luxury of Linen Damask laid upon the table. Its exquisite weave, its delicately modulating tones, encompass the ritual of perfect service with a harmonious beauty that is the highest virtue of correctness. The looms of Ireland and Scotland have excelled through the centuries in creating Linen Damask Cloths and Napkins imbued with a supreme expression of this special charm. In homes where the perfect appointment of the table is a first principle of the art of living, Irish or Scottish Linen Damask is essential.



In White, or Pastel Tints. Moderately Priced

"We Dine on Linen Damask", a charming booklet on correct table settings, will be sent you on receipt of ten cents to cover mailing cost. Address The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 West Broadway, New York.

THE SUNBURST *This cloth is loomed in Linen Damask to an inspiration from the radiance of the Sun. With consummate feeling for dynamic rhythms, master weavers have created a design of conventionalized irradiations and suggested shadows, ingeniously utilizing the dual tone of the fabric to an extraordinary brilliance of effect. It is one example from many exclusive designs offered to the discriminating hostess.*

LOVELY LINEN
DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
impressively correct

SEE THE NEW IRISH AND SCOTTISH WEAVES AT LEADING STORES

Fair Weather Friends

on his face. Would he go into another rage?

He didn't. He hesitated for a moment and then said diffidently, as if trying to be casual about something that wasn't at all casual to him, "Well—if you see her—you might tell her to bring him—home."

"Home!" Eagerness flooded Joan's face. "Do you mean—"

"If they would both care to come—take a chance at our making something better than a —fair weather family."

It was ridiculous for John Kendrick to feel such a glow just because a small, piquant face flamed such radiance at him. He even looked a little sheepish when Joan, giving him a half salute, grinning her gamin grin, said,

"For a parent, you show promise!" Then she added soberly, "Guess Holly was right—to care about you."

It got him—the whole-hearted way in which she accepted the change in him, small, tragic Joan who had drawn a joker in her own parents.

He said, something warm in his eyes, "D'you mind if I say—I hope you find a Terry of your own one of these days, Joan?"

She gave him a funny little smile, pathetic but gallant. "When I do, I hope he'll be like me—another left-over from a misspent marriage. That's one way to be sure there'll be no divorce in my generation!"

When Joan was gone, and John Kendrick was back in his own library once more, he did a rather unusual thing. He called a certain number, and when a soft, seductive voice answered, he said, in answer to various questions:

"My dear Sandra, not tonight. Nor any other night, I fear. Fact is, I find myself possessed of a son and daughter, both in need of a parent."

As he hung up the receiver, John Kendrick felt as if small Joan were patting him in approval on the shoulder.

Barbarian

(*Continued from page 80*)

hands away from him, and took a chair not too near one he might choose, but he swung it close to her.

"It's gone now. You've done a lot for me, Hilda."

It was the first time he had spoken her name, and a pulse in her throat throbbed to its music.

"You don't know the state I was in when I met you."

"I guessed."

"You couldn't. I was all through with everything, that day of the storm. Life had nothing for me. I didn't want anything in the world but oblivion. Just to pass out. Then something in your face, as you looked up at me in the doorway, called to me. I haven't been coming to you because I'd been careless of you. I've come because I've needed you."

"Needed—me?"

"I've needed your courage, your straightness. You don't know how strong you are—and sweet. Hilda, dear, will you marry me?"

"Oh," she said, then: "I love you. I've loved you, I think, ever since I've come here and seen you. I didn't know it, though, until that day you spoke to me on the hill. But—marry you? I don't know."

"Why not—if you love me?"

"I don't know that, either. I have thought that if you ever asked me to marry you, I would walk through fire to go to you, but—"

He crossed to her and lifted her from her chair. Then, his arms around her, he looked into her eyes.

"You love me," he said as she trembled in his embrace. "You love me, and you're going to marry me."

"I—oh!"

Something within her flamed to ecstasy as his kiss fell on her parted lips. Wildly she

clung to him until the world reeled around her. She had the feeling that she was being transported through a timeless, fenceless space toward a haven of infinity where the fulfillment of their desire awaited them. Limply she sank against him, her senses tingling with agonizing ache of longing for him, her will naught but a candle of abnegation to his wish.

"I'll do anything—anything for you," she breathed to him.

"You'll marry me," he said, and kissed her again.

For moments hung in the great globe of space she lived, and died, and lived again. Not the Hilda Bransted of the solitary years, not the girl of shyness and fears and self-deprecations, but a woman splendid in power and passion gave her promise to Brian McKay.

"I'll marry you," she said.

THE memory of those kisses, fires of dedication to the force of life, burned out the dross of all thought less than the greatness of love, and it was only the surface of her mind which gave response to the stimuli of class-room routine. Through that haze of happiness she saw people vaguely, hardly noticing Ariel Furnow's mocking little bow to her as they passed. Only when she was alone could she thrill to the rapture of anticipation of being once more with Brian, and, classes over, she walked slowly outward from the town to the hillside where he had first spoken to her.

For a while she lay immersed in sunlight and in dreams, but in time the need to express her overwhelming emotion rose higher than the emotion itself. She took out a pencil and, finding no other surface on which to draw, began to make sketches of Brian in the volume of Swinburne she had brought from her class in English literature. Margin after margin she filled with rough picturings of him, but no one of them satisfied her, for every one revealed that ineradicable sadness which shadowed him. It was as if his eyes repeated a stanza which rose from one of the pages on which she had drawn, that fatalistic Garden of Proserpine which ran rampant through the scholastic life of the time:

"We are not sure of sorrow
And joy was never sure;
Today will die tomorrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And Love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure."

"It isn't true," she made protest, and closed the volume on lines and sketches. "Love lives. Love grows. Love triumphs. Oh, Brian, Brian, Brian, I shall love you till I die, and nothing in all this world shall take you from me!"

As if, however, she feared to share her ecstasy of thought of him with any element alien to those forces of the outdoors which had brought them together, she lingered in the high wood until the sun went down in glory of purple and gold and crimson. Then, limping a little, she started back toward the town, keeping to the path above the lake. The moon, bursting into white brilliancy from behind a mass of silver-edged cloud, cast a long line of radiance over the water. From somewhere out upon it voices lifted the Wisconsin song.

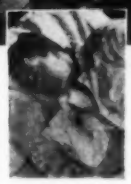
The beauty of the moment made the more poignant by shadowing of partings to come all too soon, held her in thrall. With shining eyes she looked toward the dark buildings on the hill.

"For what you have given me," she told them, "I shall always love you."

Then, that she might sear upon her brain the loveliness of that moonlit hillside, she stood beside the tree she had been watching when Brian had come up the path.

A voice, close enough to be distinguishable as a woman's, smote her ear. A man's tone chimed after it. The sound of footsteps came nearer, and, with an instinct to hide her moon-

Never again need you regret that evening cup of coffee!



MAKE THE NIGHT TEST!

EVEN if coffee does keep you awake, that steaming, fragrant cup of after-dinner coffee is a temptation. And all too often it's a temptation you can't resist. With the result that you toss sleeplessly and ask yourself reproachfully: *"Why* did I ever drink it?"

But now you can yield to coffee's temptation—without regret. For you can now have coffee from which has been removed the one ingredient that ever stole your sleep—caffein. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. You can drink Sanka Coffee at any hour—without being kept awake!

Yes, genuine, delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee is genuine coffee—a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—only caffein is removed. And it *is* delicious. It is spicy in flavor—tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness.

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MAKE THE NIGHT TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

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SANKA* COFFEE

Genuine

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Carl H. Mason, Manager Agency Bureau, International Magazine Co., Inc.

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Barbarian

gazing rapture rather than from any fear of prowlers, she moved out of sight of any one who would come on the trail. In a moment she heard the man's voice again, and her heart pounded in wild panic as she knew it for Brian's. There was, too, something remotely familiar in the timbre of the tone which clashed above his own. Even before they came into the little space of moonlight between her and the lake, she had recognized the girl for Ariel Furnow.

"There's nothing to be said," Ariel was saying, her voice harsh with anger, "Nothing at all."

"Perhaps there's not." Brian's tone had the flatness of desolation. "It's done, and it can't be undone, but you'll have to believe, Ariel, that I love you."

"Love me?" The girl's laugh rang out bitterly. "Love me? When you're going to marry Hilda Bransted?"

"It was your choice. You told me that everything was over between us."

"But why? Because you said you couldn't support a wife, that I'd have to wait for years—and years—and years!"

"That was true. It's true yet."

"Have you told her that?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"She's different from you. She won't ask what you do. She'll share struggle with me. You wouldn't."

"I will."

"You told me you wouldn't."

"I'm offering to—now."

"It's too late."

THE dreariness of his voice stabbed Hilda through her stunned wonder at the revelation of his love for another girl—and that girl Ariel Furnow. A cry struggled to her lips, but she choked it down, and held, taut with misery, to the tree.

"It isn't." Hope crept into Ariel's tone. A little rill of cajolery trickled through her voice as she went on. "It won't matter to her. She's known you such a little while. She can't love you as I love you, Brian. Oh, Brian, I can't live without you!"

"You'll have to, Ariel. It was your choice, not mine."

"Brian!"

"It was."

"It wasn't; oh, it wasn't. Brian, I didn't believe I'd lose you. I thought I must spur you to make an effort. You're so—so listless. That was why I told you I wouldn't wait. I'll marry you."

She pressed close, lifting her face to his, but he held her off from him.

"I'll marry you tomorrow."

"No," he said. "I've asked her. She's promised."

"Does she know you love me?"

"No."

"But if she knows—"

"She'll not know."

"I'll go to her. I'll tell her. I'll—"

"You'll not," he said roughly.

"Then you do love her?"

"I've asked her to marry me," he said, "because I believe she and I will be happy together. She's kind, and she's good. There's something in her that we haven't, Ariel. Greatness, perhaps. I'm not worthy of her, Ariel, but I found her when I needed her—and I'm going to marry her."

"You love her."

"I don't. I wish to God I did!"

"Brian!" She laid her hand on his arm, and he did not shake it off. "Can't you see what you're doing? You're marrying Hilda Bransted because you're angry at me. You've nothing in common with her. How could you have? What'll your life with her be? She isn't your sort any more than she's mine."

"She doesn't need to be any sort but her own."

"Who knows her? Who are her friends? What can she do for you as your wife? It's

mad, insane. Brian McKay and Hilda Bransted. Why, you don't even know her people. Her father's a carpenter. Her mother used to work for the Crandalls, Mary Crandall's people. They're common, the Bransteds, common as dirt. If you'd only see their house!"

"I'm not marrying their house."

"But Hilda! How can you be so blind to what she is? Gawky. Ordinary. An outsider. Oh, Brian, can't you see what a chain she'll be on you? Even if you don't love me any more, I can't see you marrying her without trying to save you. Brian, dear, dearest, she'll drag you down to her level."

"Her level's higher than ours, Ariel."

"Well, if it is, how are you going to be happy with her? What I'm trying to say is that she's different. She isn't our sort. She'll never be. You'll be doing her a greater kindness by letting her go than by trying to make your life with her."

"That might be true, but—"

"It is true. You'll make her miserable. She can't understand you as I do, Brian. Let her go free. She'll find her way of happiness back among her own people."

"If I thought—"

"You must see it that way."

"I can't, Ariel." The cry seemed wrung from him. "I went to her when I needed what she had to give me. I was desperate when I found her. I was going to kill myself when I met her. Something about her—something like sunshine—lighted up the darkness in my heart. I can't quit her now."

"You're a fool, Brian."

"Every kind of one."

THEY moved down the path, and Hilda clung to the tree, striving to make no sound lest she reveal her presence to them. Long after they had gone from her hearing, she clutched with numbing fingers at the shaggy bark of the unresponding tree. Then, stiff from the bruises on her spirit as she was lame from the blows of the car which Brian had not seen in time to save her, she stumbled out of the wood into the open.

"It's a lie," she moaned as she stood in the unchanged radiance of the moonlight. "It's a lie," she declared, pressing her knuckles against her mouth. "He loves me. He told me he loved me," she insisted, but sudden remembrance of his words smote her.

He hadn't said that. He had asked her to marry him, and her childishly romantic mind had leaped to the belief that nothing but love could have inspired his plea. Now, in the light of his assertions to the other girl, Hilda saw the truth. Brian McKay didn't love her. He had asked her because Ariel had scorned his poverty. He had turned to her because he needed her strength, her courage, her love of him; but he didn't love her.

Like thread from a shuttle she wove the thought of the revelation into a pall for those dreams which had made the June a time of glory. How could she have been such a fool as to believe that a man like Brian could have cared for her? Why hadn't she continued to see herself as Ariel Furnow and Ariel's crowd had always seen her? Yes, it was true. Her mother had worked for the Crandalls. Her father made with his own hands the raw little bungalows for the town back of the Blue Mounds.

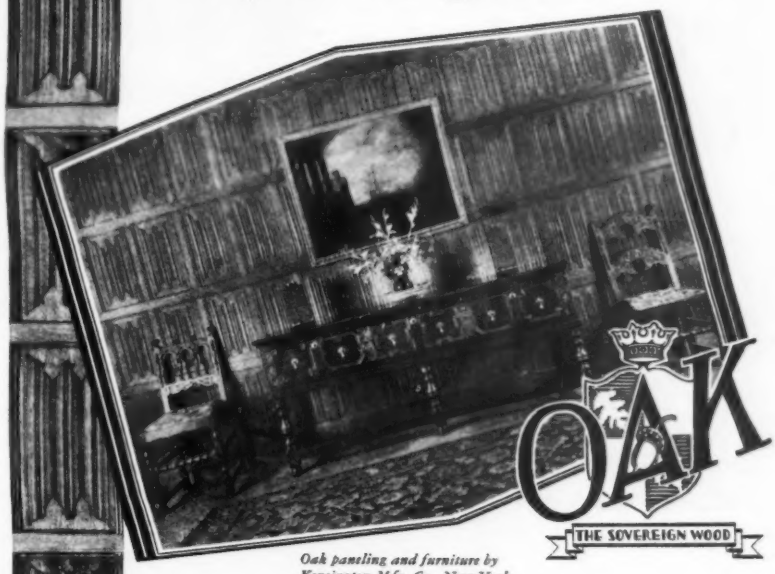
"Why not?" she asked herself, and felt shame not for the lowliness of their lot, but for Ariel's scorn of it.

What had Ariel called her? "Common. An outsider. Not our sort." Well, it was true. She flung out a banner of defiance to the wind of fate. She was common, common as the earth which gave them all sustenance, common as sunlight, as moonlight, as any elemental force. She was outside their flimsy fences. She wasn't their sort.

For the first time in her life an overwhelming sense of her own power swept over her. "I'll show them," she cried. "I'll show them what I am, what I can do, what I shall be!"

Slowly, from under the seething surface of

Walls that endure and grow lovelier with the years.....



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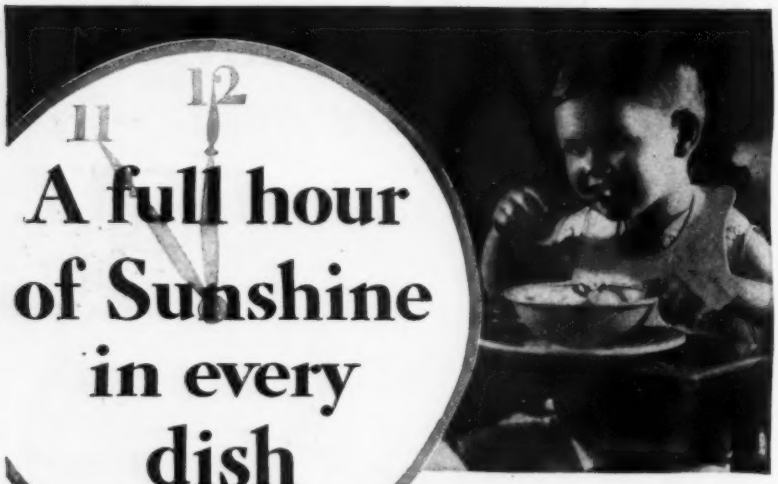

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FREE
Full-size package
See Coupon

A WORLD-FAMOUS hot cereal breakfast is now a new source of protection against the ills that are due to lack of sunlight.

The name of this hot cereal is Quaker Farina. It gains its new protective power from the Steenbock Process of Irradiation developed by Professor Steenbock of the University of Wisconsin.

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By means of certain powerful rays, themselves 30 times as strong in ultra-violet energy as natural sunlight, the discoverer of this process *stores up* in every dish of Quaker Farina the vitamin value of one full hour of sunshine!

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A protective food

For these reasons Quaker Farina is known to all mothers as the ideal cereal for youngsters . . . from infancy up through busy school years.

Start at once to give your child this new, vital health protection. Get "Irradiated" Quaker Farina at your grocer's. No change in taste. No change in price.

WARNING: Don't be confused. The mere fact that grains grow in the sunlight is not sufficient to give cereals the sunshine vitamin. The husks keep this invisible ray out of the heart of the grain. Only cereals marked "Irradiated under the Steenbock Process" are guaranteed to have the sun vitamin resulting from treatment with ultra-violet rays. Government patents cover the process. The Quaker Oats Company has been granted the sole right to irradiate cereals.

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Quaker Farina

Heart of the Wheat

Barbarian

her fury, rose the deeper current of her pride. "I'll marry no man who doesn't love me," she thought. "He can go back to her as he came from her—free;" but with the remembrance of Ariel her mood changed once more. "Not to her, not to her," she sobbed. "To any one else in the world but Ariel Furnow!"

For, with the recollection of that look of pain which had smoldered in Brian's eyes, came an older picture of another boy's misery. Once more she saw its ending, the little group of men bearing a limp, sagging burden into the house next door to her own, one of those little bungalows which Ariel Furnow had so despised. Once more she heard a woman's wild cry. Once more she read a note which the post had brought her, the last letter which the boy next door had written, a jumbled, despairing plea that some day she should try to make his mother understand why he was leaving the life Ariel's wantonness had made unbearable.

"How dare she?" Hilda Bransted cried. "How dare she look down on me when I know what she did to Carl?"

Back in the little room in the boarding house that letter lay hidden, waiting the day when Carl's mother might be made to realize that her boy was victim to life not less than to love. "Use it," her brain gave counsel. "Take it to her, and tell her that she must break the bond that holds him. He'll love you—if she lets him go. Use it!"

"I shall," she muttered, but even before she had moved from the white space of the moonlight she hesitated.

"What would be the use?" she asked herself. "Love comes like the rain. Fighting for it may win it—or lose it. No, Hilda Bransted, you can't do that!"

Again, however, the thought of Brian swung back the pendulum of her decision. "I'll do it," she said grimly, and went slowly down the path and across the campus to the boarding house.

For a moment she hesitated, as she took out the letter from its hiding place, then thrust it between the pages of the volume of Swinburne and walked slowly toward the Omicron Theta house.

A BRIGHT-FACED girl who answered her summoning ring of the door bell told her that she thought Ariel was out, but she asked her to wait on the porch, and in a moment Ariel came through the doorway.

"Want to see me?" she asked insolently, but Hilda could see a twitching nerve at the corner of her mouth.

"Yes."

"Well?"

She stood against the porch rail, slim, arrogant, surveying Hilda in the waning moonlight with hostility deeper than jealousy. With her awakening artist's instinct the other girl apprehended now the basic emotion of their enmity. Eve against Lilith. The earth-old struggle of two kinds of womanhood for one man. For all that, there was about Ariel Furnow now a drooping helplessness which made its own appeal to Hilda's strength, and she lowered her voice to answer,

"I want to talk with you—about Brian."

"Why?"

"He has asked me to marry him."

"Really? It seems to be his line."

"I have told him I would."

"Why do you think I want to know?"

"He has loved you."

"You knew it, then?" She bent forward a little. "I suppose that's why you wanted him. It'd be something of a triumph for *you*," she emphasized the pronoun to give it sting, "to take him from me. You didn't, though. I gave him up."

"I didn't know it until tonight."

"Did he tell you?"

"No."

"Then why have you come to me?"

"I want you to know why I will not give him back to you. If you were another girl, if you were any one but the girl who made poor Carl

Belding love you, the girl who drove him to die, I'd—"

"Stop!" She crossed the porch, and grasped Hilda's wrist, twining her long fingers around it tensely. "Don't you dare say that!"

"It's true."

"It's a lie!"

"I have the letter he wrote me the day he died."

"You kept it? You beast!"

"He asked me to keep it to show his mother some day."

"What good will it do her? You'll show it to Brian. You would do that."

"Why shouldn't I try to save him?"

"From what?"

"From you."

"Because a half-baked boy thought he loved me, and didn't have the nerve to stand up to life?"

"You made him believe you loved him."

"What if I did flirt with him? What if he didn't understand? That was more than three years ago. In those three years I've come to love Brian. I love him so well that I'd slave for him, I'd cook, and scrub, and wash, and iron for him if he'd marry me now, but he won't. Not unless you let him go. He loves me, though. He doesn't love you." Her eyes blazed fury into Hilda's. "That doesn't matter to you, I suppose. What does a girl of your sort care about that?"

"My sort?" The lash of scorn fell on the raw wound of her pride, that pride of self, of people, of race which was to carry her to the salons of London and Paris. "What do you know of my sort? Because I live in a raw little house on the wrong side of the railroad track, because I have never had any of the things that make life pleasant for other girls, because I wear cheap clothes, because I'm outside your little yard of living, you think I'm crude and low and mean. I tell you, I'm not!"

"No?"

"No."

Within Hilda's spirit surged a tide greater than that love of one man which had made luminous the northern June. In its swift flood she felt realization of the truth which must be her rudder, understanding that what she wanted would always be less than what she was. She loved Brian McKay. Perhaps she would always love him; but she was Hilda Bransted, who could stoop to no other woman. Daughter of a tinkering carpenter in the little town of the midlands, but child of high gods of the north, she flung up her head to look down on Ariel Furnow and on all that had ever touched the rim of Ariel Furnow's life.

"Do you think," she asked her, "that I'd marry him—now?"

With scorn higher than Ariel's she tossed him back to her.

"Not if I kept on loving him to the end of my life—and I won't!"

Roughly she broke away from the other girl's clutch upon her arm and strode toward the steps. The last rays of the moon, almost level across the lake, lighted her into a figure of triumph as she flung out her arm toward Ariel.

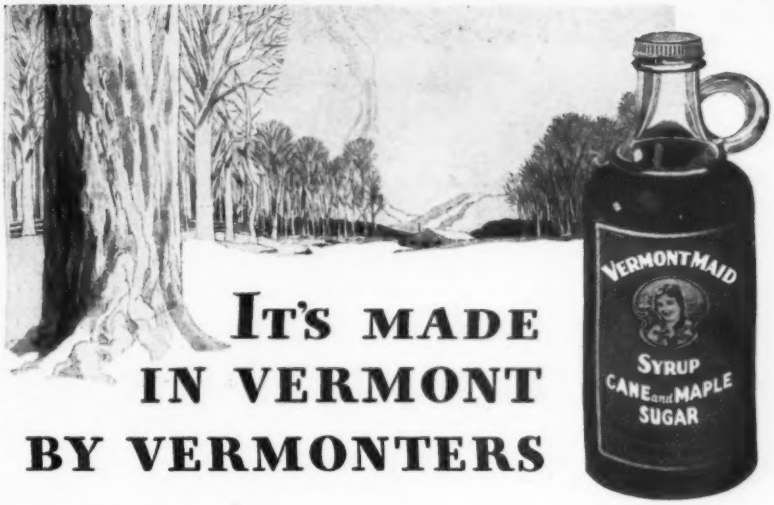
"Take it," she bade her, and gave her the book which held Carl Belding's letter.

TIMES change, and sorority standards. If you go now to the Omicron Theta house some one is likely to show you a volume of Swinburne that has its wide margins filled with sketches of a weakly handsome youth, whose dominant characteristic is his unvarying look of melancholy.

No one seems to know who he is, although there is a tradition that he was, in his day, a popular hero of the hill.

The book is treasured, however, because its flyleaf has Hilda Bransted's name.

"There's no record that she belonged here," the sorority girls will tell you, "but we think she must have had some interest in Omicron Theta, because the book's always been here in the house. They say this must have been almost her first work in portraits. It's wonderful, isn't it? And we're so proud of her!"



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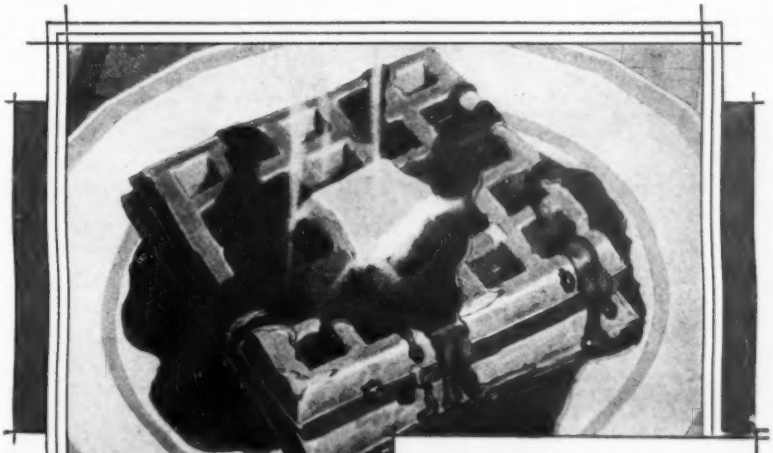

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In using advertisements see page 6

The Kramer Girls

(*Continued from page 39*)

"Didn't you see Jane?" Georgie interrupted.

"I should say I did see Jane!"

"And is she so wonderful as the kid seems to think?"

"Oh, I should say! I'm crazy about Jane."

But then Annie seemed to be crazy about all of them. And when she came to particulars, she was so vague.

"But you liked this Moffett, or Muffett, better," Georgie accused her.

"No, I didn't. Only Muffett was at home more. Jane's in everything. She was going to be heroine of the dramatic club play . . . Well, Jane's quite tall. Quite big. I didn't think at first she was as pretty as I'd been expecting, but afterward I could see she was." That was like Annie. She always agreed. "She looks grand in evening dress. All the girls rave over her in evening dress. She's got this long blonde hair. Well, you know how she looks; you saw her picture in the Annual."

"Yes, but you can't tell from pictures. And are she and the kid still so thick?"

"Oh, they're together all the time. Oh, yes, Jane's wonderful. She's the most talented girl in college."

"Doesn't get as good marks as the kid does, though."

There were so many other things to ask—whether Rose's clothes were all right, what kind of board she got, her room. But then Georgie looked out of the window and saw Mrs. Pick. coming. Right on deck, as usual. Couldn't wait.

"Oh, confound it! Now, Annie, you be careful what you tell her. You know how she talks."

BUT Annie forgot all about caution in her somewhat flustered delight over the éclat with which Mrs. Pick. greeted her.

"Well, well, well! So the wanderer is returned! Let's get a look at her. See how she's been affected by her sojourn in college halls. See the new hat, would you! Look at the lady. The shoes—aren't they new, too? How blooming she looks! Annie, Annie, now . . . see here! What have you been up to away from us? All these new clothes, and those pink cheeks—looks suspicious!"

Annie laughed and blushed and protested.

"Don't you tell *me!* I know how these women act when they get away from home. I just bet she's got a man tucked up her sleeve somewhere."

"Where'd she find him, I'd like to know—at college?" Georgie demanded gruffly.

"Don't ask me where they all find 'em!"

Mrs. Pick. took off her little shawl and settled down, while Georgie got ready a plate of cinnamon rolls and heated coffee—a household custom inherited from her mother's Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors; a custom, by the way, that did not come amiss with Mrs. Pickering.

"Well now, let's hear all about the big doings."

Georgie let them talk while she returned to her baking. But her mind was occupied now with proud, happy thoughts of Rose. It was all in the paper about Rose getting Phi Beta Kappa. "Valley Junction Girl Receives High Honor." Georgie had called up the office to be sure Matt Weaver got it right. She interrupted once,

"Did you tell the kid what old Mr. Yarborough said?"

And Miss Alexander, married now to the mysterious man and living in Minneapolis, had written Rose a lovely letter. Georgie could hear more or less of what the other two were saying.

"Well," Mrs. Pickering asked, "and what's Rose been doing besides study? Has she got engaged?"

"Oh no, nothing like that," Annie said hastily.

"What's the matter? Hasn't she been able to find anybody among all those college fellows? No use to wait for Bert, better tell her. He's taken now."

"Rose doesn't seem to go much with the fellows in school. Not just one, anyway. She thinks more of Jane. She and Jane are going to Chicago together when they've saved up enough money."

"Lots of things can happen before then," Mrs. Pick. said wisely.

Even with Mrs. Pick. there were a thousand things about the visit that Annie couldn't tell. After Mrs. Pick. had gone—"Pick. may be coming home tonight, guess his spouse had better be there to welcome him," she said—Annie wandered restlessly about the house still wrapped in her memories of the college. Georgie wouldn't let her help with the supper, and since she had promised to go over to the Pickerings in the evening and help make up a five hundred table, it was no use changing her clothes. As long as she wore her red dress, she could keep the feeling of herself as she had been at Winthrop.

The radiance of it still lingered with her that evening over at the Pickerings. Mr. Pick. had got home, and Bertha Scholz was asked to make the fourth. Every one could see that Annie was different tonight. Mr. Pick. teased her about her red dress, and her hair, and all the things she was supposed to have done on her visit—treated her in the sort of half-admiring, half-teasing way that Charlie Ruble did, and ruffled her hair and touched her cheeks to see if the color was real, until Mrs. Pick. said sharply:

"Pick., let that girl alone. You'll bother her to death."

He even insisted on going home with her and Bertha—something he never troubled himself to do ordinarily. He made Annie walk with him to Bertha's—took one girl on each arm and made facetious remarks about how nice it seemed to have a fat girl for a change—pinched their plump arms, but Annie's more tenderly.

"Well, Annie," he said, when he left her at the door, "won't you give me a kiss?"

Of course, it was just a joke. Still it flustered Annie.

"Gave 'em all to those college fellows," Mr. Pick. sighed sentimentally.

Annie knew what an old fool Mr. Pick. was. Not very nice, either, according to reports. Still she couldn't help treasuring that walk home from Bertha's through the wintry moonlight, crusts of silvery snow left here and there on the ground, and the bright little stars above the church steeple. She sighed when she had to take down her hair. Tonight she felt almost like the long-ago, but always-most-real Annie whom Carl Finch had courted. She went to sleep with her flushed cheek snuggled into her warm, plump palm. She felt as if she had been in a different world.

CHAPTER II

WHEN Rose came back to her classroom from the assembly, she had that same feeling of welcome as when she entered her own room at college or at home. More so than at college, in a different way, because sharing the room with Jane had changed the feeling, and this again was all her own.

Rose sat down at her desk and took out her papers, but all the same she was happily aware of the warmth and intimacy surrounding her. She realized for the first time that the stretch of rough, treeless ground beyond her windows had become one of her own dear, intimate landscapes—like the lawn outside her window at home, with the little plum tree, and the verdant stretch of campus she used to see from the chair where she had always done her studying in the college library.

When she first went to a new place, she was always homesick. She had been homesick at college. She had hated the place just because it wasn't Valley Junction—because the people, and the buildings, and the way of living were different, and to accept this change had seemed to her like treachery to all she loved.

For the first month or two of teaching she had hated Tyler in just the same way, except that it was college for which she had been homesick instead of Valley Junction. But now she was on friendly terms with the other teachers, the people in town were beginning to know and speak to her—mothers invited her to meals, and to Aid Society suppers, and to club programs—and at school she was known as "the students' friend." And now that she was happy here, she had even grown to care for the plain little town, with its atmosphere of pioneering that still clung to the wooden buildings and the streets with scrubby trees—so different from the white houses in Valley Junction.

IT MADE her guilty to admit it to herself, because she had never admitted it to Jane. She wrote to Jane just as she had done at the beginning of the year—still pretended that she, too, abominated teaching, and loathed little burgs, and was just existing until she could get to a city.

She had not actually been aware until now that she was making a pretense, it was so natural to her to respond to Jane, whom she adored. It frightened her, because she knew that she would have to keep on writing in the same way to Jane, that to admit her actual feeling would be to separate herself from Jane and break up that wonderful alliance that had glorified all her college days. And it shamed her, because she admired Jane so ardently, and had so accepted Jane's ideas that she scarcely knew them from her own. It seemed to her that, away from Jane, she was reverting to an earlier, natural, common sort of self, and that she was in danger of letting go all that radiant, ambitious, different future in which she had participated through Jane . . .

A group of her basketball girls came in to talk to her and to discuss in shrill excitement the question of white or dark-blue middies with their bloomers. After that, it was Luther Green. He really had nothing to ask her—Rose knew it—but he hung about, pretending to talk about his history work, while his eyes gleamed with a shy, secret devotion.

Rose loved the boys and girls she taught, and it pleased her to have them devoted. She couldn't be like Jane, interested only in those who were different and might do something some day. Jane kept her own aloof, bright scorn and cared only for that one boy who wanted to be a musician, and whose father and mother were against it. He came to see Jane, and she lent him books and all her prints of interesting pictures—"and so all the old hens are having a grand time," Jane wrote scornfully. She said he was the first boy she had ever known who wasn't a potential storekeeper.

When Luther had finally left, Rose worked quickly at her papers. Already she was beginning to look forward to the crisp walk home, the dinner at the funny little hotel where she ate with the other teachers and the few unattached males of Tyler. She always had a good time with Mr. Hornblower, who kept the hotel, and she liked to answer the motherly questions of Mrs. Hornblower, who did the cooking and always came into the dining-room "to see if the folkses all had what they wanted"—if Mr. Swensen, the young Lutheran pastor, had a piece of steak that wouldn't upset his stomach, and if Mr. Dennis, the high school principal, wanted more coffee.

Was that why she liked going to the hotel? Why the almost unvarying menu of steak and potatoes tasted so good to her? Why every moment in the high school building was

The Kramer Girls

invested with interest and significance and seemed all to be part of a drama? Because she was aware all the time of Denny in the assembly room and because of the chance of those casual meetings in the halls?

Rose blushed hotly. She put on her hat and coat in a hurry, suspecting herself of delay because Denny might still be in the building. She shut the heavy schoolhouse door behind her with the feeling of destroying her own pleasure. Yet she was glad. The cold, fresh air met her cheeks. She felt a sense of joyous freedom. If she hadn't been a teacher, she would have run and scampered down the walk. Because she didn't really care. She knew it when the door was shut on the warm, crowded, involved atmosphere of the big schoolhouse with its lighted windows. She could laugh at her own romantic silliness that always had to have an object of personal interest everywhere. Well, that was what Denny was. An object. That and nothing else. She began to sing, freely and joyously, just above her breath.

Oh, it was nice, nice, nice living and being here! A kind of chant was going on in her mind, and her steps were keeping time to it.

And because she felt so brisk and free, she could let a little hidden part of her mind, a little unimportant and foolish and discredited part, play with a notion that of course could never be real—play with the thought of sinking down into the friendly intimacy of the life of Tyler, being one of the women of the town, having her own house, taking part in things—herself in one of those lighted doorways and a man coming home to supper. It had nothing really to do with Denny. It was only play. It didn't count.

"There, you see!" Miss DeWitt whispered excitedly to Mrs. Fortescue when Rose came into the dining-room. Then she quickly warned "Sh!" for fear that Mrs. Fortescue ("Fortes-cue," the other teachers called her in jest) was going to say something and let Rose see that they had been discussing her.

Yes, Rose was ignoring the empty seat beside Denny and going to the other table. She looked flushed and confused. She must have known that the whole dining-room was interested. She pretended that she wanted to talk to Miss Larson, who sometimes helped her with the basketball coaching, and took the one unoccupied chair at that table. It was a dramatic move that stirred the whole dining-room, because for weeks Rose and Denny had sat next to each other.

"Hey!" Mrs. Fortescue called. "That's Conover's chair. She'll oust you out o' there, young lady."

Rose did not respond to her facetiousness. "I have to talk to Miss Larson about the game."

"My," Mrs. Fortescue said, "but basketball's a responsibility!"

Miss DeWitt choked on her beefsteak, she tried so hard not to giggle. Mrs. Fortescue pounded her back with dramatic vigor, winking, meantime, at the other teachers.

Rose pretended not to notice, although her face was flaming. She knew exactly what Mrs. Fortescue meant. Why must her affairs be the affairs of the whole teaching force and the whole town?

IF IT hadn't been for Mr. and Mrs. Duffus, who sat at her table, Rose felt that the silence would have been too dreadful.

"Well, those girls of yours going to win tonight?" Mr. Duffus asked.

"That's a pretty question!" Mrs. Duffus told him.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Of course, they're going to win."

The Duffuses had to disagree now on principle, no matter what their actual notions might be.

"Are you ready to leave?" Rose asked Miss Larson desperately.

"Here! You haven't finished your *dessert*," Mr. Duffus told her with heavy kindliness.

"Sh!" Mrs. Duffus hissed fiercely.

She pinched him.

He muttered, "What's the matter now?"

She disdained to tell him.

"Yes, I have," Rose said hastily.

She left the room with Miss Larson, refusing to be separated from her for one moment.

THE others were all dying to discuss the affair, but Denny still stuck it out at his table, his face set and his eyes bright with concealed pain, although he tried to join in the conversation as if nothing were the matter. He knew how they would talk about him if he left. The other teachers, however, and Mrs. Duffus, would certainly have outstayed him if they had not been afraid of being late for the basketball game. They did remain in the dining-room for a few minutes after he had been driven into leaving. Mrs. Hornblower came in to see if he wanted more coffee.

"Has the professor gone?"

The teachers all had a significant look.

"Did they sit at different tables tonight, too? Ain't that too bad!" Mrs. Hornblower said ingenuously.

And in the little lobby, with its ancient roll-top desk with the tattered register, and its brownish linoleum tracked with muddy footmarks, she talked for a moment with Miss DeWitt and Mrs. Fortescue.

"Well now, ain't that too bad? I thought them two made such a nice couple. Me and Hornblower always said that. What's the matter? Is she the one, or is he?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Fortescue shrugged her shoulders dramatically. "*She* is. Denny's pining away."

"But what's the matter? Don't he suit her? I thought them two had it all fixed up by this time."

"Don't ask *me* what's the matter. That's what we all wonder. Well—" Mrs. Fortescue said airily, "he can have me if Kramer gives him the go-by. I'm crazy about Denny."

"Well, I should say," Mrs. Hornblower agreed heartily. "I think the professor's a lovely fellow. But there must be something. She's a lovely girl, too. Them pink cheeks."

"Well, if there is, we don't know what!"

"Come on, Fortes-cue. The bob'll go off without us," Miss Conover broke in impatiently.

Two big bobs had been commandeered to drive the basketball team and a dozen or more rooters to the game at Miller, eleven miles away. The bobs were already standing in front of the high school. The basketball girls were packed snugly into one of them, with Rose in their midst. But Denny was still out in the road with a group of others. He wandered off a little way, scooped up a handful of cold bright snow, molded it carefully into a ball, and then threw it down with a gesture of disgust.

"Which one are you going to ride in, professor?" Charlie Owens called good-naturedly from his high driver's seat.

"Oh, I don't know," Denny tried to answer carelessly.

But he wandered over nearer the bobs again. He was waiting for some sign from Rose. Only the rigidity of her attitude told that she had heard. The minister's wife had lent her the black sealskin cap that the minister wore when he drove out to the country. Her hair was tucked up under it, except for a dark brown lock, gold at its feathery ends, against her cheek pink from the wintry air. When Rose had first come to Tyler, she had seemed shy and quiet, and no one had thought much of her looks. But now they were enhanced more and more by success, by her eminence as the prettiest and most popular of the teachers, by the admiration of Denny and the shy Mr. Swensen and Mr. Stevens—and tonight, when she seemed to have become unattainable, she was so lovely that Denny's heart ached to look at her.

"Here! Where's there room for us? Don't forget us'ns!" Mrs. Fortescue cried facetiously.

"Room in the other bob," shouted Charlie Owens.

"Oh, this is Bob Number One, is it? And the other's Bob Number Two. All right. Come on, girls, for Number Two. We don't care."

The big, dark farm horses pawed the snowy ground under the wintry trees.

"Come on!" Charlie Owens shouted. "They're a-rarin' to go. *Gid*-dap!"

"Hey, wait! You're leaving the professor!"

Denny ran and swung himself on Bob Number Two, where he was welcomed hilariously by Mrs. Fortescue. All through the drive he had to endure her vociferous attentions, slyly spiced with little teasing and mock-pitying references.

Denny's thin young face looked dark with pain. He sat crouched under the heavy robes, letting his body jerk with the jo'ting of the bob, but occasionally he roused himself and tried to talk with the others. Shouts went back and forth from one bob to the other. All the way Charlie Owens' team was in the lead; and the big runners of the second bob slid and jerked a little in the shiny tracks the first had made, as they trundled along between level fields where great, black clods raised little hillocks in the spread of snow, now brittle and shiny and lacy on top from the day's thaw, and where the weedy banks of tiny, frozen creeks were shaggy with whiteness. It was an ideal night for sleighing. The thaw had packed down the snow just enough. The air was mild with a wintry brightness.

"All right back there, Miss Kramer?" Charlie called.

"Fine!"

Rose chattered gaily with the basketball girls and then fell into a silence. Her own confused trouble mocked at the loveliness of the night.

"But I can't. I'm not going to. Just the same—"

She wished she was through with the whole business. Her mind went over and over all her recent conversations with Denny and all her reasons, stopping short every time at her mute, stubborn conviction that she couldn't let herself marry him. She had gone crazy for a little while, but she was sure she wasn't in love with him. Yet the night would have been empty if she had not been constantly aware of him in the other bob.

When they reached the Miller high school, Rose went at once to the basement with her girls, where they put on their basketball togs, squealing when their bare feet touched the cement floor. Rose's mind was still going around the circle of her reasoning, still stopping short at that conviction. It was in a dream that she gathered the girls around her, gave them instructions, talked earnestly to them.

"And, Helen, I don't want you to foul no matter what the other side does to you."

"Well, Miss Kramer, if that great big—"

"I don't care. *My* girls are going to play a square game."

ROSE felt a kind of brightness go all through her, as she laid down the law to the obstreperous Helen. Even her gestures were masterful and certain, as she talked to the girls grouped eagerly around her. She felt suddenly freed of all her languors and moments of hidden, delicious reverie, the docile softness with which she had moved when she was falling in love with Denny. This was like a cold, clean plunge into water; she was free of that, she was through with Denny. She despised that passive, blissful self that could do nothing—even comb its hair or lift its hand—without reference to Denny and his thought of her . . . .

Feet were stamping. They heard impatient whistling.

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The Kramer Girls

"Come on, girls. Now you're going to play like demons—all of you."

They laughed delightedly, with a nervous trill in the laughter. It was just the kind of game that she liked. Rose gave herself rapturously to the excitement of it. There was a cruelty to Denny in this. She didn't care. The Miller side hooted angrily over some of the umpire's decisions. Rose herself didn't care tonight if he was partial. Their success, the feeling that they had the umpire with them—enhanced by the hoots of the Millerites—thrilled the Tyler girls. Helen did get away with a few fouls—Rose's eyes sparkled with anger—but the girls played splendidly. Jane could never see why Rose kept on liking basketball. But this was what. she loved of it—the end, the girls hot and panting, with tired, happy eyes, pushing back their damp hair from flushed foreheads with sweaty hands, running to her, dropping down beside her—being lost in the eager, thrilled, relaxed happiness of victory—or succoring them in defeat—it didn't much matter; it was the feeling of unity.

"Did I do all right?"

"Did I, Miss Kramer?"

"All of you. Proud of the whole bunch."

"I didn't foul, did I, Miss Kramer?"

"Yes, you did, Helen. I saw you, if the referee didn't."

Helen pouted.

The girls sent back scornful, bright glances at the Millerites, who made remarks and even hooted a little. In the basement they talked over the game excitedly, appealing to Rose with every other word.

"Because that *was* our ball, I know it just as well as anything."

"Oh, Miller's always peeved at the umpire. I hate Miller."

Rose was brushing her hair at the little mirror. Dorothy Stevens and Mae, the two forwards, stole up to her, and each one put an arm around her. They laughed in delighted triumph.

"We've got her. We're going to walk beside her and sit in the bob beside her."

Mae laid her dark head softly and confidingly against Rose's arm, and for just a moment her little fingers touched Rose's hand. She breathed,

"Oh, Miss Kramer, I think you're so nice!"

Rose laughed.

Miss DeWitt came rushing down the basement stairs. "Hurry up, Miss Kramer—girls. We're all going over to the restaurant and have some grub before we start back. Hurry."

THE restaurant was all steamy and filled with people gulping pale-brown coffee from thick cups and opening their mouths wide for bites of the immense, juicy hamburger sandwiches. But it all tasted good after the excitement of the game. The crowd from Tyler, fortified by being at the same time visitors and victors, made facetious remarks about the food. Rose saw Denny standing not far from her, but she was concerned strictly with the girls and with Miss Larson.

Afterward, however, when they were all waiting on the corner near a big tree for the bobs, Denny came up to Rose, and Miss Larson, to her distress, moved shyly away.

"What bob are you getting into?"

Rose did not answer.

"Oh, all right!"

Denny, terribly offended, turned away. Rose wanted wildly to go after him. She hadn't meant that at all—for the moment she had been confused and simply hadn't known how to answer him. At that hurt tone in Denny's voice she loved him. Again she had the feeling that something outside herself was compelling her to act this way—as if she must struggle against Denny for she scarcely knew what.

And now it was too late—even if she had wanted to answer him. They were getting into the bobs. Mae and Dorothy took a long

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The Kramer Girls

slide over the snow and clutched Rose again.

"We've got her. You can't have her."

Before Rose knew it, she was snuggled down between them on the straw under the thick robes. There was some excitement. It was a moment before Rose realized that she had any concern in it. Some of the boys were trying good-naturedly to make Denny get into her bob. Her heart gave a bitter throb when she saw him struggling angrily and refusing.

"Come on! No room in the other."

"Let me go."

He got away from them—they were all sobered as they realized that he was really angry. He climbed up to the driver's seat of the other bob beside old Bill Giddens.

"Gee! Well, I didn't know . . ." one of the boys was saying.

The bobs were starting. At that very last moment, if Rose had made the slightest sign, if she had looked at him or asked the girls to move over . . .

But now it was probably all over. Rose's throat was choked with pain, as they drove down the wide wintry street with the plain, bleak houses on each side—as they drove on into the open country, where the snow-covered fields were magically, slumbrously still under the moonlight, and there was only the plop-plop of the horses' feet, the creaking and swaying of the bob, the song that the boys were singing, and the girls, snuggled down beside her, sleepily humming,

"Tyler will shine tonight, Tyler will shine."

The pain in her heart seemed to spread out through the whole night and set the very air to aching. It was done. She couldn't even consider her own act. She couldn't look back and see Denny sitting silent and hunched on the lofty seat beside Bill Giddens. What had she done? She didn't know. Mae was leaning sleepily against her arm. Rose slipped down farther under the robe. With the other arm she drew Dorothy up to her, soothing the child's restless movements—but whether for solace to herself or Dorothy, she could not have told.

ANNIE and Rose were supposed to be packing. Rose sat on the bed in a block of sunshine, drying her hair that spread in short, curling tendrils, not thick but very soft, across the Turkish towel around her shoulders.

"Just see how your hair curls when you've washed it, babe," Annie said admiringly.

Rose shook the soft tendrils, and little drops sprayed.

"Do you want more than one apron, babe? The whole bunch is clean . . . Well, now, go on and tell me," Annie urged. "Did you see anything of him after that? Did he ever ask you again?"

Rose had been telling her about Mr. Stevens in Tyler. Annie's face was alight with gleeful interest. She laughed delightedly. She could scarcely believe that an old widower had proposed to the babe!

Rose went on. She had always loved to tell things to Annie. Besides, it didn't matter about Mr. Stevens. It was all right to make a comedy out of that. He had only really talked with her once—when he had her for a partner at a card party—and then he had come over to the schoolhouse and proposed! It wasn't Rose whom he wanted, just a wife.

"But you mustn't tell any of this to Mrs. Pick.," Rose warned.

Annie knew all about the teachers in Tyler, the favorite pupils, the townspeople with whom Rose had been friends—just as she had known about the college people in the days when she had pored over the Junior Annuals until the faces of Rose's classmates were almost more familiar to her than to Rose herself. Although she was delighted that an old widower had proposed, she had wanted Rose to refuse him, of course. But she was inclined to sympathize with Denny.

"Didn't you like him? Wasn't he nice?"

"I told you he was nice."

"Well, then, why didn't you—"

"Because I didn't want to marry him," Rose said. "I didn't want to be a principal's wife."

She couldn't exactly explain that to Annie—how Denny, nice and dear as he was, just took things as they were; taught a boys' class in the Sunday school, and was a stand-patter in politics, and was against Women's Suffrage. He had a stubborn notion of what women ought to be.

"Anyway—I wasn't sure I liked him enough."

She didn't want to explain the mysterious weaknesses of her nature to the trusting Annie. It might have been just that Denny was there—the only possible man in the place. She truly didn't know.

Annie wanted to know, "Were you and he ever really engaged?"

"Not quite. Oh, I don't know whether we were or not. Denny thought we were, and I thought we weren't."

"You crazy kid!"

Annie began to laugh, and Rose laughed, too, although she still felt hurt and awry from the memory of those long, dreadful weeks of argument, discussion, recriminations, pleadings, yielding and drawing back. Rose wanted to get away from it.

"Well, then, what did you finally tell him?"

"Well—that I couldn't. I guess that was all."

"Did he feel terribly? How did he act?"

"You would have *thought* he felt badly enough, from the way he talked. But right after that he began taking Dorothy Stevens to card parties and things. So I guess he wasn't broken-hearted!"

"Maybe that was just to show you. I mean, to make you jealous, or something."

"Maybe. Well, it didn't. I thought he looked awfully foolish running around with a little Sophomore in high school." That hurt Rose yet. But she knew that what Annie said was true. "Oh, I guess I did treat Denny pretty badly. I guess I went farther than I'd meant to—anyway, he thought I'd meant more than I had. But I—well, I didn't know every single minute just what I was doing, and just what I meant by every single thing. Men never seem to understand that. If you're nice to them, they think you mean something by it, or otherwise you're just playing with them, or—oh, well, I can't explain."

THE events of the year in Tyler, painful as some of them had been at the time, were all enhanced by Annie's childlike delight in listening, until Rose herself could see the whole year as an emotional drama with herself the heroine.

"Tell me about Jane. You haven't told me about her."

"Well, she's going to try and get on the stage. You know, she met that woman who helped run the Little Theater."

"And is this boy she knew, the one in her school, really going along? S'pose she's going to marry him?" Annie asked eagerly.

"No," Rose said with scorn. "He's just a kid Jane's been nice to."

"I know, but he's going there with her."

"Oh, well, Jane isn't the kind of fool I am."

They heard voices downstairs.

"Oh, dear, there comes somebody," Rose moaned.

Georgie came proudly bringing Mrs. Seegar into the room.

"Well! So our lady's getting all ready to go! Never mind your hair, my dear, you look all right. Well, now, let's hear about it."

Georgie and Annie scurried about, taking piles of clean clothes off chairs to find a place for Mrs. Seegar to sit down—and then she started to sit on a folded silk dress on the little rocker. But she was so kind in spite of her effusive little manner and the funny peering look that came from her bad eyesight, that people had to forgive her

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The Kramer Girls

"I think this is just splendid! And I didn't know anything about it until last night, when Mr. Seegar came home and told me."

"We didn't know much about it ourselves," Georgie said. "The kid—Rose—didn't spring this on us until a few weeks ago."

"I think it's just fine, though," Mrs. Seegar said. "Mr. Seegar says there are going to be wonderful opportunities for women in that line. My, when I think of all that girls are doing these days!"

"Yes, I guess so," Georgie muttered somberly.

"Well, I expect to see Rose secretary to some great man before long."

Rose laughed and blushed.

"Oh, yes, I do. You don't know how much faith Mr. Seegar and I have in Rose."

Georgie's whole face glowed with pleasure, and the easy, sentimental mist dimmed Annie's eyes.

"And to have your friend with you—isn't that just lovely? And then when I heard about Mr. Yarborough! Well, I told Mr. Seegar I thought that was the finest thing. I never knew just what to think about Mr. Yarborough. You know Mr. Seegar has called on him time and again and asked him to come to church. Is he a free-thinker? I've heard that. But I guess he had his good points. We all have our good points. You know that little verse—I think of that so often—

There's so much good in the *best* of us,
And so much bad in the *worst* of us—

No, that isn't it; what is it? Well, anyway—"

"It wasn't just Mr. Yarborough," Rose put in hastily.

Why had Georgie had to tell all that? It was no one's business but their own. No wonder Jane talked about small towns!

Georgie was so pleased about Mr. Yarborough, though—she couldn't wait to tell all the rest of it.

"Well, I told the kid to ask him. He'd always said such nice things to me about Rose. Maybe he is a free-thinker." Georgie scowled anxiously. "I don't know about that. Anyway he's always been mighty nice to us. Even then, the kid wouldn't have gone out there if I hadn't gone along with her and done most of the asking."

"And he's going to let you have the money for your studies?"

"Oh, no," Rose said hastily. "I'm borrowing from the bank."

"Yes, kid, but he was the one who arranged it all. He's signing the note for your security."

Why *did* Georgie have to tell everything? But she was so proud and delighted that Rose couldn't even plan to scold her after Mrs. Seegar had gone.

"Well, it was nice of him. It's just as nice as it can be. I told Mr. Seegar last night I wished you'd come to us. But then, of course, we couldn't—" Mrs. Seegar sighed. "We'd so love to help some of our young people, if we just had the means. But you know, ministers can't do things like that. Their salaries—and anyway, since Mr. Seegar and I were so unfortunate in that investment out in Idaho—"

"Well, I guess you folks have done enough for us!" Georgie said heartily.

THEN she went on to tell about old Mr. Yarborough. What a nice old house he had and how neat he kept it—no wonder he hadn't married again, if he didn't need a wife any more than that! He had so many books. Georgie guessed it was true he was sort of a philosopher. They were all in old-fashioned walnut bookcases. He called his sitting-room the library. He showed them an old rope bed that his own brother had made—the one who was killed in the Civil War. Rose was crazy over it, and he'd told her as soon as she had a home of her own, she should have that bed. Georgie's face glowed.

"Think of that!" Mrs. Seegar said. "Now, Rose—"

Rose shook her head, and Annie laughed excitedly.

And then the mill. Mr. Yarborough had explained to Georgie just how it worked. The most interesting thing she'd seen around here in a long time—she'd like to be a miller herself.

"Yes, and now *I'm* going to tell what he said about you," Rose said, with a touch of malice. "He said if he ever had to hire a helper, it would be Georgie."

"Yes, and I tell you I bet I could do it."

They all laughed, and Mrs. Seegar was sure she could. The loveliest spot where the mill stood! Had Mrs. Seegar ever been out there? Well, she ought to drive out there with Mr. Seegar some day.

"Well, you know, since we haven't our old horse any more—"

"The prettiest woods out there! They're just as if they'd never been touched. Mr. Yarborough won't let them be cut down. That mill pond is as clear as glass. And then the old mill—one of those old rock buildings; you don't see many of them any more. Annie ought to have come along, I told her, and seen all the kittens. This old Mr. Yarborough, he keeps all the kittens his cats have—you never saw such a raft of 'em. Gee, I like mills and places like that!" Georgie burst out, and her face shone. "I don't know why, but I just like the smell of 'em."

"Do you suppose it can pay?"

"I suppose not much, any more. Gee, I'd like to work in a factory!"

Mrs. Seegar had risen, and patted Georgie's shoulder.

"Well, I think you're doing the best work right where you are. Now, my dear, if I don't see you again—"

Her wrinkled, dry lips pressed Rose's cheek, her bony little hand squeezed Rose's soft palm—and in that moment, Rose forgave her all her little effusions. She kissed her with a soft heartiness, and Mrs. Seegar, gratified and smiling, went downstairs.

ANNIE and Georgie both went with her, Georgie talking all the time about Rose—what a success she had been in Tyler, how the school board had asked her to stay.

But Rose stayed on, shaking back her hair impatiently and going at the packing in earnest now.

It was a joy to handle the piles of clean linen the girls had got ready. Starting out with all clean things—how good that was, and how many times she had done it! Rose felt emotional as she thought of how good the girls had always been to her. She was ashamed of the way she had acted the first part of the summer. But her mind had been all torn to pieces. It had taken her a while, she supposed, to get over the Denny affair. And then, when they had wanted to ask Jane to visit her, she had refused, saying that Jane couldn't come, it would disturb mamma—anything to keep Jane away. She was ashamed of that when she thought of Georgie's and Annie's generous simplicity. But all the same, she didn't want Jane to come to Valley Junction. The way she felt when she was here, and the way she felt when she was with Jane didn't match. She had to keep all the people and places away, in a different sort of world, from Jane's cold and aloof disdain.

That was one reason why Rose was so wild to go to Chicago with Jane this winter. She thought she would leave all her commonplace, childish affections behind and start a new, splendid life. She shivered with eagerness, as she pressed down the smooth clothes in the trunk. It was just as when she waited for the basketball whistle to blow. She would be free of Sunday schools, free of Aid Societies, free of clubs, and the fear of hurting people's feelings, of silently disagreeing with their ideas although she couldn't say so or they would think she

The Kramer Girls

was terrible—and she would have fled away from even the thought of Denny, from her own fear of being caught and kept forever in some Tyler—actually part of it—to the everlasting scorn of both herself and Jane.

If she was homesick in Chicago, she would simply have to get over it. This was her test, her trial. She wouldn't dare fail, after she had borrowed money from the bank. People believed in her.

But she couldn't let herself think of what she was leaving. It seemed to her that, now that she was going to meet Jane in Chicago, she must turn her back on Valley Junction forever. All those things for which she had a secret affection—things like Roland Yarborough's old mill, the rope bed, the sunshine in her own room, talks with fond and simple people like Mr. and Mrs. Seegar—she must tear out of her heart. She hadn't wanted Jane to see her plain little room, with the old painted woodwork, and the floor of wide boards that sagged away slightly from the wall. Not that Jane would have been snobbish about it, or had so much nicer things herself—but Jane thought it was silly to care for old stuff except real antiques (and, of course, there weren't any of those, Jane said, in this part of the country) and to have any patience with all this little-town way of living.

GEORGIE came back to the room, looking excited and elated. She put her hands on Rose's shoulders.

"Well, kid, have you had a good time this summer?" she asked soberly.

Rose declared that she had—although she was ashamed, when she thought of the way she had acted about Jane, to look into Georgie's face. And she remembered the summer of her Sophomore year, when she had been so horrid to the girls and wanted everything different in the house.

Georgie still kept her hands on Rosie's shoulders and looked at her. There was triumph in Georgie's eyes.

"Well—have you got what you want now, kid?"

CHAPTER III

GEORGIE came down to the kitchen to get the teakettle. Rose was just wiping the last of the dinner dishes. Now that they had so many people in the house—the practical nurse, and mama's sister and her husband coming over from Centralia, and some of papa's relatives most of the time, too—it seemed that the dish-washing was endless. Georgie frowned.

"Haven't you finished, kid?"

"Not quite."

"I wish you'd left them. Annie or I could have helped you. I guess Annie's asleep. Poor old Ann, she was up half the night. Well, you won't have to do them tonight. One of us will."

"I'd just as soon do them. Why shouldn't I?"

Rose spoke curtly. She was resentful of the commiseration in Georgie's voice. In fact, she seemed to be at odds with Georgie half the time, this summer. Georgie had noticed how strange the kid seemed to be. But then Rose had been working hard—that was the trouble. She was tired out and ought to have a rest. Georgie wished she had time to look after her. She did try to shield Rose from as much of the work and worry as she could—tried to send her out to get all the fresh air she could before she went back to the city—and she saw to it, as she always had, that Rose should be free from the care of their mother and in the sickroom as little as possible. It was hard on the kid, being called away from her fine position and having to spend her whole vacation in this dead little town. Georgie didn't blame her for being cross occasionally.

"Well, kid—" she stopped and put her arm around Rose's shoulders—"it won't last forever. You'll get back and feel all the better for having been off the job a while. It'll be waiting for you."

"I'm not worrying about my job."

"Gee, kid, if I'd had any idea it was going to last like this— None of us did. The doctor says he doesn't see what keeps her alive. We thought she was dying right then, when we sent for you."

"Don't."

Rose pulled away from Georgie's arm. And then, ashamed of herself, she pretended that it was because her dishes were getting cold. It made her angry to have Georgie keep talking about her job and understand her so little.

But Georgie had scarcely noticed her rudeness. As she went upstairs with the teakettle, Georgie was thinking about Mrs. Pickering and all the rest of the neighbors, and what they said about Rose,

"How lovely it is for you girls to have Rose at home this summer!"

It disgusted Georgie. They never seemed to think of it from Rose's standpoint at all—never seemed to consider that her work might mean anything to her. In fact, these old ladies seemed to Georgie to take a kind of ancient delight in having got Rose down among them again, in proving that all her work and training went for nothing, that she was just a woman like the rest of them and her "place was in the home."

"Yes, and look at 'em! Aren't they a grand set to want everybody else to be just like them? Bah! Make me tired—the whole caboodle . . . " Georgie was muttering angrily as she went into the bedroom.

BUT Rose wished that Georgie would let her alone. When Georgie came down and talked about her job, it put a discordant note into the quietness of the kitchen. It turned Rose's thoughts and made her feel guilty and stubborn. The way Georgie believed she thought was the way she supposed she ought to think—and didn't.

In fact, she was deeply ashamed when she secretly contrasted what this whole summer had actually been to her with what outwardly, according to every one's notions, it was. Did it mean that she was heartless—really too dreadful to be let live? Her mother was dying. Solemn relatives came and talked in hushed voices. Every visit was a kind of farewell. Georgie and Annie were fagged to the limit of endurance. It was a house of death.

Yet actually the summer was a respite. Something had to happen to get her away from her job—from all jobs, from being lost in the hard, stony world of business and crowded city streets and mechanical devices and cramped, impersonal living quarters, that she knew now were alien. At first, the time at home had been only a secret interval of refreshment—but gradually she had begun to realize, even to admit to herself, that something must happen to save her from that alien world altogether. She could never, herself, break away from it. Too much was involved—shame, self-respect, the ambitions and ideas of other people, even her own— Was she dreadful? But long ago she had become hardened to her mother's illness—or perhaps it was that she had never realized the tragedy, she had lived beside it so long, absorbed in her personal being.

And now, in just the same way, she avoided that tragic element in the household and went on with her secret life. Whenever she looked out of the window, she could see—above the muslin sash curtain—her own little plum tree, that she loved as no other, because it seemed to have shared in all the personal happiness and unhappiness of her life. Sunshine poured in through the window and glinted off the clean wet dishes; and Rose felt as if she were bathing in this sunshine . . . and in openness, peace, personal affections, continuity—all these were in the sensuous blessing of the sunshine. The girls had little time to give her. She was left to

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herself—and that was what she wanted. It was as if she were hiding away (but in these beloved, familiar surroundings) to come to a kind of growth and realization of herself, to prepare for what she dimly saw ahead of her. To have Georgie, with her brusk speech and her overpowering affection, come into the room was an interruption.

Just the quiet. Just this warm, warm sunshine. Just the plum tree, where the sap was coming out in thick, brown, gummy globules on the flaky bark and the fruit, still small and hard, showed a tinge of red on smooth unripened green. Just to sit here, too lazy to move, with her cheek cuddled dreamily against the soft, furry side of Annie's new little tiger kitten, which Rose loved because it was still young, still just a baby cat to be cuddled and played with and protected—not a mature cat-personage on its own, like Annie's old Mr. Gray, who was now no more.

CHAPTER IV

"BABE, could you go downtown and take these magazines to Lollie McCoy? I promised I'd get them right back to her, and here—oh, well, how can a fellow think of everything?"

Outside, it seemed so lovely to Rose that her walk was only a slow wandering. How could Jane say that little towns were all dreadful? All the time, now, Rose found herself mentally criticizing Jane. Weren't there other things besides plays and art and music and books and talk? Sometimes it seemed to her that Jane had no understanding of what just living was, in and for itself. Rose had been away from Valley Junction for so long now that she could see things with all the freshness of return. She loved the town all the more because she was defending it against Jane.

She loved going along the street and knowing every step of the way. Things that she knew so well were funny and dear to her, just because she *did* know them. It seemed to her that Jane didn't know anything about — well, just *affections* . . .

She passed the hardware store, and through the open door she could see Bert talking to some old fellow from the country. Bert's fair hair was a little mussed—and suddenly it seemed wrong to Rose that some one else would cook Bert's supper for him when he came home that night, and look after his clothes, and look after *him*. Not that she was in love with Bert. But they had grown up together. It would have been the natural thing. She thought of her graduation night, when Bert had tried to kiss her and make her promise to be engaged to him (whether that meant marriage or not, they hadn't thought) if she went away to school—and she refused. Now, when she went into the hardware store, she had almost nothing to say to Bert. But if she had married him, she would have stayed a part of everything here.

Bert was married. Vivian and Marian and Florence were all married—yes, and even Leila Harker, and taken, in a grudging way, into the social life of the town. Rick Cummings had gone to Cleveland. Leila had lost her freshness too soon. She had married a man who clerked in one of the grocery stores. But these girls were her own playmates, and in a way it hurt Rose to feel that she was separated from them. And yet—no, she wasn't like them any more.

Somehow she thought of Georgie and Jane together. It was astonishing how they had taken to each other the very instant they met. Georgie had visited Rose in Chicago a year ago. How she had enjoyed it! Going around, hearing things, seeing things—she had worn out both the girls. Rose felt as if she had never really known Georgie before that visit. And ever since that visit, it seemed to Rose, Georgie had been holding up Jane to her—and she revolted; it was part of her general resentment against Jane this summer.

"I tell you, kid, there's a girl that's got a head on her shoulders. I bet Jane *will* be a great actress. Now, kid, you want to get busy yourself. You've got your chance."

Or Hammie—what had become of Hammie? Vivian, who had given her all the news, had told her that Hammie was out West somewhere. He hadn't even finished school—didn't amount to anything. What Hammie had meant to Rose was quite different from what Bert had meant—it terrified her, seemed to pull her down and leave her helpless and alone in a great, dangerous, uncharted world—yet it was her one glimpse of something so perilously sweet and thrilling that when she heard certain kinds of music, or watched certain kinds of plays, she seemed—well, she knew more about them than Jane, who talked about them.

And then Denny—oh, yes, and Mr. Stevens! Rose would not have admitted how much of her time was occupied now in thinking about and recalling in detail all the men she might have married—all, in fact, who had paid any attention to her. Denny was the best of them. She didn't exactly regret any of them, though, even Denny. She saw now that she had never loved any man just as a person in himself—oh, yes, but she had—Hammie! The most worthless, she supposed, of the lot.

What a fool she was! Instead of with regrets, her mind occupied itself with just the kind of person who would suit her. She saw a large, firmly-built, capable, noble, and idealistic man—a doctor, a great surgeon—and she would assist him in his work, and he would adore and cherish her and be unable to get along without her help. But he would make love like Hammie. And he would be as companionable and well-known to her as Bert. He would be more splendid than Jane. He would always be very clean-shaven, use a good-smelling brand of soap, and wear rough, masculine, expensive clothes . . . Their large, beautiful house with ruffled, starched curtains in the bedrooms . . . she drove the car for him, went with him on all his professional visits . . . and their children—she saw them blissfully ahead of her, but she hadn't reached them yet in her dream . . .

"OH, THOSE magazines? Georgie could have kept those."

"She thought you wanted them."

"Go in and see mama," Lollie begged. "She loves to have people go in to see her."

Rose went into the little, dark back room where old Mrs. McCoy—as tiny and shriveled and brittle now as a leaf blown to shelter and left to fade from brown to gray-white—sat in a large chair against blankets.

"Well! Yer home, are ye? Annie? No, Rosie! Yes, that's right. How's mama? What say? My, that was too bad, wa'n't it?"

Rose, responsive and soft and smiling, submitted her fresh cheek to the wrinkled kiss. The tiny hand, with bones that were like shiny, bluish shells beneath the skin, clutched hers. Old ladies liked Rose.

Out in the shop, Rose had to smile to see the collection of elderly hats in the window, the table of fashion magazines, the showcase full of "gifts." Talking with Mrs. McCoy made her feel the significance and the slow, inevitable, painful grandeur of the passing of time; but with Lollie, boon companion of her sisters, she was petted and young. She stayed talking to Lollie—there was nothing much to talk about, but she loved the affectionate familiarity of the place, and Lollie's fond admiration; and she loved having the chance really to feel things like the passing of time and the change of seasons and the different stages in people's lives.

Outside the shop, she saw a rather tall, loosely-built man coming toward her and smiling as if he knew her.

(To be continued)

The Real South America

(*Continued from page 23*)

precedence, on raised seats placed lengthwise near the rostrum and at right angles to those occupied by the other guests. A fine band, stationed in the entrance hall, had been playing as we entered the building; and as Baron Benjamin Franklin Ramiz Galiao (the greatest living Brazilian humanist, and former preceptor of the Emperor's daughter), completed his eloquent speech in tribute to the United States, this band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." The second speech, in tribute to Chile, was made by Dr. Rodrigo Octavio de Langgaard Menezes, Justice of the Supreme Court, and was followed by the Chilean national air; and the third in tribute to Peru, by Dr. Manuel Cicero Peregrino da Silva, Rector of the Rio School of Law, and followed by the Peruvian national anthem. Finally the President of the Institute, Count Alfonzo Celso, in a stirring address, praised the good offices of all three countries; and after the formal program was concluded, a brief reception took place. The simplicity, the dignity, and the fine sense of the real solemnity of the occasion which marked this meeting were impressive, and I shall always be grateful to Mr. Schoenfeld, the American *Chargé d'Affaires*, to whose thoughtful kindness I owed the privilege of attending it, as I owed many other pleasures in Rio.

I HAD hoped to see something of the interior of Brazil before I left the River of January for the River of Silver; but the days disappeared as swiftly as if they had been words written in sand on the seashore; and when the time was irrevocably set to leave for Montevideo, I still had left undone many of the things I wanted to do. I did, however, go to Petropolis, the "summer capitol" in the hills some fifty miles beyond Rio, where the atmosphere is clear and sparkling as an effervescent drink; where smooth canals bordered with huge blue hydrangeas flow placidly through trim, cobbled-stoned streets; where pleasant houses stand in bright and orderly seclusion behind high garden fences, and where, in the unfinished cathedral, the flag-covered, crown-surmounted coffins of Brazil's two emperors, placed behind high iron grills, still await imperial burial honors.

I went also to Paqueta, the picturesque little island across the bay from Rio, where antiquated victorias, drawn by calm horses, still offer the accepted means of conveyance; where moss-grown walls rise high and gray above the ancient stone cottages they shield; where bougainvillea spreads its purple splendor over every highway and byway; and where, on a point of land jutting out into the ocean, there is the most lovely and complete sanitarium for children that I have ever seen—a sanitarium as flooded with happiness as it is with sunshine, where the watchfulness and loving-kindness of the gentle Spanish Sisters are as omnipresent as the skilled direction of the Brazilian physicians.

Something more of Brazilian doctors I also saw in the little hospital at Santa Cruz, where I lunched in the course of an all-day trip undertaken to see something of the anti-malarial work in that region, where disease is being rapidly stamped out, and where acres and acres of land have been transformed, through drainage, from swamps to productive fields and blooming gardens. There was a Jesuit settlement in this community during colonial times; and a beautiful little bridge which the good brothers built is still standing, in perfect condition—a perpetual monument to their courage and their devotion. I felt as if I had touched their traditions that day—a cool day of gentle showers and soft winds—as I sat down to eat the simple meal served in the simple dining-room of the little hospital, with those men who, no less than the Jesuit explorers, are giving their lives to the service of God and man.

I went home that night with my arms full of flowers—the purple orchids which are so rare and costly at home, and which, with characteristic prodigality, Brazil produces so abundantly. Indeed, my rooms were filled with flowers throughout my entire stay in Rio; and when at last, reluctantly, I boarded the boat that was to take me away from there, I found my cabin flower-filled as well.

The boat which I so reluctantly boarded stopped, eighteen hours after its departure from Rio, at Santos, the thriving city which serves as the principal port of the immense coffee country lying inland beyond it; and the boys and I took advantage of this interruption in our voyage to go up to Sao Paulo, the second largest city in Brazil, and the third largest in all South America—Buenos Ayres carrying away the palm for size. The trip there, on a railroad which is said to be the richest in the world, and which makes the sharp ascent of three thousand feet in an hour and a half over a series of five inclines, proved exceedingly interesting. The gorgeous scenery was partly obscured by drifting clouds and mist, which gave the mountain and valleys an appearance of white, vaporous mystery; but the glimpses we secured of wide areas covered with bananas, moist, rich, red soil, and further, of deep ravines and luxuriantly wooded hillsides, more than repaid us for the effort we had made to see them; and as we were offered constant refreshment along the way in the shape of the omnipresent and delicious coffee—sold at a cent a cup!—not to mention fruit, chocolate, and sandwiches, we did not suffer from hunger along the way. It was, however, bitterly cold—the foreigner's viewpoint that it is always hot in Brazil, irrespective of season or elevation, being extremely incorrect—and after a drive from station to hotel through crowded, brilliantly lighted streets, and an excellent dinner, during the course of which we gazed enviously at the fur coats most of our fellow guests were wearing—for central heating is non-existent!—we retired with hot water bottles, hot drinks, multitudinous blankets, and the wholly unfounded hope that the next morning might prove warmer.

IT WAS, however, a day of hard, bright sunshine and crystalline air; and in the brief time at our disposal we saw as much as possible of the teeming and prosperous city of rapid and powerful growth, which in the last few years has changed from a quiet old town to a great metropolis. It contains fine parks, wide streets, and handsome public buildings, all pervaded with the unescapable atmosphere of energy. We all secured a birdseye view of these; and later in the day I made a call on Conde Francisco Matarazzo, a gigantic figure in Brazilian commerce, who, coming to Sao Paulo from Italy empty-handed at the age of twenty, has become one of the greatest capitalists in South America. The industries which he has helped to build up are so numerous that I could not attempt to name them—sugar, coffee, oil, soap, meat, grain, and artificial silk are only a few of the commodities in the production of which he is occupied. But of the brilliant and driving personality of the man himself, vivid, forceful, impelling, I wish I had the skill to give you at least an idea. For he has the type of character which recognizes neither failure nor defeat, and which consequently never fails nor is defeated; and he typifies, in his own achievement, the greater destiny to which he has helped to lead a great nation.

Our visit to Sao Paulo was, alas, all too brief; and so—for purposes of correspondence and study—was the short voyage between the River of January and the River of Silver. But, having arrived at the latter, it was impossible to feel otherwise than happy that the journey had come to an end. For Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, is a city which produces an immediate sense of well-being and imparts an immediate sense of content. It is not a large city compared to Rio, perhaps not a magnificent one either, measured by the same gage. But, after all, why compare it with any other when it has so delightful an individuality of its own? It is a city of progress and prosperity, of kindliness and welcome, of comfort and composure. Something of the peace and plenty of the rolling countryside from which it draws its inexhaustible pastoral and agricultural prosperity seems to have extended within its limits; the soft gray and violet tones which distinguish the beautiful agate and amethysts of Uruguay seem reflected in its wide, well-ordered streets; its gardens are fresh and fragrant with roses; and around it curves the shining silver of its river. Its charm is one of atmosphere rather than of objects, though you can, if you wish, "go sightseeing" here. There are splendid beaches, Pocitos and Corrasco, thronged in summertime not only with Uruguayans, but with Brazilians and Argentinians as well. There is the fortified *Cerro* to which the city owes its name—"I see a mountain!" (*Mont video!*) its discoverer, Solis, exclaimed as he floated up the broad Rio de la Plata. There are the old cathedral and the old Spanish Government House on the Plaza Constitucion, the colonnades of the Plaza Independencia. There are the famous University and the famous Solis Theatre, the Prado and Parco Rodo with their drooping trees and placid streams and pools. There are the statues of Artigas, the great general; of Varela, the great educator; and the symbolic figure of the Gaucho—the dashing horseman of the silver stirrups and spurs and knife, of flowing poncho and wide-brimmed sombrero and sheepskin saddle—who for long personified both the romance and the progress of Uruguay.

The Gaucho's successors may still be seen in the flesh at the Tablada, the open air market beyond the city limits, where thousands of head of cattle and sheep, shipped by train or driven in from the *Campo* (meaning "the country") over the soft, wide *camino de tropos* which follow the highways, are sold to the buyers for the great *frigorificos*. Gorgeous figures they are, these Uruguayan horsemen, the tawny yellow, the dazzling white, the scarlet, the azure, of their graceful garments shining in the early morning sunshine, as they round up the cattle; while on the *estancias* further away—the great estates with their avenues of eucalyptus trees, their wide, rambling, white houses with bright caged birds singing on the verandas, their endless fertile fields, their acres and acres of orchard and tilled ground and pasture—the herds and the herdmen still remain the end and aim of every visit, the vivid and vital center of attraction.

WELL worth journeying far to find, all this and much besides; nevertheless, your first sensation is not a desire for sightseeing. It is a longing to settle down and to respond, as far as lies within your power, to the cordiality and spontaneity with which you are received; to learn to understand and speak the language, which, in my opinion, should be taught in every school in the United States, but which unfortunately is not; and to learn to know the people, in whom the inherent courtesy and high culture of the Spainard is blended with the vigor and progressiveness of a younger nation.

Climatically, Uruguay has been greatly blessed. Its winters, while never severe, are cool enough to refresh and invigorate; its summers are bland without being tropical. And this combination inevitably has had a happy effect not only upon its productiveness—it is as generally fertile as it is generally level—but also upon the character of its population.

Montevideo is essentially a city of homes, with the family as the supreme and final unit. But the patriarchal form of existence so prevalent there is not of the sort which excludes outsiders. On the contrary, it welcomes them with the utmost kindliness

to its midst. Before we had seen any of the sights or learned of the facts I have just mentioned—indeed, before we had been in Montevideo twenty-four hours—we had been invited to tea in one of its typical and charming homes, of which we have since been fortunate enough to see so many. The *quintas* have ample grounds, with beautiful trees and gardens about them, though some of the old properties have now been subdivided; and many of the finest residences are in the business section of the city, as is so often the case in European capitals; while the Uruguayans have adapted their inherited patio to the requirements of their customs and climate with skill and taste. They have, in most instances, covered it with glass and added a fireplace to it, transforming it from an open court to a family living-room. The other apartments lead out of it; a drawing-room, for instance, with formal brocade furniture and often a priceless collection of antique fans arranged on the lace-covered glass shelves of a cabinet; a library, lined to the ceiling with books; a dining-room where delicious dishes are offered to visitors—small hot croquettes speared through with a little stick by which to hold them as they are eaten; the *dulce de leche*, made by boiling and stirring milk and sugar together; many other distinctive delicacies, in addition to all the usual refreshments served all over the world.

BUT it is the converted patio which is really the center of family life. Here a woman of ripening years—serene, splendid and dominant—will gather her sons and daughters, her grandsons and granddaughters, their friends and their *fiancés*, about her. There does not seem to be the slightest attitude of condescension on the part of the older members of the group toward the younger ones; and on the other hand the boys and girls seem quite unhampered in their enjoyment by the presence of their elders. They pull up the rugs and dance the tango—not the version of it with which we are familiar in the United States, but the wholly lovely, graceful, deliberate movement of the country; or they cluster in little groups of threes and fours and sing the wistful, haunting folksongs to the accompaniment of a guitar; or they stand about and "jolly" each other after the immemorial and universal fashion of youth. Privileged to be included in such a gathering, we wonder, a little regretfully, how we ever acquired the idea in the United States that there was necessarily a gulf between the generations, that they interfered with each other's enjoyment instead of enhancing it.

I have spoken already of the statue of José Pedro Varela, the outstanding lawyer and journalist who was also the "Father of Uruguayan Education," who journeyed to the United States to confer with such men as Horace Mann and Charles Eliot, and who, upon his return to his native country, reorganized and enlarged its public school system, laying the foundations for a national standard of instruction which is without a peer in South America. One of his sons is now the Minister from Uruguay to the United States; and it was to the kind offices of this distinguished diplomat and his beautiful wife that we owed our immediate reception from both their families and the pleasure which resulted from this acquaintance. It was also owing to a letter of introduction from Dr. Varela to Dr. Daniel Castellano. an eminent scholar, that we met him and Señora de Castellano, who entertained us not only in their beautiful town house but also at their delightful little villa at Carrasco; and since Dr. Castellano is the private secretary of Dr. Juan Campisteguy, the President of the Republic, it was he who, as a result of this same letter, presented me to the Campisteguy family.

I cannot remember that any presidential presentation has ever given me more pleasure. Accompanied by Mr. Gerhard Gade, the American *Charge d'Affaires*, I motored out late one afternoon to the pleasant house on the Avenida Ocho Octubre, where the Campisteguys live. The Republic of Uruguay does not supply a palace for the Chief Executive, and there is nothing to distinguish this residence from the many other attractive ones about it except the presence of an officer beside its entrance. Having been ushered into a pretty drawing-room, we were greeted by Dr. Castellano, and then by the President himself, by Señora Campisteguy, and by their two daughters. The President, a prominent manufacturer no less than a successful statesman, produced an immediate impression of sagacity and dependability; his younger daughter an immediate impression of poise and charm; and his wife and elder daughter an immediate impression of vivacity, cordiality, and dignity.

The President's daughters go about together attending public, social, and official functions unhampered by the presence of secret service officers, enjoying themselves after the same fashion as any other girls of good family; and shortly after the pleasant visit I have just described, they invited me to go to the theatre with them, the Castellanos being the other members of the box party. A few days later they took the boys and me with them to the races; and we all went to the official reception held at their house in celebration of the Uruguayan Independence Day and in compliment to the officers of the four battleships—English, Italian, Brazilian, and Argentinian—which were in port on that momentous anniversary.

THIS was a colorful and delightful occasion, and I shall always look back on it with enjoyment; but my most significant remembrance of the Campisteguy family is that which I carried away with me when I left a public school, in one of the humbler quarters of the city, to which, on the morning of this same national holiday, Señora Campisteguy presented a flag—a rippling silken banner with broad, shimmering stripes of white and celestial blue, and the golden risen sun in one corner. The actual presentation of this flag was made with fitting and impressive ceremonial; but when this was finished, and two beautiful baskets of flowers had been given to Señora Campisteguy, many of the youngsters came to her joyously and without self-consciousness, as if subtly aware of a bond of sympathy which united them with her.

It is in this intense and indigenous feeling for the care of children and the fostering of fine feeling and the advancement of learning, more than in anything else, that the power and glory of Uruguay seems to me so firmly founded. I am glad that one of the many fine schools of the city of Montevideo has been named for our Republic—*La Escuela de los Estados Unidos*—that our flag and coat-of-arms are chalked upon its blackboards in glorious colors, that its pupils sing "The Star Spangled Banner" in clear, fresh voices, that they write little essays on George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and paste views of the Library of Congress and the White House, the Yosemite Valley and the skyscrapers of New York, in their scrapbooks.

It is not astonishing, considering the prevalence of this intense indigenous feeling of which I have just spoken, that one of the most outstanding women in Uruguay today—perhaps *the* most outstanding at the present moment—should be one whose whole life has been illuminated and beautified by her love of children and by the benefits she has bestowed upon them because of her talents as both a teacher and as a writer. Nevertheless, it is a joyful experience for an Anglo-Saxon who has been repeatedly assured that the Latin woman almost never receives public recognition from her compatriots, and that when she does, it is sparingly and grudgingly given, to receive an invitation to attend an *Homenaje*—literally, a homage, but in this sense used to designate a celebration—held in the national Capitol—the *Palacio Legislativo*—in honor of Juana Ibabourou; a woman country-born and country-bred, married while still very young to an army officer, the mother of a son to whom she is utterly devoted, the teacher of boys and girls from the time she was a girl herself, and the fluent and graceful creator of both prose and poetry.

A visit to her in her own house—a simple and attractive suburban home—reveals her as slim and sweet and lovely, youthful in manner and in spirit, living quietly, without wealth and without ostentation, seeking no publicity, searching only to serve. Yet she is called Juana de America more often than she is called by her real name, because not only Uruguay, but all Latin America, has heralded her and claimed her for its own.

"Her prestige reaches beyond the frontiers," a contemporary writes of her, "she is no longer Juana de Ibabourou; she is Juana de America. She is a representative figure, an expression of art, of choicest selection, of highest spirituality. Each day in her slender hands the abstract ideas of life are changed as in the hands of a sculptor. Each day there is a new touch of beauty, a new combination of emotions. Always she seeks to shed over grim reality the dreams of fancy. She lives to revive the liberty of the spirit. Love sheds rainbow tints over her genius and mentality. And since, in this mother, is the deep realization of human tenderness . . . she will widen the dominion of her work for children, and their path of destiny, through the rough and uneven road of life, will be cleaner and better—lighted because of her."

IT WAS with a feeling of tribute such as this that her fellow-writers planned the *Homenaje* in her honor, and that the Government regarded the national Capitol as the logical place for its celebration. And in the vast "Hall of Lost Footsteps," with its blended marbles and its noble columns, the great ceremony took place. It opened with a "Suite Uruguaya" directed by the author of the music and played by the municipal band. The Mexican Ambassador made one of the speeches, and another was made, in the name of the students of Paraguay, by a representative sent by that country. Songs dedicated to Juana de America were sung by their authors to the accompaniment of piano and harp; and she was presented with a valuable ring, adorned with diamonds and rubies, the work of a famous goldsmith. It was an occasion in which the great of the land—and indeed of many lands—were proud to join. But at the same time it was essentially a festival of all the people, rich and poor, high and low, old and young.

There were no reserved seats; there were no seats of any kind. Pressed closely together, overflowing the largest auditorium in the country and the corridors beyond it, thousands of men and women and boys and girls stood with eager, lifted faces, looking and listening.

If any greater tribute has ever been paid to any woman, I do not know of it. Certainly I have never seen its like before, and perhaps I never shall again. But at least I have seen this one. And I shall always be thankful that I have beheld the honor which a nation may do itself, in honoring a woman such as this one, always mindful of the fact that to Uruguay belongs a peculiar glory.

And now it is time for me to go away from Montevideo, to sail up the River of Silver and on to the countries which lie beyond it—great Argentina with its mighty capital-city and endless pampas; sheltered Paraguay with its remote and splendid cascades, lovely as the laces which its women weave. It will be from one of these far away places that I shall write you next. But for the present, I must say goodby, my dear.

With much love,

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes